



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

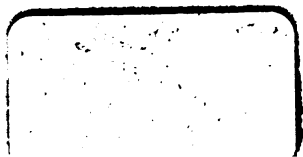
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

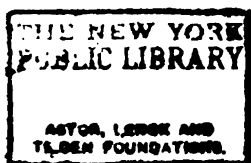
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*Baily's Magazine
of Sports and Pastimes*



9 hrs
exc. at
14 min
70 vols
2 1/2
9/14





J. B. B. B. B. B.

A. J. Bous

V. Admiral

DAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes



London, Eng.

VOL. I.

LONDON, BAILY BROTHERS,

Digitized by Google

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

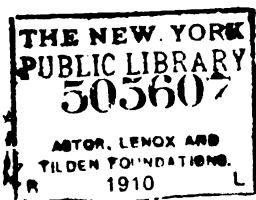
SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:
BAILY BROTHERS, CORNHILL.

1860.

Digitized by Google



(v. 67-16 Thorne and Audubon -)

ROY W. B.
CLUB
YRAGU

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

- ADMIRAL ROUS, a Biography, 1.
 Experiences of Sydney Godolphin Yahoo, Esq., by Francis Francis, 4, 60, 125,
 204, 273, 338, 398.
 The English Race-Horse, by the Hon. Admiral Rous, 14, 70.
 Thomas Assheton Smith, a Review, 21.
 From Oxford to St. George's, 25, 77, 153, 186, 250, 320, 383.
 Cricket in 1860, 33, 363, 425.
 A Trip to Berkshire, 37.
 Coursing, 43, 92.
 Our Portfolio, 48, 109, 173, 234, 298.
 Dramatic and Musical World, 52, 113, 177, 242, 308, 369, 431.
 Betting on the Derby, and Memoranda, 56.
 The Duke of Bedford, a Biography, 57.
 A Chapter on Guns, by Major Leveson, 98.
 Our Jockeys, 101, 267.
 The Bang-tailed Bay (Song), 106.
 Racing Statistics, 107.
 The Duke of Beaufort, a Biography, 119.
 The Battle of Farnborough, 141.
 The Past Fox-hunting Season, 145, 220.
 Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, 1860, 169.
 George Payne, Esq., a Biography, 183.
 Abd-el-Kader on the Arab, 200.
 George Parr, 215.
 Old John Day, 228.
 The Earl of Glasgow, a Biography, 247.
 Henley Royal Regatta, 1860, 288.
 The Great Match—Horses v. Hounds, 293.
 The Marquis of Exeter, a Biography, 311.
 Horse Racing, by the Hon. Admiral Rous, 315.
 My First Insurance Company, 334, 415.
 The Thames Regatta, 1860, 355.
 Kingston-upon-Thames Regatta, 1860, 360.
 The Earl of Zetland, a Biography, 377.
 Cowes Regatta, 1860, 394.
 Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman, a Review, 421.
 Doggett's Coat and Badge, 430.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title—Alfred Day.			
The Hon. Admiral Rous	Page	1	George Parr Page 215
The Duke of Bedford	"	57	The Earl of Glasgow " 247
The Duke of Beaufort	"	119	The Marquis of Exeter " 311
Mr. George Payne	"	183	The Earl of Zetland " 377

N.B. The Portrait of Alfred Day is from a Photograph by Southwell of Baker Street.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. HENRY JOHN ROUS.

VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. H. J. ROUS, with whom we worthily commence our Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Sportsmen, was born on the 23rd of January, 1795, and is the second son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Stradbroke. Having selected the Navy for his profession, he passed some little time at Dr. Burney's academy in Cold Harbour, Gosport, which was as celebrated then as it is now for being a nursery of youths, destined to serve in the wooden walls of Old England. It was in 1808 he entered the service, as a midshipman, on board the *Repulse*, and remained in her during the Flushing expedition. From that ship he was transferred to the *Bacchante*, under the command of the late gallant Sir William Hoste, and for his boat actions, and bravery in several expeditions by land on that coast, he gained a medal.

In September, 1812, he had a miraculous escape from drowning, for being in command of a prize trabacolo, which upset from a leak it was impossible to stop, he and his small crew of four men, in the middle of the night, were compelled to hang on to her bottom for five hours, until defried, and picked up by another prize vessel, just as a heavy gale of wind had set in, and when they were forty miles from the nearest land. In the following year he had an equally narrow squeak for his life, in taking a prize, laden with timber from Lissa to Malta, whose decks, in a gale of wind off the coast of Manfredonia, were swept clean of everything, including the only compass and cask of water there was on board. He afterwards served as lieutenant in the *Meander*, *Conqueror*, *Podargus*, *Musquito*, *Sappho*, and *Hind*, until 1823, when he was made a captain, and, in 1825, was appointed to the *Rainbow*, which he commanded for four years on the Indian and New Holland stations. On being paid off from this ship, he remained on half-pay until 1835, when he went afloat again in command of the *Pique*, in which vessel he displayed extraordinary seamanship in bringing her home from Quebec to

Spithead, after she had struck on a reef of rocks on the Labrador coast, in the Straits of Belle Isle. During the eleven hours she remained in that critical position, her keel and fore-foot went, and yet, by the aid of an undaunted ship's company, with a sprung main-mast and foremast, a split rudder, and nine feet of the dead wood under the mizen cut away, this 'bloated aristocrat,' as the Manchester school would term him, saluted the admiral at Portsmouth within twenty days of his leaving the scene of his wreck. This feat, when it is considered he made a run of fifteen hundred miles without a rudder, and with a leak that made twenty-three inches per hour, has no parallel even in those noble acts of daring peculiar to British seamen; and one would have imagined it would have obtained for him some more substantial reward, than the cold letter of approbation from the First Lord of the Admiralty, which accompanied his paying off. But party feeling ran high at Whitehall at that period; and his politics being counter to those who were in authority over him, the only recognition of his value as an officer was his reappointment to his old ship in 1836, in which he served merely long enough to complete his sea-time; and having married the same year Sophia, daughter of the late J. R. Cuthbert, Esq., of Grosvenor Square, he retired from the service, with a reputation that will stand the test of any criticism, whether for seamanship, bravery, or honourable conduct in the various grades of his career. In 1846, the late Sir Robert Peel, who was the man of all others to appreciate merit, and to select the right man for the right place, offered him a seat in the Admiralty, which he accepted; and he was no less successful in the civil department of his profession, than when afloat. The electors of Westminster, who had elected him in 1841, refusing to ratify their engagement with him in 1846, he returned into private life, and sought, by the indulgence of his fondness for the turf, some recreation and amusement for the dangers he had incurred, and the sufferings he had undergone in his duty to his country.

But it is more as a racing man, a member of the Jockey Club, and a reformer of turf abuses, that the admiral is best known to the public; and in each of these capacities we shall endeavour to trace his career. Born at Henham, on the borders of Suffolk, a county almost as indigenous to race-horses as Yorkshire, it is not wonderful he should have imbibed an early predilection for racing, especially as his elder brother set him the example. And there has scarcely ever been a case in which public opinion has been so divided as to the merits of the two; for Lord Stradbroke, although he does not take so active a part on the turf as he does in the courting-field, is reckoned one of the shrewdest noblemen at Newmarket, and a very safe man to rely upon as an arbitrator. It was in 1821, we believe, that Admiral Rous first ventured upon the turf, having purchased jointly with his brother a mare called Mæotis, and after he had won three matches with her, he sold her with a good profit. In 1824 he gave a hundred pounds for a yearling called Souvenir; but going to sea, he disposed of her to Mr. Stonehewer, who afterwards let Lord Sefton

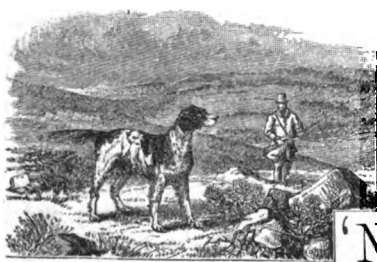
have her for two thousand guineas : a slight addition to the original purchase money. On his return from abroad in 1829, he was not long without a string to his bow, for he picked up a yearling, called Crutch, for sixty pounds. This colt was the most fortunate of any of his team, for after winning eleven out of thirteen matches, and running one dead heat with him in another, he sold him for five hundred pounds. These were followed afterwards by Earwig, Lionsels, Squirrel, Nicholas, Langolee, Fox, and Lady Eleanor, whose performances, chiefly in matches at Newmarket, will be found in the calendars, and will show how gradually he improved in his form, for one and all paid their way so far that the trainer's bill could have been of no object to him. In 1838 he was elected a steward of the Jockey Club ; and during his three years' tenure of office he gave universal satisfaction by the patient industry he displayed in the cases of dispute that came before him, as well as by the shrewd common sense by which his awards were decided. In 1840 he became the confederate of the Duke of Bedford, one of the staunchest friends Newmarket ever possessed ; and from then, up to the present time, he has had the sole control of his Grace's horses. And if he was unfortunate in his purchase of the well-known Justice to Ireland, with whom he intended, if possible, to win the St. Leger, the number of matches in which he has been successful for him will leave an ample balance in the duke's favour. As a handicapper, it may without flattery be said, that of modern years none but himself has been his parallel ; and recent Cæfarewitches and Cambridgefhires, as well as Nurserys, will at once put at rest any carping of this fact. Whether from his long acquaintance with Newmarket he is better able to handicap there, than in the country, it is difficult to say ; but certainly he brings horses closer together there than elsewhere : and his calculations of animals' performances must be something miraculous when it is considered that in the Second October and Houghton Meetings he is frequently called upon to handicap from forty to one hundred and twenty horses between a quarter-past six and dinner. To all owners it is absurd to suppose he could give satisfaction ; but in the main, it must be admitted, his pencillings are well received, while his position negatives the idea of his being influenced by any corrupt motive. In addition to the above handicaps, those of Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, Goodwood, Brighton, Bedford, Chelmsford, Bath, Egham, Hampton, Oxford, Reading, Stamford, and Salisbury are all prepared by him, a task which must be conceded to involve no ordinary amount of trouble and time, and which never before was attempted by any of his predecessors or contemporaries. But we have not yet done with the narrative of his labours, inasmuch as at the commencement of every year he gets up his Free Handicaps for Newmarket ; and between the 19th January and 18th February last, he handicapped no less than one thousand and thirty eight horses on eight different courses, every one of which handicaps filled. Works of this nature, which show how deeply implanted in him must be his love for the turf, we

fear are not so much appreciated as they deserve; and although stakes after his name have been got up at some few meetings, if ever in this testimonial age any man deserved a measure of the gratitude of the sportsmen of England, it is the subject of this sketch. As a turf reformer, Admiral Rous, if not so violent and precipitate as the late Lord George Bentinck, is slow and sure; considering, perhaps wisely, that a conciliatory policy with those whose co-operation it is necessary to secure, is the best for him to adopt. Hence if his correction of acknowledged abuses does not keep pace with public desire and expectation, it should be recollected he is not the *imperium in imperio* at Newmarket; and the Cabinet of the Jockey Club there are as frequently divided in matters of importance to the turf as that of Her Majesty in Downing Street on the political questions of the day. His 'Handbook on the Laws of Racing' has long been accepted as the Blackstone of the turf; while the eminent judge of that name probably never had a quarter of the puzzling disputes to decide that have come under his notice. If, perhaps, his manner may be said to favour occasionally too much of the quarter-deck, it should not be forgotten he was brought up in a school where 'to hear' was to obey, and where discipline was not, as in the present day, a misnomer. But his unfulfilled honour, kind-hearted disposition, and matchless abilities will go far to atone for any shortcomings in this respect; and his successor, whoever he may be, will be fortunate if he preserve to one half the extent the popularity which Admiral Rous has enjoyed for the last quarter of a century among all classes of the racing community, and which has rendered his name a 'household word.'

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Eso.

CHAPTER I.

MR. YAHOO, LIKE YOUNG SPAIN, GOES TO THE MOORS: WHAT
BEFEL HIM ON HIS JOURNEY AND ARRIVAL THITHER, ETC.



OW then, come along, Dido,
'my splendid setter, igh ranger,
'and staunch as steel. You,
'Bang, then, sooperb pinter;
'wuth hany money; broke to
'the moors; shot hover three
'seasons and all that; and give
'hup only on account of yer
'howner's goin' abroad. Come
'hout o' that, can't yer;' and
out jumped from the wretched

box, in which they had been incarcerated some sixteen hours, two

dogs, a pointer and fether, in obedience to a persuasive chuck of their chains, communicated to the unhappy canines' collars at the hand of Spiggles, Mr. Yahoo's fervant.

Aprupos of these two animals. They had been bought through a sporting advertisement couched in the terms quoted by Spiggles; which, coupled with other laudatory effusions, had induced Mr. Yahoo, rather against Spiggles's advice (who didn't get his regulars out of the deal) to part with forty-five golden pieces of the current coin of the realm in exchange for these invaluable beafts. They certainly were handsome dogs; and, if looks would have done the business, not a grouse upon the fated moor of Dunstuffin would have escaped them.

'Looks,' as Mr. Spiggles sagaciously observed, before he was quite sure of the exact amount he was to receive out of the purchase money, 'was somethink; but,' he added, with a dubious shake of the head, 'they wasn't heverythink.' And when the dealer neatly and cleverly absconded without giving Spiggles a chance of claiming a knock-out, Spiggles repeatedly averred that 'looks was 'nothink whatever, and good-lookin' dogs was often not worth a 'rap;' and he took every opportunity of quoting the advertisement and running the poor dogs down.

Out bolted the dogs, mad with delight at their enlargement, rushing hither and thither, round Spiggles's legs, round the posts that supported the roof of the little detached station at Lang Syne, in the most perplexing and unexpected manner. Poor Spiggles tugged, and dragged, and sweated, and swore; but the dogs did as dogs will do under the circumstances, and finally the audacious Bang christened Spiggles's gaiters, to his intense and undying disgust and hatred.

'Yes, fir, comin', fir; 'ord rot your dirty carcase; comin', fir, 'as soon as these here darnation dogs—;' and round Spiggles's legs went Dido, nearly pulling him off them, and incited thereto, no doubt, by Bang's example, 'as dogs will do where dogs, &c., &c.'

'I do hope, I do indeed,' said Spiggles, ruefully, still quoting the advertisement, 'that such a chance as this here never may occur 'again. I say,' he continued, turning to a porter who here made his appearance, 'jest 'old these dorgs, there's a good feller,' and he handed the chains to the man while he proceeded to his master's assistance.

'Aw, Lang Syne, eh! wha's the caw?' And Mr. Yahoo looked round inquiringly as the train steamed off and left him and his goods and chattels, dogs and man, on the narrow platform of Lang Syne station.

'What'll ye be wantin'?' asked the porter, briefly.

'The caw, aw!' answered Mr. Yahoo.

'The whulk?' asked the man, somewhat puzzled and astonished.

'Tell 'm a want the caw, Spig'l,' said his master, cutting his words in the true heavy-swell style.

'Oh, mas'r wants the car, ye see. The car wots set down to go 'to Dunstuffin.'

'The curr! ou, ay; an' why didn'a he joost *say* the curr?' emphasizng it. 'Yons it;' and he nodded towards a shandry-dan of a mail-car, into which a bag or two were being stowed.

'That the caw? Good gwacious! how *is* any one to twavel in 'that aw contwivance. Aw, Spig'l, orda post ho's d'weetly.' And Mr. Yahoo relapsed into an enormous regalia which he had just lighted.

Spiggles consulted the porter upon the feasibility of post horses, who, when the proposition was made clear, fairly glared at him; and having by this time conveyed the last of the luggage without the station, he took a contemptuous glance at Mr. Yahoo, and said:—

'Hoot toot, mon, if ye dinna like thot,' and he shot his finger out towards the conveyance with an air as if he held it to be the very height of human luxury, 'ye can joost een walk the sixteen miles, 'and carry the bit logage 'pin yere bocks. For there's nae anither 'conveyance for tin miles round; an' I'm gay thenkin that if ye 'dinna mak a' haste, Sondie 'll no wait for ye this gait, and there's 'nae curr agen till Thorsday.'

At this horrible alternative, which Spiggles conveyed to his gasping master at intervals, he piled the luggage on the car in hot haste, and making the most comfortable berth he could for himself, and the next most comfortable one for his master, and inducing, by dint of much pushing and perseverance, the dogs to lie down between their legs, whereby Mr. Yahoo became, in due time, conversant with the natural history of the flea, they carefully wedged themselves in behind the taciturn driver, who had hardly opened his lips during the process; and finally the horse (none of the gayest) was induced to put himself into a jog-trot, and Mr. Yahoo found himself once more *en route* for Dunstuffin, the hospitable lodge of his father's old friend, Colonel Mackenzie, Laird o' Dunstuffin and Chuckey Stanes.

Five long dreary miles of open moor are passed, and four more have to be passed: not a house nor a tree had they seen. Mr. Yahoo smoked his regalia in a grumpy silence and dignified discomfort.

'Helegible buildin' lites these here, sir,' said Spiggles, at length breaking the dreary silence, which was only disturbed at intervals by the doleful pipe of the plover or curlew. He had tried the driver long before, and failed to carry on a conversation with an individual whose longest speeches were confined to 'Hut, yes,' or his shortest to 'Hut, no.' As Spiggles remarked subsequently, 'He worn't 'gifted in the conversation line; p'raps,' as he reflectively added, 'it 'were in consequence that it worn't a country for conversation. 'An 'ouse now,' he continued for his master's information, 'd be quite an 'ovelty,' he concluded, dividing the words in obedience to euphony and alliteration, but quite contrary to the rules of orthography.

'Aw, hum!' and his master lighted another regalia.

At length the mountains which have all along looked only a mile or two off, are at hand, and they soon plunge into a gloomy pass, with high craggy peaks, topped on the lower and nearer heights

by a few dark funereal-looking pines; here and there a jagged streak shot up from behind a rock—the stem of some huge tree long since divested of bark and sap, its white trunk shining almost ghastly against the dark background.

‘H’orful place, this here, sir. Never see nothink like it afore, ‘sir, ‘cept in the ghost scene where the skellintons rises in “The “Benighted Brigand of the Bloody Bungalow,” at the Wictory, ‘sir. And them white sticks looks just like the skellintons too, ‘dear me. You never see the “Benighted Brigand,” sir?’ continued Spiggles, inquiringly. His master made no reply. ‘Ah,’ said Spiggles, with a sigh *in memoriam*, ‘affectin’ peece, werry. One ‘married female—leastways she had a babby—went into highstrikes ‘at the skellintons, and let the babby fall over into the pit.’

‘Ha, hum, aw! how exciting! and was it—aw—killed?’ asked his master, quite waking up at this startling incident.

‘Well, no, sir, I don’t think it was quite—not quite,’ said Spiggles, delighted that he had got some one, no matter who, to talk. ‘No; it fell into the orchestra, if I remember, right a top ‘of the big drum with a tremengous bang, and bounded off slap on ‘to the stage, where it set to a hollerin’ like bricks; and one of ‘the skellintons as was soft ‘arted and ‘ad a mother’s feelins (poor ‘thing, I heard as she were confined premature wi’ the fright the ‘werry next day) run forrard and picked it up, jest as the brigand ‘were hexpirin’ in hagonies and blue flames, and spiled his dyin’ ‘speech, which she got the sack for it, I heard. And Wicks—that’s the brigand—went on at the babby orful, and the wimmen ‘all cried out shame, and the foger wot shot ‘im, which he was a ‘pleefman retired, at a bob a night, come on and punched his head ‘then and there for his humanity, afore all the people who en- ‘cowered him tremengious and made an ‘ero on him.’

At this tiffue of absurdity, which might or might not have been strictly true, Mr. Yahoo for the first time evinced liveliness by something approaching a laugh, in the middle of which the car drew up by three or four miserable shealings, with one better sort of stone-built house and a smith’s forge. A lad on a rough mountain pony was waiting for one of the bags which was tossed to him. The horse was unharnessed, and a surly-looking shock-headed Gael led another horse out from behind the smithy: it was speedily exchanged for the one which was now slaking its thirst at a small roadside well, common to all the village, animal and human; and in a few minutes, after a short guttural confab in Gaelic between the driver and the smith, they once more set out on their journey.

But the dreary sixteen miles are at length happily over. He has shaken hands with his hospitable host, who listens with considerable amaze at the consonant-clipping, palatal style of discourse,

‘Where oft the ear the open vowels tire,’

practised by the grand young swells of the age, who have actually arrived at the singular pitch of being almost too grand or too lazy to

talk ; and whose greatest triumph, and principal stamp of their high and lofty aspirations it is to make one syllable of a four or five syllable word do duty for the whole.

In due time Mr. Yahoo was shown into a snug little bedchamber where there was sufficient for comfort but nothing to spare. To Mr. Yahoo, who had never been accustomed to study anything in particular that did not tend to his own convenience, satisfaction, or delight, the unpretending little apartment looked cheerless enough.

‘Spig’l, make—aw—this place—aw—hum, habitable.’

And Spiggles began to lay out a fine toilet, while his master took stock of the apartment, as he sat on the little stump bedstead.

‘Bai Jove!’ he said, as he sat down ; ‘however is a fella to ‘sleep on this?’ and he punched the little mattresses that formed his couch savagely. Turning round, a small glass vase of flowers caught his eye. ‘Flowers, hum!’ There was nothing remarkable about these flowers. They were simple and common enough—still they were flowers, and he looked at them with interest. From these his eye fell upon the little crochet mat upon which the vase stood ; and then Mr. Yahoo sat in a brown study for some minutes, eyeing the flowers and the toilet alternately.

‘Spiggles, bundle those things back into the case,’ said his master, so shortly, naturally, and energetically that Spiggles fairly started with surprise.

‘What?’ he gasped, ‘the—the ty’let, sir?’

‘The ty’let,’ said his master, repeating Spiggles.

Spiggles had heard that particular tone only once or twice before, but he knew there was no nonsense in it, as he termed it, and back went the toilet accordingly.

‘Leave out one brush, one comb, and one razor, hum ! ha !’ and Mr. Yahoo sighed as the silver adornments disappeared.

‘When we go, aw, to Spawta we must become, aw, Spawtans. ‘I’m afraid it’ll be vewy unpleasant ;’ and he relapsed into his drawl and lisp.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER AND YARNS.

IT was a lovely summer evening, when, having removed the traces of travel and travail (for it was a sore trial to him, so long a journey) from his appearance, our hero descended to his host’s dining-room, having been duly informed that dinner was ready. There were two or three men in the room, but he looked round in vain for the deviser of the flowers and crochet, for Yahoo rather fancied himself in ladies’ society. However, there were no females present ; and as he looked round and under the sideboard, he spied a cooler full of bottles, that looked marvellously like a wet night, and truly the assembled company looked hard-headed and capable. There was an Irish major, Major Terence Mahoney, an old companion in arms of

the laird's. There was a little withered dominie with one eye (true, it was a sparkler), and a pink tinge about the nose, familiarly known as the Drouthie Dominie, who kept the bairns of the district in disorder, and inculcated precepts. There was a young Highlander whose name, it seemed, was Allan Mackay, whose forte lay rather in listening than in talking.

The dinner was on the table, and they were preparing to sit down, when in rushed Spiggles pale with agitation.

'O Lord, sir! Mr. Yahoo, sir! if there ain't Bang a eatin' the dominie's tarrier!'

'Eating the dominie's terrier!' said his master, coolly, 'aw, what a coarse-feeding brute!'

'Odds, mon,' said the dominie, who talked pretty good English when he wasn't excited, 'odds, mon, I'll hold ye tippence Teeger's no eat this gate. It's jooft a way that he's gotten, that o' bein' ate, but he's ay brocht up agen', and ye'll see gay and surely he'll gie yon doggie o' your'n an 'metic 'fore a's dun wi'm.' And sure enough the row of dogs fighting, which was audible from without, changed to a very decided howl of pain, the cause of which was that Teeger, who had directly walked up to Bang's kennel, and finding that he was a strange dog, had bitten him then and there—as, indeed, he would if Bang had been an elephant—and had, upon the accomplishment of that feat immediately thrown himself upon his back to receive Bang's assault, which certainly, to the unpractised eye, gave the combat the appearance described by Spiggles; and whereas, when the unwary and unpractised Bang made his assault, and worried Teeger's long fur, Teeger, having artfully sought out the soft place in Bang's fore paw, and found it, had pinned him there, making his sharp little teeth almost meet in this sensitive part of Bang's anatomy. Hence the howls which emanated from Bang; and when the little brute was taken off after much choking, he sneaked into the room with a villanous satisfaction in his eye, licking his ruffled feathers; and proceeding to the table where the company were now dining, sat upon his rump, pointed the stranger (knowing it was of no use to do so to any one else), and begged all dinner-time ineffectually. As for Bang, he was lame for a week and got as gross as a hog.

But dinner, like the feasts of the gods, whether on Olympus or elsewhere, must have an end when capacity fails, and the claret and port began to go merrily round; the dominie and young Allan making the running for the port stakes at about the same pace that their three adversaries did for the claret's.

'And where did ye get fast in the fish, Allan?' asked the host, in reference to a twenty-pound salmon killed that morning by Allan, a portion of which had served for dinner.

'At the Cairn Stane.'

'And he ran down to the Lyn o' Kye-hame?'

'Ay, indeed!'

'How did ye get past Hellgate?'

'Oh, the dominie there kept him off.'

'Oh, the dominie was there, was he? Was it a good race, dominie?'

'Indeed, 'twas fine; oh, 'twas fine! Had ye seen Allan tak'm over the fa' at Hellgeet and roond the Needles' Eye, midgor, 'ye'd just a been fit to spit yersef' we spite.'

To this the major made answer, 'Afy, dominie, afy, mon; ye're a jew'l with the long bow. If ye'll discribe the thing first, we'll thry and believe ye aftherwards;' and he took a huge pull at the claret, while the dominie proceeded to describe, with much appropriate gesture, how Allan and he were walking up towards Stoniehaugh, when he saw a large fish 'put up' under the Cairn Stane, when he was interrupted by Allan by the assertion that he himself saw the fish and not the dominie, which resulted in a short discussion, finally settled by a partnership arrangement that they both saw it. Proceeding, he described how Allan ran over to Jamie Scott's, where he knew there was a rod, and having fetched it, how he had put up a 'swallow-tailed gled;' whereupon Allan interrupted him again by saying that the fly put up was not a swallow-tailed gled but 'a butcher.' Another discussion ensued, which ended in another partnership. It had a 'butcher' body with a 'swallow-tailed gled' wing. How the fish took to the right of the rock, which, according to Allan, was the left of the rock, and after a discussion became neither right nor left particularly, but something approaching both. The story continued as to how he went down stream and over the near side (far side) (neither far nor near, but about the middle) of the fall. Through Hellgate to the right of the Traprock (to the left of the Traprock), (ever the Traprock), &c. &c. &c. How finally he was gaffed 'joost aboon the dyke, at the Lyn o' Kyeame.'

Here, however, Allan made a stand; 'It was below the dyke.'

'Na, na, laddie; it was joost aboon it—joost aboon it.'

'The deil a bit was it, dom'nie! it was below 't, I tell ye,' quoth Allan, stoutly.

'I'll make asseveration 'twas aboon.'

'An' I'll swear 'twas below.'

'I'll go my Bible oath it was aboon.'

'An' ye'll go your Bible oath to a lee, then,' said Allen, fiercely. At this there was a tremendous uproar, and the dominie would have hurled a decanter at the head of his quondam pupil had not the major, accustomed to such sparrings, skilfully removed it out of harm's way.

'Arrah, aisey, now, aisey, both of ye. I'll tell ye how it was. 'It was just in the dyke itself,' and he gave a half wink to the laird. But both the belligerents loudly dissented from this, and commenced haranguing the major, who drew their fire on himself, and, gradually retreating from his position, soothed their angry feeling and cast oil on the waters; though occasionally the thunder muttered at intervals throughout the evening.

'Odds, laird, but it's cauld drink this,' said the drouthie dominie, pushing the port aside; whereupon the laird ordered hot water, sugar,

and ladles; and a sparkling fluid, 'christened under the moon,' accompanied.

'Ah!' said the major to his host, as he compounded a stiff tumbler, *sec. art.* 'Ah, Mac, it never owed the gauger anything, that.'

'It never paid it if it did, Terence,' said the laird, drily.

'There's verra leetle of it aboot noo-a-days;' and the dominie snuffed up the bewitching fragrance of the tippie lovingly. 'There's 'naething in art or nature to compare to the pairfume of a drop of 'richt sma' steell.'

There were few dissentients to this, and the best part of the first tumbler was inhaled and imbibed in silence. The major pulled out his pocket companion, a small, well-smoked meerfchaum. The laird had a capacious one of very wide calibre brought to him. Allan and the dominie indulged in a cutty each about an inch and a half long; while Mr. Yahoo pulled away at a large regalia. By the second tumbler the conversation grew lively and animated.

'Hey, laird, did ye hear tell o' Sondie Scott's mischance?'

'No; what was it, dominie?'

'Weel, ye see, Sondie missed his bairley nichtly, and could na' jooft detect the thief, for the door o' the barn was aye locket i' the morn, and there was nae veefible way for ony thief to enter; an' so as the loss was serious, he jooft took his gun an' watchit last nicht; an' to keep'm frae ane kind o' speerits he took wi'm a bottle o' t'ither; an' he soopit an' soopit until he couldna' see a hole through a ladder. An' aboot twal o'clock he heard soonds within the barn, an' he got up to the door fastly, an' threw 't wide open; an' at the far end, by the dim licht o' the mune, he saw something white which he took for a ghaist. An' so he jooft fired richt at it, an' there was a deevil of a screech an' something Sondie swore were ghaists rushed past an' knocked him doon in the mud. An' when they brocht lights it was jooft naething at a' but his ain geese that had got in through a loose board; an' Sondie had kilt seven o' them stane dead upon the bairley heap.'

'Ha, ha! what a family shot! But talking of family shots do you remember that fellow Wentworth, when we were in Brittany, Terence?'

'Do I remember? sure and I do.' And there was a laugh between the old friends as of at some humorous reminiscence which Mr. Yahoo requested the laird to favour him with.

'Oh, it was simply this. Wentworth was a terrible hog to shoot with and claimed everything; and one day in Brittany, where we happened to be in very bad quarters, we met Wentworth, who lived in the next cottage to us, where they had a bed to spare, and Wentworth and Terence and I went out shooting. The fact was, that fresh meat was awfully scarce, and we all went out for the pot, having but one pointer in the company, and that was Wentworth's. Well, we toiled all day, and we got hot and parched, hungry and thirsty; but we found no game of any kind, and we were just upon

' thinking whether it wouldn't be worth while to give it up, when up came the pointer as stiff as a crutch in a little dell. We walked up, and a covey of partridges got up beautifully for us. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, went the whole six barrels right into the brow of them, for they were all in a lump, and we couldn't afford to be particular, and by Jove out dropped seven to our intense delight; when Wentworth hastily handing his gun to his servant, rushed up to the fallen birds, spreading his arms abroad over them in a protective, collective kind of way, and pointing towards the rest of the covey skimming off in the far distance simultaneously, he called out, "These seven are mine, gentlemen; mark the others if you please." And what was the worst of it, he actually pocketed the whole of them, and stoutly refused to share them, in spite of entreaty, begging, or persuasion; and an assault would have been but two to two, and very doubtful as to the issue.'

' By the way, do you remember that Glasgow lawyer that came down to visit Wentworth? There was rather a good story about him, too, wasn't there, dominie? Do you remember the story?'

' I do,' answered the dominie: 'and it was this. Ye see the Glasgae bodie was strange to dogs and guns, and he joost ken'd mair o' the law than the *muir*, and o' pleadings than groose. Meefter Wintworth had a lease o' the Craigbrackie shootings awa beyant, and he was under obligation to Mac-Tweedie for some matter, and sae Wintworth asked him doon for a week; and my certie, mon, but it was gran' to see the pleader. Hey, mon, but ye'd joost hae braft yeresel had ye seen him swat and blaw over *muir*, and to see 'm wi' the gun—He ca'ad it "a piece," mon! he ca'ad it "a piece!"' And the dominie guffawed at the recollection. 'And he carried it as if she was aye going af o' her ainsel', whilk she did at times there's no denyin', wi' joost a wee o' the pleader's aid. For three days Mac-Tweedie went wi' Wintworth, an' a' that he shot was ane hare, an' she was squattin'. No matter what he shot at or hoo often, Wentworth claimed a' that fell. If three grooses fell it was joost an extraodinair thing that they twa should be crossin' at the moment *he* fired. Weel they had but ae dog at a time, for Wintworth aye walked to the dog and took the first shot; an' about the end o' the week the pleader was joost potterin' aboot by himsel' without a dog at a', and Wintworth was awa' to the toon on business; when on a sudden the pleader cum upon Sondie Skirlatt the keeper, axercisin' the dogs; and ane doggie had got a point, an' a' the ithers were joost bockin' him, when the pleader cam upon them. "My guidness, mon!" said he, "but here's a fight o' game. Noo, Sondie, lad, af ye'll joost gi'us a hint as to whilk o' a them dogs has got the hare, I'll maybe pouter his jaeket." Ye see, having shot ane hare he thocht he was death upon them a' for iver.

' "A dinna ken what ye mean at a'," said Sondie.

' "Hey, gude life. But sure of a' them dogs pointing game, ane o' m's got a hare under his chaps. They'll no' a' be

“pointin’ groofe, maybe.” At this Sondie nigh splat himsel’ wi’ lafter.

“Na, na, pleader,” said Sondie. “They’ve na a’ got game to their ainsels;” and he jooft explaint that they were bockin’.

“Gud guide us! an’ d’ ye mean to aver,” said the pleader, “that a’ them dom fuleifh brutes are jooft puntin’ naethin’ at a’ but ilk ither’s tails? Hey, mon, but a didna’ come oot to shoot doggies’ tails.” And again Sondie tried to explain, but the pleader wouldna’ hear him, but threw his gun upon his shouther and stumped awa’ hame. “Hoot, awa’, it’s jooft a burnin’ shame and disgrace that ony gentleman wad own sic’ a dom stupid dementit tribe o’ brutes that do naething at a’ but stond and punt ane anither’s tails.”

A hearty laugh followed this characteristic tale.

“Will ye no gie’s a stave, midgor? for I can hear Alaster jooft gie ’n the lassies a skirl o’ the pipes below; and if ye dinna gie’s some mufic here, I’ll e’en be compalled to gang below, and fut it oot in a twa-handed reel wi’ Janet McAlister.”

Janet was a tall, raw-boned creature, with ferret eyes and rough fiery hair, who officiated as cook to the establishment.

“Faith, dominie, I won’t drive ye to that, then, for Janet would kape the flure to fix of ye; and if ye must have a stave, why, here goes.” And the major sang, and remarkably well, too, that lovely melody of Moore’s ‘I’d mourn the hopes,’ to much applause. And the major, having sipped his toddy and taken a shaugh or two of the pipe, fixed Mr. Yahoo with his eye, and accused him of having a finging face; and Mr. Yahoo, now rather carried out of his usual drawl by the liquors he had imbibed, did, then and there, as it is termed, clear his pipes, and, after taxing his memory a little, sang ‘a little thing written by a friend.’

THE SHOWER OF GOLD.

Lovely maiden, lovely maiden,
As the early rose of May,
To my breast so overladen,
Welcome if thou wilt but stay.
Azure as the vault of heaven,
Gazing in thy deep blue eye,
Reading—would to me ’t were given—
Of a world beyond the sky.

Silken tresses softly blending,
Falling in a golden shower,
Luminous as Jove descending
Upon Danaë’s brazen tower.
Bars of brass asunder rended
Proved the foe without too strong,
Can this breast all undefended,
When within resist him long?

Strings of pearls may still lie hidden,
Breezes from the balmy south,
Opening rosebuds all are chidden
By the glories of thy mouth;

Bid the budding portals open,
 Bid the glowing accents move !
 Speak—by me 't were easy spoken,
 Bid me live, and bid me love.

Mr. Yahoo did sing it, too, *à merveille*, clean demolishing the major, for he understood music, and had been well taught, and an interesting silence was followed by immense applause. The major shook him by the hand, and pronounced him a bard of the first water, while the dominie whispered to the laird,

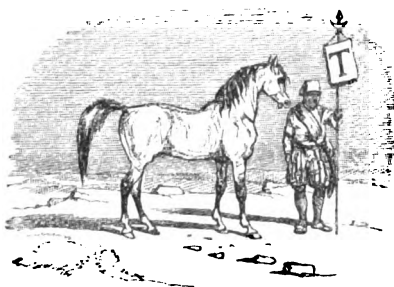
'Odds, laird, but the laddie sings a wheen better than he talks, and 'that's a gran' fac'.'

After this there were numerous songs and choruses of great power, considering the few performers; and Mr. Yahoo, incited thereto, greatly distinguished himself, and laid in materials for an awful headache next day.

The dominie and Allan after a while departed, the former striving to perform 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut;' and when he came, in a broken voice, to 'It is the moon, I ken her horn,' he stopped, and gazing fixedly with tipsy gravity in the direction of that luminary, he gravely asked 'Whilk o'm, for 'pon my certies there's twa o'm—'twa.' And when Allan, whose head as yet no amount of alcohol would have disturbed, ventured to differ, he sat down on a tombstone (they had to go through the churchyard), and entered into a long philosophical argument to prove that two, or even three or four moons were by no means an out of the way or unusual thing, and he cited Hubert, in King John, to prove that even five were scarcely more than singular and a little uncommon, and that 'there couldna' be a 'doot' as to the correctness of Hubert's description, for like Hubert's moons, one of these was 'fixed' and one of them certainly did 'whirl about wi' wondrous motion,' until Allan, getting tired of philosophy based on toddy, took him roughly by the arm and pulled him up, saying, 'Hoot, coom awa,' mon, if ye'd had the t'ither gla's ye'd ha' feed a 'dizen.'

THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE.

No. I.



HERE can be no doubt that horse-racing has been the popular amusement of this country from the time of the Norman Conquest; but no mention of horse-races is on record before the reign of Henry II., when the court and nobility attended the tournament at Smithfield during Lent, where the

London citizens disported themselves in martial attire on horseback, and races were the order of the day.

Private matches were in vogue during Henry VIII. and Elizabeth's reigns, but horse-races were not legally established until James I., who we may consider the father of the turf. In his reign public races were formally gazetted, and were established at Garterly in Yorkshire, at Croydon, and Theobald's, Enfield Chase. Cups, prizes in money, and silver bells were given to be run for. Ten stone was the standard weight, and scales were introduced to weigh the riders before and after the race; and the horses underwent a similar preparation of training to that which is adopted at the present day, although an author states, in 1669, 'That the horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements; and when the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages composed of soaked bread and eggs.' James I. imported the first Arabian stallion, for which he paid 500 guineas; and the Duke of Newcastle, in his treatise on horsemanship, describes him as a small bay horse, and not of very excellent shape. At this epoch, a distinction was first drawn between race-horses and the common stock by the patrons of the turf, who selected the most distinguished runners of both sexes, and classified them as professional race-horses.

In the stormy times of Charles I., racing was neglected, but during the Commonwealth it was again in high estimation.

The Lord Protector, on February 24th, 1654, forbade any horse-races to take place for six months, from the 26th February, owing to the great concourse of people who attended such meetings; and again he issued a similar prohibition on the 8th of April, 1658, for eight months, declaring all persons of what estate, quality, or degree soever, who should appoint or assist at them, breakers of the public peace, and further requiring all civil and military authorities to seize all the race-horses and spectators.

Charles II. was our great patron. Newmarket became the royal head-quarters. The king's palace was built, two wings of which still remain, with the palace stables. He kept a brilliant stud. Arabian horses, royal and Barb mares, were numerous imported, and race-horses assumed an improved character.

Another royal race-course was established on Datchet Mead, near Windsor.

The Duke of Tuscany, in 1669, informs us of the numerous train of ladies and gentlemen attending Newmarket races, who stood so thick on horseback, and galloped so freely, that they were no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the manege. As the king passed, his highness bowed, and immediately followed his Majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums, which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause for the conqueror, which was the horse of Sir — Elliot, beating a horse belonging to Bernard Howard. The dress of the jockey was taffeta, whole colour, breeches and jacket the same.

Plates of different value were given in various parts of the country ; and there is a notice in the 'London Gazette,' February 15th, 1672, from Charles Earl of Derby, that a race-course of five miles has been made near Liverpool, calling upon the gentlemen of Lancaster and Chester, and the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Liverpool, to subscribe to the Plates. In 1676, July 31st, a similar notice appears in the 'Gazette,' stating that the Marquis of Winchester will add a Plate to the money subscribed: none but gentlemen to ride four-mile heats; 14 ft. without the saddle, or 14 ft. 2½ lb. with, on Winchester Downs, the last Wednesday in August. Another Plate to be run at Burford, in Whitfun week.

William III. was a good supporter of the turf, and so was the good Queen Anne, who gave Gold Cups and Queen's Plates to all the principal race meetings. Her Majesty kept race-horses, which were entered for prizes in her own name, showing a good example to her successors; but the two first Georges were so thoroughly German that it was very natural they should take no interest in English national sports.

About the year 1710, racing men became aware of the fact that the old English race-horses could not contend with Arabs, Barbs, or their immediate descendants. The old stock, therefore, fell into disrepute, and gradually retired into private life, and followed domestic pursuits, for which they were admirably adapted.

In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' April 1739, you may read the following description of Newmarket: 'The original design of this 'entertainment was not only for sport, but to encourage a good breed of horses for real use, and the Royal Plates are supposed to be given for that purpose, the horses being obliged to carry heavy weights; but, alas! how are these intentions perverted? Our noble breed of horses is now enervated by an intermixture with Turks, Arabians, and Barbs, just as our modern nobility and gentry are debauched with the effeminate manners of France and Italy.'

There is a great deal of similar twaddle written in 1859 and 1860.

During the last century, the majority of the Royal Plates were given to six-year old horses, carrying twelve stone four miles, under the idea (I presume) that a horse should not be trained to run a distance under that age, and Plates, weight for age, were of rare occurrence before 1770.

The first weight-for-age Plate on record was advertised as a whim, or whimsical Plate, the gift of Sir M. Newton, at Grantham, September 1731, for four-year olds, 8 ft.; five, 8 ft. 11 lb.; six, 9 ft. 7 lb.; aged, 10 ft.; four miles, one heat. This was commencing well with the four and five-year olds; but the preposterous difference between the five-year and the six-year, and, again, between the six and aged, was not altered before 1770; and even now many clerks of race-courses are as ignorant of the proper weights for age for all distances as our ancestors were one hundred and thirty years ago.

Nothing can be more obscure and unsatisfactory than the history

of the English turf to 1720, and the pedigrees of English race-horses up to 1750. Although Charles II. and Queen Anne kept magnificent studs, and agents were employed by the Master of the Horse of several successive sovereigns to purchase valuable Eastern blood, no records were kept, and we are in ignorance respecting the breed of Royal mares. It was not until 1791 that Mr. Weatherby, the keeper of the match-book, obtained a list of pedigrees, collected by a private gentleman. A register was then kept, and the stud-book was published in 1808. Since that time a regular account has been kept of the produce of thorough-bred stock; but many proprietors of brood-mares will not take the trouble to register their foals.

The stud-book contains no horse's name which cannot prove a pure descent from Barbs, Arabians, Turkish, or Persian stallions, and from Barb, Arabian, or Royal mares.

With respect to Turkish blood, I have no doubt that our patriarchs of this denomination, such as Helmsley Turk, Byerley Turk, Place's White Turk, D'Arcey's White Turk, The Selaby Turk, and others, were Arabian horses bought in Constantinople or in Hungary, either captured in war or purchased from Turkish pashas, who in the olden time as well as in the present day take great pride and interest in their Arabian chargers.

The Barbary stallions were very numerous and very successful, especially Dodsworth, Carwen, Bay Barb, Greyhound, The Compton Barb, The Thouloufe Barb; but the most pre-eminent forefathers of the turf are the Darley Arabian (the sire of Flying Childers) and the Godolphin Arabian, whose blood has been transmitted to every first-class horse now in training. I can discover no Persian stallions on the register, but Bonny Black, the best mare of her day for a long distance, in 1719 (whose owner, the Duke of Rutland, challenged all the world to run sixteen miles for 1000*l.*), was by Black Hearty, a son of the Byerley Turk, out of a mare by a Persian stallion.

As I stated before, a great difference of opinion exists respecting the pedigrees of the Royal Mares. Some were purchased in Hungary in the reign of Charles II.; but I have no doubt that a great majority of Royal Mares were imported from Morocco, when Tangiers was under the British flag, and that the superior Barbs were brought by the Saracens in the sixth century from Arabia, when they overrun and conquered Northern Africa, and that they are of the purest breed of the Desert.

The original intention of the compiler of the stud-book was to register all the winners in the Official Racing Calendar; but a cloud hangs over the book, threatening a formidable class of rivals to dispute the value of the orthodoxy of the pure breed.

Between 1820 and 1835 large prizes were given to be run for by horses not thorough bred, at Croxton, Lambton, and Heaton Parks. These premiums not only brought to light many good half-breds, but it induced persons of indifferent principles to substitute *thorough-bred foals* for *half-bred* stock, and I am satisfied that many nominal half-bred horses have run in public just as well bred as Eclipse.

The difficulty of this question is augmented every year. A half-bred horse has been second for the Derby. The stock from good *nominal half-bred* horses increases, and eventually they must find a place in the annals of the stud-book.

Although it is an axiom in breeding all animals, from man downwards, that a fresh cross of good blood is most desirable, we have failed to make any improvement in our race-horses by importations of any Eastern blood during the present century, simply owing to the extraordinary superiority which our horses have obtained in point of strength, size, and speed over the original stock.

The Wellesley Arabian and Lord Londale's Barb mare have been the most successful.

The Wellesley Arabian got Fair Ellen out of the best-bred mare in England, Maria, by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, by Matchem. Her produce was Easyone, Dandizette, Lilies (winner of the Oaks), Translation, and The Exquisite; but not one of their descendants now figure in the list of favourites for great stakes. The above horses had good speed, but were deficient in staying a distance.

The Lowther Barb mare bred Barbara, the dam of Abdallah, Khadidjah, and Magenta, respectable third-rate horses: this may turn out a valuable cross. In all similar speculations of late years with Arabian blood, the average speed has been rarely obtained of the English racer, but not one single instance of the powers of endurance. In tracing the pedigrees of the stoutest running horses of late years, you go back to a Royal mare or to a natural Barb mare; probably the same blood.

A very ridiculous notion exists that because our ancestors were fond of matching their horses four, six, and eight miles, and their great prizes were never less than four miles for aged horses, that the English race-horse of 1700 had more powers of endurance, and were better adapted to run long distances under heavy weights than the horses of the present day; and there is another popular notion that our horses cannot now stay four miles.

From 1600 to 1740 most of the matches at Newmarket were above four miles. The six-mile post in my time stood about two hundred yards from the present railroad station, *Six-mile bottom*, and the eight-mile post was due south from the station, on the rising ground; but the cruelty of the distance, and interest of the horse owners, shortened the course in corresponding ratio with the civilization of the country. Two jades may run as fine a race for eight miles as for half a mile: it is no proof of endurance. You may match any animals for what distance you please, but it is no proof of great capacity. We have no reason to suppose that the pure Arabian of the Desert has degenerated; his pedigree is as well kept, his admirers in the East are as numerous, and his value in that market has not been depreciated. In 1700 the first crosses from these horses were the heroes of the turf. Look at the portraits of Flying Childers, Lath, Regulus, and other celebrated horses, including the Godolphin Arabian. If the artists were correct in their delineations, they had no appear-

ance of race-horses: they of course were good enough to gallop away from the miserable English garrans of that era, as a good Arab or a Barbary horse like Vengeance would run away from a common hackney in the present day. Amongst the blind, a one-eyed man is a king.

My belief is, that the present English race-horse is as much superior to the race-horse of 1750, as he excelled the first cross from Arabs and Barbs with English mares, and, again, as they surpassed the old English racing-hack of 1650.

The form of Flying Childers might win now a 30*l.* plate, winner to be sold for 40*l.*; Highflyer and Eclipse might pull through in a 50*l.* plate, winner to be sold for 200*l.* This may be a strong opinion; it is founded on the fact that whereas, one hundred and fifty years ago, the eastern horses and their first crosses were the best and fastest in England, at this day a second-class race-horse can give five stone to the best Arabian or Barb and beat him, from one to twenty miles. I presume, therefore, that the superiority of the English horse has improved in that ratio above the original stock.

Some writers recommend an alteration of the weights of the Queen's Plates to a heavier scale, and again to run four miles, for the encouragement of the breed of strong stout horses. This is the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1739 over again. What prizes can be better than an income of 1000*l.* per annum for a stallion, or 400*l.* for a yearling, and a market price of 500*l.* for any thorough-bred horse which can carry 12 stone to hounds? As for the miserable Queen's Plates, 100 guineas each (amounting to only 5000 guineas for the three kingdoms), being looked upon as a premium for breeding good horses, it is a drop of water. If 50,000 guineas, instead of 5000 guineas, were given in Plates of 1000 guineas for heavy weights and long distances, it would influence many breeders to put their mares to very stout horses; but on the *per contrâ* side, there is 200,000*l.* to be won by speedy horses; and one Derby to a speculating horse-owner would be equal in amount to the whole imperial gift. Very few horse-owners would start a *first-class* horse for a paltry 100 guineas, two miles: they would not think of such an act of folly for four miles.

Our American friends have improved their race-horses in an equal degree to our own, by sticking to the same blood. They have had the good sense and discrimination to buy the cream of our best stallions, Precipitate, Diomed, Priam, Trustee, Glencoe. They adhere to the principles which our fathers adopted, of breeding only by stallions which could stay a distance; and very naturally, when all their great prizes and matches vary from two to four miles. We played the same game until the commencement of this century; but when great stakes were made for shorter distances, it was soon ascertained that the sons of the stout old stallions could not win a 2000 guineas stake against the blood of Rubens, Castrel, and Selim.

For the last fifty years we have been breeding from our stoutest horses, but principally from large powerful horses with extraordinary

speed. The Americans have bred for stoutness : both parties have succeeded. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the American Priorefs was last year the best four-mile *mare* in England, and that one half of the American horses brought over in the last two years *to do a good thing* cannot last over three-quarters of a mile. Such is the lottery of breeding race-horses. Venison, the best four-mile horse of his year (excepting Slane), was got by a speedy jade, Partisan, out of Fawn, which could not race five hundred yards ; and Plenipotentiary's dam had great difficulty to run beyond five furlongs. The comparative stoutness of the American and English race-horse is not yet decided. The odds in our favour ought to be three to one, estimating our numerical superiority : if we beat them we shall have no pretensions to crow.

Our French neighbours have purchased first-class stallions and our most fashionable mares ; no expense has been spared. They are trained by the best English grooms, and there is no fault to find with any part of their system ; but they have two impediments to success not easily surmounted—very little good turf to train upon, and we imagine that there is no hay made in France good enough to feed a race-horse in training. In the north of Germany they probably breed as good horses as in France. Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Italy do not at present enter into the lists ; but there is the old land of chivalry, 'Hungary,' will breed the best horses whenever it is self-governed and in a prosperous state.

At the Cape of Good Hope our English thorough-bred stallions have improved the colonial stock, which was originally Spanish. They are very superior for all useful purposes ; no day is too long for them ; and no horses can undergo greater fatigue in the absence of food and water.

In New Holland the old English taste for sport of every description, and for racing, is deeply instilled. There is no reason why the colonial Britishers should not breed race-horses equal to the mother country.

To sum up, taking the average of first-class horses in the proportion of one in seven hundred (the same ratio as in the animal man), the United States of America is on a par with the old country. France, North Germany, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia may next contend for precedence ; and all the world must acknowledge that for speed, for endurance, for natural bravery, and for docility when kindly treated, there is nothing like an English race-horse, *alias* the pure Eastern exotic, whose pedigree may be traced for two thousand years, the true son of Arabia Deserta, without a drop of English blood in his veins. He has increased in these damp foggy little islands in size, in strength, and in vigour, by adhering to the old maxim,

Fortes craantur fortibus et bonis.

Good pasture and judicious management have done the rest.

H. J. Rous.

THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH.*

It is somewhat strange in a country so devoted to field sports as England, that none of her sons, of high or low degree, should have distinguished themselves sufficiently to have a volume devoted to the narrative of their exploits, and the epitome of their career. The judges of the land have had their chroniclers; philosophers and historians their biographers; painters and poets have been traced step by step from their childhood to the zenith of their fame; and the memoirs of our divines, our sailors, and soldiers have had ample justice done to them either in their lifetime, or when the grave had closed over them. But the idea that the life of an English sportsman could point a moral, or adorn a tale, never before, we should think, suggested itself until now. Nor do we regret the origin of the undertaking which realized the truth of the old adage, 'Out of evil comes good;' for had it not been for an attack in a leader in the 'Times' on the character of the subject of this work, whom the writer maintained 'lived for fox-hunting alone,' Mrs. Smith could perhaps have allowed her husband's virtues as a man, and his character as a fox-hunter, to rest in the memory of his friends, and to have been confined to those districts, wherein latterly he had spent his ample fortune, in promoting the prosperity and amusement of those by whom he was surrounded. The sensation, which this out-of-the-way onslaught of the great organ of public opinion on the reputation of one, whose whole course of life, it would have been imagined, would have rendered him an object of indifference to it, is not yet forgotten even in this world of selfish aggrandisement. Men of all ranks and shades of politics sprung up and resisted the attack on the Squire of Tedworth, as if he had been public property; and the final result has been the volume now before us, which we purpose to examine with that degree of carefulness and impartiality, which, both in a sporting and national light, it fully merits.

Thomas Assheton Smith, as his biographer here tells us, was born in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on the 2nd of August, 1776, and was the second of eight children; but his eldest brother dying in his infancy, he may be almost said to have been born the heir to the vast estates of his father, a country gentleman resident in Hampshire, and also the proprietor of extensive slate quarries in North Wales. At the early age of seven, when in the present day children are scarcely out of their perambulators, young Smith was sent to Eton, where his proficiency in all manly sports, such as rowing, cricketing, and boxing, was greater than in either classics or mathematics. But although he was wont to observe he learnt nothing there during the eleven years he was an Etonian, it is clear

* 'Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; or, The Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman. By Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart. John Murray, Albemarle Street.'

—as his winter vacations were devoted to hunting and his summer ones to cricket—if it had not been for that ancient seminary, he could never have acquired that deep knowledge of the Latin and English poets, which it is admitted on all sides he possessed, and which rendered him so agreeable a companion in his private life. As colts are said to inherit the temper and constitution of their sires, so the disposition of the elder Mr. Smith descended to his son, who was universally allowed to have the worst temper in the world barring his father; and the fact of the latter giving legal notice to our hero when he got his first scratch-pack together not to draw a particular cover, will give some idea of the length to which his obstinacy would lead him. Young Smith's career at Eton, including his celebrated fight with Musters, the successful rival of Byron in the heart of the beautiful Mary Chaworth, and which for severity has no equal in the annals of the ring, is pleasantly told. But beyond the fact of his natural transition to Christchurch, we know nothing of him at Oxford. For this the author is not to blame, inasmuch as he is only the compiler of papers that have been placed at his disposal by the late Mrs. Smith, and from the advanced age of the squire at the time of his death, all his contemporaries went before him. For the same reason he has been compelled to hark back to Nimrod for the reminiscences of his Mastership with the Quorn, in which he succeeded Lord Foley, and for ten years showed such sport as had never before been witnessed. And as he was the first man then in the days of Meynell, Warde, Osbaldeston, Lindow, Lord Kintore, Sir Harry Goodricke, John White, and Val Maher, it may be imagined that at this period it would require a phenomenon to beat him. On Mr. Osbaldeston succeeding him in Leicestershire, Mr. Smith entered on the Burton country in Lincolnshire, where for eight years he was equally fortunate with his hounds; although the Meltonians who had followed him so disliked the drains and dykes which abound in the fen country that they quickly abandoned him for their own pastures. It was here he performed one of the most extraordinary of all his wonderful feats of horsemanship, and which we extract for our readers.

‘The hounds came to a cut, or navigable canal, called the Fosdyke, over which there were two bridges, one a bridle bridge, the other used for carts, running parallel to each other at several yards’ distance. At one end of these bridges there is usually a high gate leading into the field adjoining the canal, and along each side of them is a low rail, to protect persons going over. Smith rode along one of these bridges, and found the gate at the end locked, whereas he saw the gate open at the end of the parallel bridge. He immediately put his horse at the rails, and jumped across and over the opposite rails on to the other bridge, to the immense surprise and gratification of all who witnessed the feat.’

In 1824 he resigned in favour of Sir Richard Sutton, and after hunting for a couple of years with the Duke of Rutland, he came back to his native county, settled himself down at Penton Lodge near Andover, and allied himself to Maria, second daughter of

William Webber, of Binfield Lodge, Berks, which union was singularly felicitous, as we shall presently show. In the following year, by the death of his father, he was enabled to remove to Tedworth, where he commenced those improvements both in the mansion, the woods, and in his pack, which have given such increased celebrity to his name. In the house, as in those great woods of Collingbourne Doyley, Wherwell, Doles and Faccomb, which covered the Tedworth country, and which he converted into rideable coverts, he was his own designer; his iron will, strong common sense, and ample fortune, seeming, like the first Napoleon, to regard the word impossible as not being in the dictionary. His first pack, as we have said before, was a scratch one; and in his first season, owing to the scarcity of foxes and the wildness of his hounds, he only killed four brace and a half of foxes; but in the following one with Sir Richard Sutton's pack, which he purchased, he showed a very different return list, and from that time up to his death, a period of thirty-two years, he could boast of the finest hunting establishment the world ever saw, and afforded some of the finest runs that are recorded in the annals of the chase, causing no end of money to be circulated in the neighbourhood, and giving plenty of employment to numbers who otherwise would have been a burden on the poor-rates. In criticising the character of Mr. Affheton Smith as a master of hounds, it is difficult which to admire most in him, his pluck and bull-dog courage, which caused him to say one day in the field, 'There was no fence a man could not get over without a fall;' or his knowledge of handling his hounds, which procured the unparalleled compliment of being asked to bring his pack into Leicestershire for a special day's hunting. When it is considered how jealous masters of hounds are of having their counties invaded, and what serious quarrels and lengthened correspondences in newspapers have arisen from some outlying cover being drawn either by mistake or otherwise, the value of such a distinction may be well estimated. That he had faults of temper his biographer candidly admits, but says, with equal justice, that after he had read the riot act to some brainless cub or spoiler of sport in another way, he was ever ready to make the *amende honorable*, when satisfied he was bound to do so. One great qualification he possessed in riding to hounds, was his knowledge of how to fall; and in falling he always contrived to fall clear of his horse's neck, and never to *let him go*. Indeed, on one occasion, when his famous Screwdriver capsize him into a furze-bush, and was kicking and plunging in a circle round him, and a well-meaning farmer exclaimed to him: 'Let go the bridle, or he will be the death of you;' he replied, 'He shall kick my brains out first.' And no doubt he would have kept his word, for nothing was so low in his opinion as moving about after a fall, saying, 'Catch my horse! Pray, catch my horse!' And it is truly wonderful to think although there was scarcely a field in Leicestershire he had not got a fall in, he only on two occasions broke a bone. The manner in which his horses and hounds reciprocated his kindness was something extra-

ordinary ; and he was never known to strike either unfairly, or to lose his temper with them, his idea being they were brutes and knew no better, whereas men did so. For the turf he had but a slight predilection ; and although Lord George Bentinck persuaded him to have a couple of colts in training at John Day's, he soon gave up from a dislike to what he saw going on relative to the great races of the day. His parting scene with his hounds, which we give in the words of 'The Druid,' will show how attached he was to them to the last, and will form a fitting episode to his mastership.

'The covert side knew him no more after October 1857, when he just 'cantered up to Willbury on his chestnut hack, Blemish, to see his hounds 'draw. Carter had orders to bring the choicest of his 1858 entries, and he 'and Will Bryce arrived at the usual rendezvous with five couple of bitches by 'the Fitzwilliam, Hardwicke, and Hermit. He looked at them for a short 'time and exclaimed, "Well, they are as beautiful as they can be!" He 'then bade both his men good-bye, and they saw him in the field no more. 'This was only a week or two previous to the annual meet.'

Having traced him as a sportsman from the child of seven to the veteran of seventy-six, we will turn to him in another sphere, viz., as a yacht-builder, in which capacity he built no fewer than five yachts, the chief of which was the *Menai*, celebrated for the number of Cups she was wont to carry off at Cowes during the era of those celebrated vessels, the *Lulworth*, the *Alarm*, *Louisa*, and *Arundel*. Disliking certain measures of the commodore of the squadron, which he thought favoured too much the conduct of an Irish nobleman, now raised to a higher rank in the peerage, he took his name off the club, and constructed several steam-yachts—Mr. Napier, the eminent shipbuilder of Glasgow, carrying out his plans for him ; and it is satisfactory to think he should have been the inventor of the long hollow water lines, which have since been applied so successfully to other vessels. In addition to this qualification—no mean one in the estimation of impartial persons—we ascertain as a practical farmer he had nothing to learn. Indulgent to his tenants, he knew a bit of bad farming when he saw it, and was not slow in reproving the occupant for it. As a country gentleman, he fulfilled the duties incumbent upon him in a manner worthy of his position ; and the discharge of these functions, coupled with the high sense of honour which was his distinguishing characteristic through life, procured for him the warm friendship of the late Duke of Wellington, which is no ordinary compliment. As a husband, the world never knew a more devoted one ; and few could reconcile to themselves the idea of the mighty English Nimrod, whom they had seen so turbulent in the hunting field, becoming at home so mild, affectionate, and watchful over his wife's health as to build for her a conservatory nearly a quarter of a mile in length, heated to the temperature of Madeira, so as to prevent her having to visit that island. Nevertheless such was the case. At last, full of honours, at least such as he chose to aspire to, he quitted this life after an illness of some duration, brought on chiefly by asthma, leaving behind him a reputation undimmed by a

single shabby act, as well as the prestige of being the finest horseman and master of hounds this country, rich in both of these respects, ever owned. His forrowing widow soon joined him, leaving to her relations the property his affection had bequeathed to her. And whether or not the inheritor of his wealth will inherit his love for fox-hunting, very many generations will have passed away before Thomas Affheton Smith will be forgotten either in Hampshire or any other shire wherein the sports of Merrie England are celebrated.

The work, we should add, is handsomely got up, and worthy of the reputation of Albemarle Street. The frontispiece is a capital likeness of Mr. Smith from the well-known picture by Cooper; and the other illustrations of Tedworth and the hound-meets, as well as the plans of the kennels, confer additional value upon the volume. The appendix, however, which is in the shape of a key to the different characters introduced into the narrative, and made up of extracts from Nimrod and that popular little volume 'Silk and Scarlet,' might have been curtailed by the omission of the cricket matches, which at this lapse of time must have lost their interest. That the work will have a ready sale we cannot doubt, for no master of hounds, or any one connected with fox-hunting, can read it without benefit.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER I.—COLLEGE LIFE.

FADE what may from our memory, there are certain episodes in life which cling to it with the tenacity of life itself; though the lapse of years may prevent our picturing to ourselves in all their vividness circumstances which, at the time they happened, were what entirely engrossed the mind, let but some little incident occur to remind one of past joys or sorrows, and back come rushing all those feelings so delightful or so painful. A lock of hair brought back to Bothwell the sweet associations of bygone times, and made him feel how different such a nature as his might have been had the object of his idolatry 'but lived and lived to love' him. You may in the course of your life have known a woman surrounded, as it appeared to you, by everything calculated to insure happiness. Married to a *vrai* descendant of the Plantagenets, having all that money can produce at her command, and yet not happy, for she has not married where she loved. This woman is voted heartless by the world; and you, without any other guide than its opinion, follow that great bell-wether, and pronounce her cold, unfeeling, and selfish. You never consider what is the fate of many a woman who marries a rich Plantagenet; and it therefore never occurs to you that this one wears a veil which the world may not roughly thrust aside. Judge no one by appearances, least of all a woman. The slightest circumstance may cause her heart's affections, hitherto hidden from all but herself, to well forth in a way that cannot be disguised. The casual mention of one who may have treated with indifference all the

might of her great love, may mantle the cheek with unwonted bloom, and sparkle the eye with unaccustomed fire, though at the time she first loved she was but twenty, and as many years more have since been added to her age.

No incident is necessary to remind us of our first cigar or bit of cane: its memory is stronger than love, inasmuch as it can be more easily conjured up. There is a painful reality about it—a materiality, if I may be allowed the term, connected with that cloud which will last in *secula seculorum*: time—school-days—the quick successive puffs indicative that it was a feast to be taken in haste for fear of discovery—oh how, in smoking that small bit of cane, was one in dread of the entire one!—the feeling that suddenly obtruded itself on you that sickness was your imminent doom—the dismal headache and the painful consciousness that exertion was necessary first to rub your hair with eau de Cologne, and secondly, to prepare your exercise for the following morning—the fixed conviction that you would never forgive a man, even on his death-bed, who should speak of the weed or cane in terms of encomium—the hatred you felt for all foreigners, and the belief you firmly held that the Duke of Wellington would have been a greater man had he put every Frenchman to the sword;—and, finally, your general contempt for every one who made a chimney of his mouth, and your firm belief that smoking was a beastly habit.

Then one's first curaçoa! Did you ever drink too much curaçoa? 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round;' and I can roundly assert that it is too much curaçoa that makes the lords of the creation go round. I would sooner be constrained to dwell five-and-twenty years in Meshech, and finish my natural existence among Kedar's tents, than be slewed up again on curaçoa. Many years ago I was persuaded to embark capital in a bottle of this highly-prized liqueur on returning from the pleasant town of Boulogne; and, to avoid duty on arriving on the opposite shores, I broached it and own I sucked freely. On arriving at the temporary residence of my respected parents I did what I believe is not uncommon after an undue imbibition of liquids—talked twenty consonants to one vowel; and it being discovered pretty quickly that I partook of the nature of an adjective in my inability to stand alone, I was on going to bed obliged to have recourse to a substantive in the shape of the family butler, who was quite put out next morning when he saw me, and said he 'never went for to think' I should ever knock under to anything from France.

I pass over one's first set-to at port and brandy and water, as their effects must be patent to every male over eighteen years of age.

Come we to our first entering at Oxford. How some little incident will bring every circumstance back to our memories of that hey-day period of our existence! How one recalls to mind the feeling of liberty one felt the first few days of residence, though that liberty was soon found to be crippled by certain college exigencies, such as

attending chapel, lectures, &c., &c. : still, considering the age at which most of us went up, however unnecessary we may have thought such attendance, it must be allowed we had a fairish share of liberty : and if, on retrospection, I am inclined to think that in some respects the authorities might have drawn the rope too tight, I must own that in others we had a deuced fight too much, quite enough, indeed, to hang ourselves and our fathers along with us.

I will not bother the reader with my views as to where I consider too tight a hand was kept on us, and where the reverse, further than this—I am of opinion that too much objection was made to horse exercise, where it could be shown that the person who patronized this healthful and manly amusement was in a position to afford it—and by far too little (for here they made no objection at all) to our running up ruinous bills with tailors, hatters, hosiers, confectioners, *et hoc genus omne*. It may be urged, How were the authorities to know you had incurred debts with these people? I answer, Let it be made a *sine quâ non*, that all bills should be sent in to a tutor of the college to which the debtor belongs; and that in case any tradesman did not comply with this rule he should not only be debarred from recovering but be discommoned: if this did not stop, it would check the system of unlimited credit pursued at Oxford in my time, alike so ruinous to parents and sons, and so destructive to the morals of the latter.

It is not my intention to dwell at length on the period I passed at the university, as I might show how very little good I got from my residence there; and as this is in a very great measure sheerly attributable to my own fault, it would be unjust that I should abuse a system which, however open to censure, has been powerless to work harm with so many, without continually writing *culpa mea*; and I have no inclination to blow on myself, the lungs of the world are quite strong enough for that business. Another reason for my dismissing my time at Oxford in a cursory way is, that that scene of learning, and all connected with it, is being described by a far abler pen than my own—need I say by the author of ‘Tom Brown’s School-days?’ I hope, among my many sins of omission and commission, I had that one of God’s best gifts he speaks of—I allude to the power of making friends. He must allow me to claim him as one; and taking his test of friendship, I assure him that if ever I meet him in the Haymarket in only an old pair of trousers and a shirt, I will, if my intentions are not frustrated by one of the A’s, give him a dinner at the centre spot of London—I mean the potato-can at the top of that street, and afterwards endeavour to get him a situation at the Poses Plastiques.

It has often struck me that until a man arrives at a certain age—it comes later with some than others—it never occurs to him that he has been sent into this world for some specific purpose apart from larking. I can better exemplify my meaning by putting a case, which is this. When my worthy sire expended a considerable sum of money for me, both at school and college, he had some definite

object in view; and I can scarcely be said to have at once fulfilled that object and my destiny when I treated the *colophon* of my education as achieved upon being summarily dismissed one fine morning by the head of my college for having screwed up the dean, who was a martyr to chronic diarrhoea, and written letters to the various Oxford chemists begging them each to furnish the poor sufferer with a six-ounce bottle of chalk mixture.

I don't mean to say that Jackson and myself firmly believed we were fulfilling our high mission when we sent the Tipton Slasher to the provost of Queen's to ask whether he would receive the Tipton's brother gratuitously as an undergraduate, on condition of that famous pugilist giving the provost a course of sets-to in quad every day, each finding what was necessary except on Sunday, when the worthy head would be expected to furnish cigars. I repeat, I don't suppose we thought we were carrying out the very *but* our parents had in sending us to the university in acting as we did; but it certainly never occurred to us that we were doing what we ought not to do and making ourselves ridiculous.

The day of my matriculation will not be easily effaced from my memory. I felt myself a creature of distinction—that the day for my receiving admonition was past for ever; and that my father must considerably modify his didactic epistles if he wished to preserve my regard. Before leaving Oxford in the afternoon I found time to buy a box-coat, terrier, tandem whip, dozen of imperial tokay, consigned from Hungary to a saddler at Oxford, five pounds of cigars, presented by the Cortes to the Queen of Spain, and subsequently sold (to enable her to pay a gambling debt) to a tobacconist at the same place; six pairs of trousers, ditto waistcoats—the latter of a painfully elaborate description, representing foresters winding the horn, but for what purpose the pattern did not go on to elucidate—and three pair of Wellington boots. A friend now of many years' standing, but whose acquaintance, at the period I speak of, I had only made that morning, proposed that we should have a small luncheon at the Tiara before starting; and as I knew my father never intended I should travel on an empty stomach, I readily adopted the suggestion, and half an hour found us discussing a capital spread, which we washed down with some fairish claret; though as to its being Lafitte, and worth twelve shillings and sixpence a bottle, I confess even at that early period of life to having my doubts about; but as we were not called upon to pay for what we had, any remarks on that score would have been ungentlemanly in the extreme. Just as we were driving off for Steventon a man came running up in hot haste and called out to my newly-formed acquaintance, 'You can have the other two pictures for fifty guineas; you will then have the set complete for one hundred and ten, only a very little more than I gave for them off the easel.' My friend's answer was, 'One hundred and ten guineas, very well! Take care they are up by the first day of term, as I hate bare walls; and mind the last two hang just below the others.' From the utter *nonchalance* with

which he repeated the words one hundred and ten guineas, and his anxiety regarding the precise place where the pictures were to be hung, a stranger to the university might have imagined that A. had been sent there to form a gallery of modern pictures by the best masters. I was so taken with the idea myself that I thought then and there of establishing a gallery of the *old masters*, and should on my return to town infallibly have purchased the Titian Venus, then exhibiting in Pall Mall; but on further inquiry it appeared the owner was unwilling to part with it without specie down. To this hour my father is unaware how nearly that masterpiece of art was becoming the property of a member of his family. Had it only been in Oxford, I had been the possessor of that *chef-d'œuvre*.

On my return to the University, the first incident that recalls itself to my mind was a suggestion made by a lively individual, now a High Church parson, one evening after supper, for ploughing up the grass in the quadrangle. To this proposal there was not a shadow of opposition; but as Horne, the mover of it, insisted that an al fresco meeting should at once be held, we adjourned to the quadrangle in quest; and with the help of a dozen candles and a jorum of punch, Horne, who was one of the most amusing as well as best-hearted fellows that ever lived, but who was withal somewhat too mischievous even for an Oxford undergraduate, opened the meeting by stating briefly that the assembly had been convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the question as to whether the plot on which they then stood should be allowed to remain in pasture, or whether the more profitable plan would not be to turn it into arable. I will give his speech as accurately as the lapse of time will allow.

'Gentlemen—The honour of proposing the present motion having been placed in my hands, I lose no time in unnecessary periphrasis in endeavouring to show you how ill adapted the ground on which we now are is for pastoral purposes, and what very great benefit may be expected to arise from immediately placing it under the plough, and sowing it with some cereal.

'I think it will be conceded by all parties here present, although a few prejudiced oligarchs may form a different opinion, that this meeting is not only duly constituted, but that the respectable body of men I have the honour of addressing is that into whose hands the solving of this most important question may properly be entrusted. There being no doubt on these two points, I will now, with your permission, endeavour to show you that the soil on which we stand is not favourable to pasture. Gentlemen, when at Oxford we are on classic ground; and how out of place is anything green there! Whenever you come across it you should treat it as many of you will be treated if found to be green when in the schools: you should plough it.'

A voice—'Bravo, Horne! Plough the boy, harrow the parent.'

'We really are not making the most of our property. All must be aware that keeping sheep is out of the question; as were they permitted to depasture in this college, we should be utterly precluded

'from reading for honours during the lambing season, as our attention must then be given to the mammas and interesting strangers, nor could we read during the subsequent removal of the offspring from its dam; and as to fattening sheep, I leave it to you, gentlemen, to say whether any one has the chance of getting fat here excepting the master and fellows. I do not insist on any particular crop—no; I would rather, for the benefit of science, that every member should contribute to the soil whatever he pleases.'

James seconded the proposition: carried *nem. con.*

Horne—'Gentlemen; we know where to find implements to aid us in our undertaking. I have only to observe to you that we have some hours to morn, and that the Anglo-Saxon when determined can conquer all difficulties: so speed the plough.'

In an almost incredibly short space of time the business was completed. The sowers, however, must have formed very different estimates as to the capabilities of the soil, though from the fact that blacking-brushes, two turkeys abstracted from the kitchen, a haunch of mutton and some new college puddings taken from the same place, coal-picks, Virgils, Horaces, Aristotle's Ethics, and several of the *Ars Logica*, were planted, they were all agreed as to its great fertility; and at a very late, or rather very early hour, the agriculturists again adjourned to Horne's rooms, where, after a pipe and some whisky and water, it was proposed by that worthy that they should, before retiring to their peace-fuls, take a last look at the scene of their evening's exploit, in order that they might ascertain if any of their plants had sprouted; for, he observed, the land had apparently never been turned up, and it was astonishing what virgin soil would do. Every one immediately rushed to the scene of action; and it appeared to be generally accepted that the two turkeys, which were hens, had grown into cock birds, and that one or two Latin books were becoming Greek. There was, however, a division of opinion as to the blacking-brushes, which Horne observing, exclaimed, 'Well, whatever we may think about them, there can be no doubt as to Aristotle's Ethics having bloomed. I sniff a holy air of morality all around, which quite affects me: don't say go to *Jericho* for I haven't it in my heart to do so.'

The next incident was when a friend of mine was leaving Oxford. He had during a short residence at the university showered favours on the various tradesmen in the most impartial manner; and having amassed a quantity of articles which it would have been not only inconvenient for him to have removed, but unadvisable that he should have submitted to parental inspection, it occurred to his naturally acute mind that an auction was the readiest way of ridding himself of the things in question, and placing a sufficient quantity of the tin in his pocket to enable him to have a lark in town before meeting his dread parents' gaze. Horne, a most valuable man on all occasions, allowed himself to be put into requisition as auctioneer. Punctually at the hour appointed he ascended the cellar by the window, and briefly addressed the audience in words to this effect.

'Gentlemen—The sale about to take place is unparalleled in the annals of this university, whether you regard the number and costliness of the goods or the known taste of the proprietor. You are all of you doubtless aware, and know with sorrow, that circumstances over which he has no control have necessitated his taking a step which will cause us to lose the pleasure of his society here, but let us hope we may meet in happier times. The term is nearly over, and to those who contemplate a short residence in the metropolis, I have only to say that our lamented friend will be happy to meet them any evening at Bob Green's, and he empowers me to add, "the later the hour the better."

'This sale, gentlemen, will be without reserve, excepting such as prudence will induce you to exhibit in case you come across Jackson's governor. We will now, if you please, commence with the wine; Graham, hand round a bottle of that curious old port. Now, Rawlings, what will you allow me to say for that very extraordinary and rare wine, imported by our friend's grandfather, the Bishop of Symms and Guy—no, not that, I forget the name of his see. Three pounds ten for you, Rawlings. I shall not dwell on this lot, though I could dwell for ever on the contents of the bottles. Going for three pounds ten shillings, the last time—Rawlings. Lot 2. A dozen of very rare wine. The bishop, when not well, would say to his butler, "No, not that wine," meaning the wine I have just sold, "I must have something better to-night; bring me a bottle of "softly stealing." On being asked which he would sooner do, relinquish his see or part with the two pipes he had of this wine, though, unfortunately, but two dozen now remain, he replied, "When death claims me, I am prepared to resign my bishopric, but I can never sheer off for a better port." Seventy shillings—Rawlings again. Lot 3. Same wine, but slightly preferred by the bishop as he thought the bottles were larger. Seventy shillings—Rawlings.

After some eight or ten lots of wine and jewellery, a musical box was offered for competition, upon which Horne expatiated in the following terms: 'Gentlemen, this article, formerly the property of Mr. Spiers—yet, pardon me for speaking in the preterite tense, I should more rightly describe it if I called it the joint property of Mr. Spiers and our lamented friend, but which will become the property of the highest bidder, despite of Mr. Spiers not joining in the conveyance, inasmuch as it will have been disposed of in market overt,—this article I can confidently recommend to the attention of any gentleman present. It plays twelve airs, some of them calculated to drive dull care away, others to shed a tinge of not unpleasing melancholy o'er the spirit which for some moments would retire from the hollow mockery of this garish world. The first air, "My pretty Jane," may remind you of the numming female party you left behind. Air 2. Fra poco—McCarthy bid for this box: here's a Scotchman, a poor penniless child of Caledonia, singing, "Oh, my love's dead," and I believe he's so much in

'earnest, that half a dozen bawbees wouldn't induce him to change the air into "Rofin the Beau." Now make your biddings, gentlemen, and look slippy about it—five guineas—yours, Drayton.'

Having given a slight sketch of two scenes which took place at my college, and at which my father certainly never contemplated my assisting when he sent me to Oxford, I shall leave both gay and grave matters connected with that place to be described by other pens, but before doing so I must say a word or two about the Grand Commemoration which took place the term I left.

I would strongly urge all those who have never seen a grand commemoration not to miss the next opportunity which offers; and this appeal is specially put forward to young ladies, who, I take upon myself to say, will thank me for having advised them to do that which will afford them one of the happiest weeks they ever spent or will spend in their lives; and if they leave that beautiful city in the proportion of one out of three unscathed by Cupid's darts, I swear by Tom of Oxford that those with whom they have talked, walked, and waltzed, will not have a whole heart amongst them.

Yes, you pretty, smiling, blue-eyed beauty of nineteen, whom that ass, Sir Henry Flakington, lieutenant and captain, suffers to remain single, though he must see you care for him, because his mamma has discovered that you are after his money and title, and he has discovered that 'the girl is aw—like most other girls, fond of a red coat, and that his whiskers are not to be lavished on 'the first petticoat who takes a fancy to them;' waste not your fresh young heart on the numskull in question. Go where you will find hearts by dozens, equally young and noble as your own; go to that city where woman's visits are like angels', and where, *par consequence*, you will be treated like one of those aerial beings. Your name will be toasted from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same; each of your admirers will vie who can show you the greater homage; you will find yourself in a world where woman is in truth appreciated, is adored, is worshipped; and amid all the *agrémens* of that most delightful week, who can say that a feeling may not then be engendered, to be fanned into that love which may give you a sharer for life of your every joy, your every sorrow? and should death have taken away the partner of your bosom before the son he has left you has commenced his university career, you may, when in after life you go to see him at dear old Oxford, point out the spot where first you saw your husband, and bid your boy, who bears that name you loved and love so well, strive that he may leave his college honoured and respected as was his father.

I hear distinctly one young lady saying to another, 'Jane, we must get papa to take us to the grand commemoration.' All I can say is, may papa grant your prayer. If an Oxford man himself, I feel sure he will do so; if not, send me his address, and I will make it my pleasure as well as my duty to call on him, and persuade him, by all means, to have that week at Oxford.

For myself I can never forget the commemoration of 18—. I

verily believe there were more pretty girls to be found at that time in Oxford than ever appeared in the same space in any part of the globe from the beginning of time, even granting the world to have existed eighteen thousand years, and allowing that in one part some twelve thousand years ago there was a remarkably pretty race, who used to ride megatheriums on side-saddles. Gentle reader, you may exclaim, '*Laudator temporis acti*;' i. e., when I was a youth not twelve or eighteen thousand years ago. 'The writer sees in that 'period of his life everything *couleur de rose*. He is past the heyday 'of admiration; and therefore his sole resource is to say such things 'exist no more.' Wait a minute. I have stated I don't believe so many pretty girls could have been found in the same space at any period of history; but I am open to conviction; and if you happen to be an Oxford man in residence, ask me to the next Grand (Baily Brothers have my address); and off I go by express train, taking care to order rooms at the Mitre in advance. I will do my very best to get myself up in the most extensive style to meet Terpsichore, not forgetting to pass a half-hour *chez* Spiers; and even going to the expense of a bottle of his Neroli, which I shall be able to do the more cheerfully, since the absence of Mr. Dash, his *erst* foreman on business of his own in London, will not render my having my head shaved, and being turned friendless on the streets in a wig, imperative.* But, dear me, the mention of Baily Brothers reminds me that the turf, and not the toga, was to be the subject-matter of my writing. Well, I have given you little enough of the toga proper, and as to the turf, I was obliged to let you know where I was reared before I got upon it; for some members of the august assembly which meets at the 'Corner' spring from such curious diggings, and are such rum ones, that I don't seem to care about being identified with them; and, as all can write nowadays, I might be mistaken for Nodding Nick or the Peppering Painter.

In my next I will show you why I came to reside in town; and by way of finish may here incidentally remark, that my father did not furnish rooms for me in London for the express purpose of my being within an easy distance of Tatterfall's.

CRICKET IN 1860.

'CRICKET!' what a cheery, heart-warming word is 'Cricket!' symbolical of health, strength, light hearts, good fellowship, and Old England. Here am I now, on the wrong side of forty, the thermo-

* This worthy must have been invaluable to Mr. Spiers. I have known Dash's oratory force men with the most luxuriant heads of hair to wear wigs. Judge of my horror on hearing the following conversation:—Dash (*log.*)—'Just step here a moment, Mr. —.' Mr. — approaches. Dash—'The Neroli in Mr. —'s case, you see, has had no effect—he'll be as bald as the palm of my 'and in a month.' In anguish I exclaim, 'What's to be done?' and receive for answer, 'The 'air of the 'uman 'ed is a 'ollow tube requiring sustenance, and in your case the Neroli will not nourish until your 'ed's shaved.'

meter standing at 26°, and full six inches of snow on the ground; yet with my old blood tingling from head to feet, my body in one wholesome glow of excitement, and all through that little magical word 'Cricket!' Yes; that popular messenger of life and death, joy and grief, comfort and woe, fortune and poverty, the postman, has just left me 'The Life,' and conning o'er its pages, my eye alights on that well-known column headed 'Cricket;' hence my delight, for underneath the little word I am gratified at finding the somewhat early publication of the Marylebone and Surrey Clubs' brilliant lists of matches for 1860; so down I sit in my old arm-chair and muse on the glorious

CRICKET PROSPECTS FOR 1860.

And brilliant they certainly are beyond all former seasons. On that old familiar battle-ground, 'Lord's,' where, in days of yore, Mr. Jenner and the Honourable E. Grimston kept wicket; Beagley of Hampshire long stopped; Cobbett, Lillywhite (the Nonpareil), and Sam Redgate bowled; the present Earl of Verulam, the Honourable R. Grimston, Charles Taylor, Esq., Barker, Marsden, and Fuller Pilch hit; and the late Mr. Ward, in his chair at the top of the ground, honoured the players by his presence—on that old familiar spot—classic ground to all cricketers—what a brilliant list of contests await decision! After the good old matches of Club and Ground against Cambridge and against Oxford are pulled off at the two Universities, the London season will open vigorously at Lord's, with the great match between 'The Two Elevens' for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund; then the cricketing *élite* of the two Universities have the grand annual exciting struggle for mastery in the cricket-field. That fine old contest, the very basis and stamina of cricket, The Gentlemen *v.* The Players, is the next old-fashioned match on the list; and why this should not be a fine and close contest I cannot conceive. Let the gentlemen be early and carefully selected, and by assiduous practice come into the field 'well up' to their important task; let 'point' bear in mind 1847, when Mr. King in that position superbly caught five of the players off Mr. A. Mynn's bowling; let the bowlers recollect 1853, when Sir F. Bathurst and Mr. Kempson bowled so grandly that they were unchanged throughout the match, and defeated the Players by 60 runs; let the hitters be spurred on to exertion by the recollection of the noble batting of Mr. Haygarth and Mr. Hankey in 1857, when these two gentlemen scored 123 runs between them, knocking off Caffyn, Jackson, Parr, H. Stephenson, Willsher, and Widen; Mr. Haygarth making 53 and Mr. Hankey 70 runs, the latter gentleman scoring 32 runs from 7 hits, all hard drives; let the wicket-keeper emulate the deeds of Jenner, E. Grimston, and Nicholson; and let the fielders try to accomplish feats as brilliant as Charles Taylor, W. Pickering, and Broughton effected in bygone days; let the Gentlemen in 1860 do this (and more if they can), and then go in, thrash the Players,

wipe off six years of defeat, and cast a halo of additional glory on the cricket season of 1860. The match novelties to be played on the old ground are various, comprising Sixteen of Kent *v.* Eleven of England; The Kent County Club *v.* The M. C. C. and Ground; Eleven of England first chosen *v.* the next Fourteen; and The Club and Ground *v.* Eleven Colts of all England. The importance of this last match (if made an annual) cannot be estimated too highly, inasmuch as it will open the lifts to an infinity of precocious talent that would otherwise blossom and fade in their own secluded nooks, unseen and uncherished by the great cricketing community. An Eleven of England, as in last season, are to compete in a couple of matches, against sixteen gentlemen of each University; and what I fancy will turn out the most brilliant season played at Lord's will be wound up by nine gentlemen of Hampshire aided by two players of England contesting against the M. C. C. and Ground, and thus reintroduce on this famed cricket arena, a county that was once strong enough to successfully attack an Eleven of all England. The Surrey Giants, with an overflowing exchequer, and strong at all points of the game, invite and encourage attack from all quarters. They condescend to play Suffex single-handed; and nothing daunted by last season's defeat they once more meet those terrible opponents, The Eleven Men of Notts; and then with its renowned Eleven again does Surrey boldly give battle to the might and science of All England. To the whole north of England the Surrey clarion once more shouts, 'Come, if ye dare!' and as the men of the north *do* dare, these two clipping Elevens go at it again this year. With their Eleven Cracks, Surrey again boldly meets a picked Sixteen of Cambridge University, and this over, they do the like favour to Sixteen of Oxford. The Surrey Club on their renowned 'Oval' pit Eleven Gentlemen of the South against Eleven Gentlemen of the North; and also have *their* contest betwixt the Gentlemen and Players of England: in addition to which the Surrey Gentlemen play various matches against Gentlemen from all parts of England, ay and Scotland; and to make their 1860 season perfect, and perform an act of service and liberality to an old-esteem'd and faithful servant, they have arranged for the All England and the United Elevens to play a match for the benefit of that well-known and respected cricketer W. Martingell. To Essex, Maidstone, Brighton, Nottingham, Leicester, Manchester, and Liverpool will the Surrey Club send their Eleven to play out their various return matches; and thus will Surrey bring to a close the finest cricket season that famous county ever played. Thus having run over the coming season's prospects at head-quarters, I will briefly touch on the aspect of the noble game throughout the country. In Scotland and Ireland the science is making rapid strides; already are they advertising for professionals in the former country; and both countries intend with Twenty-twos meeting an Eleven of England. The Liverpool Club has re-engaged their old professional, Perry of Oxford; and on this ground will be played the return between the Gentlemen of the

North *v.* the South ; and it is not unlikely that Twenty-two of Liverpool will meet the All England Eleven. At Birkenhead, the Park Club has again secured the services of the united bowler George Atkinson, under whose superintendence their ground has been much improved and enlarged since last season ; and the club will this season come out strong in matches : among others they intend taking a tour through Ireland, contending against Twenty-twos. At Manchester, early in June, will be played the most interesting match of the season, *i. e.*, Eleven of the Champions against the next best Eleven of England, the latter not unlikely to be selected from the following :— W. Lockhart, Esq., F. P. Miller, Esq., C. D. Marham, Esq., A. B. Rowley, Esq., V. E. Walker, Esq., George Anderson, A. Clark, R. Daft, W. Griffith, Thos. Hearne, W. Mortlock, Reynolds, and E. Stephenson. This match will be for the benefit of the Champions, and, without doubt, will be the most exciting and attractive match of the season. Leeds, Sheffield, and all parts of Yorkshire, will swarm with local matches this year. The two Universities are expected to turn out unusually strong teams, and, as heretofore, will be the earliest to take the field both for practice and match playing. Kent wakes up from her lethargy, and, recruiting her ranks with young and vigorous blood, intends carrying on the war with her own levies. Suffex this year also strengthens her ranks with some fine young gentlemen cricketers in Messrs. Fawcett, Cotterill, Hodson, and Onslow ; and relying on her native strength alone, this County boldly meets the Surrey Lions on equal terms, and commences the season with the most useful and interesting match a county can possibly play, *i. e.*, against Eleven Young Players of the county. Essex, and that once-famed county Hampshire, also join in the vast cricket tourney of 1860. Middlesex, under the fostering patronage of those fine cricketers and liberal supporters of the game, the Messrs. Walker, will turn out a team this season, strong enough to tackle (almost) any county, and ere the season is over will give a rare account of the cricket capabilities of Cockneydom. Nottingham has (thanks to the energetic exertions of Mr. Johnson and George Parr) at last done justice to its numerous fine players, by arranging a Return Match between Surrey and Nottingham, to be played at the latter place at the latter end of June ; and it is to be hoped that the question, having been once properly taken up, will result in the formation of an influential 'Nottingham County Club.' The two Elevens are busy match-making against Twenty-twos all over the kingdom, and will thus again sow the good seed throughout the length and breadth of the land. To accommodate the many and urgent demands for an Eleven to play Twenty-twos, another Eleven started last year called 'The New All England Eleven,' who will play very strong this year ; and it is beyond question that the vast impetus the game of cricket has received during the last few years is principally due to the visits of 'the Two Elevens,' who, where'er they pitched their stumps, left behind them a desire for playing the fine old game that has gone on increasing year by year, until it is

now so universally practised that it can no longer be doubted that cricket is *par excellence* THE NATIONAL SPORT OF ENGLAND. Yachting and hunting are of necessity confined to the affluent. Horse-racing certainly has its votaries among many classes, but cannot be participated in by the masses. Rowing is a rare health-giving pastime, but limited to certain localities; but cricket—the noble, glorious, manly, old game of cricket—is played by *all* classes, all over the land. The clergy not only lend their countenance to, but many actively participate in the game, thereby stamping it as void of all objectionable practices. In the cricket-field, the peer and the peasant meet in friendly antagonism, and in this fine contest of mind and muscle each in turn is victorious over the other; the peer without losing one iota of his just and proper influence and respect, and the peasant not one whit of his proper and manly independence; for cricket is a sport begun in good humour, fought with good temper, and finished with good feeling. It is a sport that can be, and is, pursued in the presence of all we hold dear without shame, compunction, or reproach; it is a sport the practice of which insures the finest training possible for the eye, the brain, the muscles, and every particle of the human body, eventuating in a healthy frame, a manly bearing, prompt action, activity of mind and body, and other benefits that no other sport does or can educe. And what if the cricketer *does* now and then receive an ugly buffet or blow? it fits him all the better to contend against the buffets and blows he is fated to receive in his after ‘battle of life.’ But I am now stumped out, and must finish this my ‘first innings’ by congratulating cricketers on the increased and increasing popularity of the noble game, and on the cheering, brilliant prospects of fine matches and glorious cricket in the coming season of 1860.

A TRIP TO BERKSHIRE.

BY FRANK FIELDING.

‘Oh! who will o’er the downs so free,
Oh! who will with me ride?’

WHEN cosily reading my morning paper between the sheets on the dawn of a January day, my housekeeper knocked at the door and handed me the following letter, marked immediate.

‘—— Farm, East Ilsley,
‘ 29th January, 1860.

‘DEAR FRANK,

‘Excuse short notice. We have knocked up a shooting party on the 31st to clear old L—— out of a few pheasants and hares. You have long promised to visit the training-grounds in our neighbourhood, and it will do you “a power of good” to breathe a mouthful of our fresh air. I can accept no refusal this time, and will meet the 10.45 at Didcot to-morrow (Monday), so that we can have an hour or two at the rabbits in the afternoon.

‘Yours ever,

‘ROBERT J. 

Being a bachelor without encumbrances, and having no engagements of importance, it did not take me long to consider the invitation ; and starting up in ' a brace of whippers ' (for I had but an hour to spare) I snatched a hasty breakfast, and packing a few essentials, including a box of old cabanas for myself and country friends, in one of those very convenient ' eclipse ' portmanteaus, I chartered a fast-trotting Hansom, and arrived at Paddington some ten minutes before the time of starting. Having, by the judicious bribe of sixpence to the guard, secured a cosy corner in an unoccupied first-class carriage, with the February number of the ' Cornhill Magazine,' and one of the afore-said cabanas (although the bye-laws of the Great Western Railway Company were placed distinctly before me on the opposite side of the carriage), my passage to Didcot was accomplished with considerable comfort ; and almost before the fumes of my cigar had evaporated, I found myself, portmanteau, and gun-case safely landed on the railway platform at Didcot. My old friend, Bob, a thorough specimen of the British yeoman, ' well up ' in every species of British sport, was there ready to meet me with a useful-looking mare, which could doubtless do her day's work at the plough when necessity forced, and a comfortable, although old-fashioned gig, with plenty of wrappers and a good warm rug for the feet. After a hearty shake of the hand and mutual inquiries after the health of joint friends, we scaled the cart and rattled merrily away into a country where the whistling and screeching railway train has never yet penetrated. Across the flat and up the hills we pursued our way, talking over old associations and bygone days when schoolboys together ; and when arrived at our journey's end, some ten miles, I almost wished we had to do it over again. The road itself possessed but few peculiar characteristics ; Harwell being the only village intervening, where we saw plenty of real live Berkshire bacon at the cottages on each side of the road. About two miles short of Illey we pulled up at Mr. Stevens's stables at Chilton, and found the proprietor just on the start to visit a neighbouring trainer. The stables are worthy of remark, as having been formed out of what originally consisted of outbuildings appertaining to the farm. They now form a most convenient range, affording accommodation for about fifty horses. After partaking of some ' home-brewed ' we again took to the road, which shortly after afforded a magnificent panorama of hill and dale, exhibiting some of the most noted training-grounds in England. From the brow of the last hill we could take a bird's-eye view of Illey, snugly nestled in the valley, and, like Jerusalem, surrounded on all sides by hills. Passing through the village we shortly arrived safe at the snug old homestead of my friend, Bob. Here again the shaking of hands came into requisition (for be it known that Bob's two sisters live with him, and many a ' bit of chaff ' have I to face in consequence), and after having partaken of a hearty luncheon (called dinner in these parts), and having duly visited the ferrets and the beagles' pups, we shouldered our guns with the intention of driving a rabbit or two out of the gorse.

The weather was, however, anything but favourable to our pursuits

(the rain falling in torrents), and with the exception of one 'bunny,' which the hounds killed in the cover, we had to return empty-handed. A substantial meal of tea, cold meat, toast, &c., awaited our arrival home; after partaking of which I took the opportunity of having a brisk walk into the village to inspect the stables of John Dawson, who has recently taken possession of the premises formerly occupied by his brother Joseph. After taking stock of the several tenants of the stalls and loose boxes, amongst which were some remarkably good-looking two-year olds, and having partaken of the hospitality of the trainer in the shape of a most potent glass of whisky toddy to moisten my cigar, I returned to supper at my friend's, and wound up the evening with conviviality, *i.e.* some more whisky, a cigar, and plenty of singing, in which the ladies, bless them, took their fair share.

I must not, however, dwell upon this more pleasant portion of my visit, as the readers of 'Baily's Magazine' are doubtless well enabled to form their own ideas of such a party, my present article being chiefly intended to describe the country, and the advantages afforded to owners and trainers of race-horses, both from the salubrity of the situation and the excellence of the training-grounds.

The village of Illey, as I have previously noted, is sheltered on all sides by the downs, and five minutes' walk from any one of the stables enables you to tread some of the finest turf in England, with greater scope of galloping ground than is afforded in any other locality, not even excepting that great emporium for training stables, Newmarket. Arrived on the summit of these downs, gallops of any length may be taken either on the flat or up a rising hill, the peculiarity of the turf being such that it is at all times suited to the training of horses. The stables in the village afford excellent accommodation, and those of John Dawson can scarcely be equalled in any part of the country, either for situation, comfort, or convenience. My limited stay in the neighbourhood prevented me from extending my visits elsewhere, with the exception of a rapid survey of the 'Swan' stables, where the host, J. Lowe, has a fair string of thoroughbreds, and is evidently proficient in the art of training them. The other stables in the village are tenanted by Messrs. George Drewe, Knight (who trains 'Mr. Hare's' two-year olds), and Fordham, not the celebrated jockey of that name, although, I believe, a near relation. Mr. Hanks has also a breeding establishment (from which Madrid was turned out), as well as a few horses whose training he himself undertakes.

Our shooting party of the following day passed off in a most satisfactory manner, game being plentiful, companionship excellent, and the weather all that could be desired; but the limits of my present article will not permit me to dilate upon this portion of my trip, as I have to introduce accounts of other training quarters in the county. I may, however, remark that *en route* to the scene of action, we passed through the pretty retired little village of Compton, and by Yew Tree Cottage, formerly the residence of Mr. Matthew Dawson, where several first-class thoroughbreds belonging to Mr.

Merry and the late Lord John Scott have been located. The premises have recently been entered into by Warrener, who formerly occupied a portion of Lowe's stabling at Illey.

Wednesday morning presented a very different aspect to the preceding day, the warm but cloudy atmosphere having given place to a clear blue frosty sky. The dark-green covering of the downs had changed to a sea-green colour from the coating of hoar-frost which lay over the natural turf, and presented a most peculiar appearance when viewed from the heights. A very slight stretch of imagination might give the beholder the impression of looking down upon a wide expanse of ocean. My stay in the county being limited, and being desirous to see all I could during my visit, I took my farewell of all friends at — Farm at an early hour in the morning, in spite of all pressing invitations to stay another day, and started to inspect Mr. T. Parr's stables at Benhams House, near Wantage. Before leaving, I however extracted a promise from Bob to spend a few days with me in town, after the swedes had been safely stacked. I had long had a standing invitation to visit Mr. Parr, and felt a great desire to witness the downs upon which so many first-class race-horses, such as Weathergage, Rataplan, Saucebox, and Fisherman had undergone their preparations, and where Lupellus, Gaspard, and others are now in training. A trap from the Swan conveyed me to my destination in little over an hour, the frost having rendered the country roads capital going, although its sharpness was anything but pleasant to the extremities, my ears feeling as if severely pinched by champagne nippers, it being also a question of doubt whether I retained the tips of my fingers and toes. There was little to note during our journey (having at first to retrace some miles of the road between Illey and Didcot) until we arrived at Wantage (the birth-place of Alfred the Great), a quaint old town, full of odd corners, with roads running to all points of the compass, one of those few remaining spots unapproached by railroads, where the comfortable hostelries of the olden time remain in their purity, untainted by the extortions which menace travellers in larger and easily-got-at-able towns. Passing through the wide market-place and by the old Gothic church and schools, we (*i. e.* the driver and myself) pursued our way along a country lane which bounded the top of the valley in which Letcombe Regis is situated, and after about two miles' drive reached a long steep descent taking us into the aforesaid village. Here I was glad enough to jump on terra firma and walk down the hill, in order to restore the circulation of my blood, which was almost at freezing-point. Once arrived at the foot of the hill, it took us a short five minutes to reach the village; and putting up at the inn, I gave the driver orders to make himself comfortable until my return. During our drive, the frost had shown little symptoms of abating, and the sun, which now began to show his face, had as yet acquired no power to soften the surface of the turf, consequently I had but small hopes of witnessing the horses out at exercise. Walking through the village, which is of but limited pro-

portions, although rejoicing in the adjunct of Regis to its title, I arrived at Mr. Parr's residence in time to partake of a good solid breakfast prior to a tour round the establishment. In the mean time the sun had acquired increased power, and orders were given for the boys to have an early dinner, in order that all might be ready to turn out in the afternoon. After inspecting the stables—an old-fashioned range of buildings, with brick-tiled roofs, which had every appearance of being built at least a century ago, but which have housed some of the best horses ever bred, and which now accommodate by far the best-looking lot of thoroughbreds it has ever been my fortune to meet with collectively—my host and his aide-de-camp 'the doctor' escorted me to a range of outbuildings to take stock of the hunter and some yearlings, one of the latter, by West Australian, having a remarkably strong, powerful frame on sturdy muscular limbs. While here, I was much entertained by the inspection of an ancient dove-cote, a large solid brick building, with internal arrangements for the accommodation of a thousand pair of pigeons in the breeding season, although at present occupied by scarcely one tithe of that number. An old Act of Parliament is, I understand, still in force preventing the erection of such buildings without first obtaining a special grant for that purpose. Returning to the house, I found a plentiful fund of amusement in inspecting the various pieces of plate won by Mr. Parr through the agency of Fisherman, Rataplan, and others, and in viewing the portraits of Weathergaze, Saucebox, Fisherman, the celebrated old Clothworker, Dulcet, and other 'cracks' which have carried Mr. Parr's colours to the front during his lengthened career on the turf. While glancing over these paintings, one cannot fail to recognize the great genius of Mr. Sextie, to whose pencil the majority owe their existence; and it is much to be regretted that he should have resigned the art when he had obtained so high a position amongst the sporting artists of the day. His portrait of Clothworker is one of the best bits of animal painting I have ever witnessed, combining expression with great finish and correctness of outline. In fact the horse stands fairly out of the canvas, and those who recollect the chesnut can imagine him again before them. Mr. Sextie's more ambitious efforts on a larger scale, as in the portraits of Weathergaze and Saucebox (the latter of which is well known from the engraving published subsequent to his Leger victory), also bear evidence of his great ability, and some sporting sketches add to his reputation in the school of *genre* painting.

About noon the turf began to soften under the influences of the meridian sun, and as the clock tolled one, the sheeted string of horses left the stable-yard, accompanied by Mr. Parr on horseback, I being left to the tender mercies of 'the doctor,' who was to drive me on to the downs in a dog-cart. About three miles' drive brought us on to the Frogley gallops, usually reserved for the summer exercise, but which, from the softness and elasticity of the turf, were likely to yield easily to the beams of old Sol. When fairly on the downs, a most magnificent view took the eye, embracing a vast expanse of upland

and vale into the heart of Hampshire; the courting plains of Ashdown lying close within our ken, whilst for some twenty or thirty miles nothing but hill upon hill met our vision. The ground is of the finest description for the purpose designed, being of springy, elastic turf, beneath which is a layer of mould of the depth of ten or twelve inches, with a chalk substratum, which consequently keeps it well drained in wet weather, and prevents the frost from taking too firm a hold. Although the cold was most intense in the early part of the morning, and the top crust of the earth still remained crisp, yet it afforded excellent opportunities for galloping, as was plainly evidenced by the amount of work done and the footprints left by the horses. After seeing the horses go through their paces for about an hour, and finding the sharp wind anything but pleasant, I remounted the dog-cart and found the return to Benhams rendered unusually short from the pleasant conversation of my charioteer, whose reminiscences of sport in the days when 'Squire Osbaldestone' was in his zenith, were most entertaining, and lost nothing by the manner in which they were related. A well-spread table awaited our arrival; and after partaking of a hearty luncheon, the timepiece on the mantelpiece warned me that if I intended catching the Didcot express, it was high time to order the trap. Before leaving the spot, I must, however, be allowed to give some description of Mr. Parr's residence, which is approached through the lodge gates on the right-hand side of the village by a sweeping gravel road, the lodge, a comfortable roomy erection, being occupied by Kellow, the trainer. The house itself is unpretentious but comfortable; and in summer-time must present a most picturesque appearance, having a sloping lawn in front reaching to a large sheet of water, upon the bosom of which two swans may be seen nobly sailing. A waterfall from this miniature lake supplies the streamlet which flows through the village of Letcombe Regis. A vast extent of property in the neighbourhood is also owned by Mr. Parr, who is in reality the squire of the village, although he sub-lets the old manor-house. Bidding farewell to my hospitable entertainer and his lady, a short hour's drive conveyed me to the Didcot station, from whence the fastest express of the day rattled me up to town in seventy minutes—pretty good work considering that the distance is over fifty miles.

One evening, after my return to town, while quietly smoking my 'nicotian weed,' and meditating on things in general, the idea entered my cranium that a description of my visit might be found interesting to a great portion of the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' whose opportunities might not enable them to visit these 'out-of-the-world' places. I have therefore attempted to portray the leading features of my trip, and should my effort find favour with the sporting public, I may be tempted at some future period to relate my experiences of other training establishments both in the north and south of England.

THE LEASH.

ON the commencement of a work, the pages of which will be devoted to the sports of Great Britain, I am pleased to have the opportunity of testifying to the prosperous state of the popular sport of courfing. Perhaps no pastime has increased more in public estimation, within the last twenty years. In my earliest remembrance of it, extending over a period exceeding forty years, only a few clubs were established, and such an occurrence as an open meeting for stakes of any amount was not known. In the south, the Ashdown, Amesbury, Newmarket, Swaffham, and Deptford Inn Clubs were the only ones of note. They were principally supported by Lord Orford, Lord Rivers, Lord Mansfield, Lord Stradbroke, Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Dobede, Messrs. Vipan, Bowyer, Smyth, Bagge, Buckworth, Gurney, Fyson, Biggs, Goodlake, Shard, Moffat Mills, Colonel Newport, Mr. Jones Long, Rev. — Phelips, Rev. — Pettat, Rev. Samuel Heathcote, and Messrs. Cripps; and, later, Messrs. Etwall, Bowles, &c. No one kept so extensive a kennel as Lord Rivers, and few took the pains to procure the best possible blood; and to him do we owe much of the good blood of the present day. Probably Blue Rector was the best dog his lordship possessed; and from that strain came the lasting powers (combined with good pace) of many of the Wiltshire greyhounds. A public judge in those days was a *rara avis*; few were to be found; and that staunch patron of courfing, Mr. Davis, of Fisherton de la Mere (Wilts), officiated at Deptford and Amesbury in an honorary capacity. Gradually clubs in various parts of the country sprang up; and instead of first-rate greyhounds of the purest blood being confined to a few noblemen and gentlemen, they increased till they became so general that those who were not members of any club were desirous of an open meeting to test the merits of their different favourites. The first of these meetings I knew anything of was at Amesbury, where many of the most eminent courfers from Scotland and Ireland attended, as well as those from Newmarket and various midland and northern counties of England. By degrees the open meetings increased; and the courfing fixtures now advertised in the sporting journals have become so numerous that the difficulty is how to arrange them so as to avoid their clashing. Courfing judges have come forth from different localities in proportion to the increase of the sport. The office is far from an enviable one: it is fraught with difficulties. A judge may be ever so correct and yet fail to please, people differ so in their ideas of merit in the greyhound; but this in the average may be got over, as sportsmen will, on consideration, give and take, and make allowance for difference of opinion, where they see a man goes on an honest principle, and avoids prejudice either for or against any of the persons whose dogs he judges over. The great difficulty the judge (who goes straight) has to contend with, is to please those who are so prejudiced as never to see their own dogs beaten; as well as those who only follow it for money, and think him wrong when he

does not decide according to their book. I scarcely recollect a judge who has succeeded in pleasing any party very long ; Mr. McGeorge has continued in favour with the southern coursers longer than any I remember. He got out of favour two years ago, but they were soon glad to go back to him ; and he now seems firmly established at Amesbury, Ashdown, Newmarket, and Chilton. He is not held in the same estimation in the north, from a feeling which exists with some influential parties there : and since Mr. Dalzel has given offence, I don't know which of the judges will find most favour with the northern coursers. The present has been one of the worst seasons we have had for some years ; so many meetings have been stopped in the middle, or postponed altogether by the frost. The weather has been so capricious that we have seldom had three days alike, and rarely have so many meetings come to a close with so few stakes run out : division has been so frequently compulsory from weather. The frost set in severely about ten days prior to Christmas, and stopped the Chilton meeting which was advertised for that week ; and from the numerous meetings fixed, it was impossible to find a week in which it would not clash with others ; and as is generally the case, when it did take place the entries dwindled to half what they would have been if it had come off at the time originally appointed : this was only one out of many that have been so situated and have suffered in the same proportion. The first important meeting in the south was that at Amesbury in October, and seldom in its best days has there been a better there. The stakes all filled, the weather was delightful, and the sport excellent. The attendance of visitors was great, and never have I seen so many of the fair sex on the ground. It is gratifying to find the sport of the leash gaining favour as it is with the ladies ; and in order to make it more interesting to them it is proposed to have a stake for ladies at the next Amesbury Meeting, when the lady whose nomination shall prove the winner will be entitled to a handsome bracelet, and the nominator of the runner-up will receive a brooch of proportionate value. The most successful blood in the Great Western Cup for bitch puppies was that of Black Cloud, inasmuch as they ran first and second, the winner a daughter of Mr. Randell's celebrated Riot, to which much of the excellence of Patience must be attributed. She is not a flyer, but has an average share of pace, combined with endurance and good working power, just the animal to shine on the Wiltshire Downs. Mossrose, the runner-up, possesses similar qualities : I never saw her dam to my knowledge, but hear her well spoken of. It appeared to me, at the time, that Mr. Jebb's Creeper was one of the best puppies at the meeting ; her course with the winner was a near thing. Secret, from Lord Sefton's kennel, also showed great promise, and was put out in so near a course with Mossrose as to cause much difference of opinion on it. In the Druid Cup, for dog puppies, the winner and runner-up were of the midland counties blood ; the winner bred by Mr. Eddleston, by Columbus, out of Rose of Acton Reynold, and the

runner-up bred by Mr. Dean, by Bedlamite, out of Fleet. In this stake I think there was a very moderate lot of puppies; and though the winner (Breastplate) left none of his courses in doubt, he was fortunate in meeting with weak hares in most of them; and his public running since has not been first-rate, and that of the runner-up (Adventurer) has been anything but good. In the All-aged Stake, the Larifston and Hopmarket blood proved successful, Effort winning cleverly, though coupled with some luck, inasmuch as he had two byes. Truth, by Mariner, out of Titmouse, was a good second, considering how much running she has had. The next open meeting of note in the south was Ashdown Park, which, from its clashing with the Home Park, Champion, and other meetings, fell very short of its usual entries. Patience (the winning daughter of Black Cloud at Amesbury) again put in an appearance, but was obliged to succumb to Mr. Loder's Golightly, a very clever bitch, of Wiltshire blood, descended from the Czar and Billy-go-by-'em strains. In the Dog Puppy Stake there was nothing first-rate, if I except the runner-up (Greek Fire), obliged to be drawn from losing a claw, and thus leaving Tally-ho (the property of Lord Uffington) the winner. The latter combines the blood of the Lord Mayor and the Cure, a descendant of Lopez and Landgravine. In the All-aged Stakes, Lord Uffington was again the winner, with Trip the Daisy, a daughter of Mr. Gibson's Jacobite, and granddaughter of Bedlamite. She won all her courses by speed, for which her blood is celebrated, Lord Sefton running up with Shooting Star. The Lord Mayor and Cure blood was also successful for Lady Evelyn Craven in Celerity. The Hampton Court Champion followed the Ashdown Park, where Effort was again successful, and won the All-aged Stake most decisively; Mr. Purser's beautiful Daughter of Paramount and Isis (Prizeflower) ran up. The stake for bitch puppies was won cleverly by Mr. Begbie's Baroness (bred by Mr. Gibson), by King Lear, out of Money-taker. Not a flyer, but with rather more than an average pace, she combines endurance, and is a very clever worker. The runner-up (Captain Bathurst's Bapta) is from the Earl of Sefton's kennel, and by Skyrocket, out of Shame; but from having lamed herself the previous day, she would have given the winner some trouble to shake her off. In the stake for dog puppies, the blood of David, and Lewanna (a daughter of Lablache), showed decided superiority. Little Wonder, the winner, was not run so closely by anything as by his brother (Nathan), the former winning his course by a shade the best of the pace in the race to the hare. Mr. Eley ran up with Exeter, a son of his Emigrant, and Ebba. In the stake for the bitch puppies (beaten on the first day), Mr. Lawrence won with Bridget, bred by, and the property of, Mr. Batt, Mr. Eley again running up with a sister of Exeter. Mr. W. Long won the stake for the eight dog puppies (beaten in their first course) with Nathan, Captain Bathurst running up with a son of Mameluke and Mountain Ash. The next Southern meeting of note was the Newmarket Champion. Mr. Call's blood proved

the most successful for the puppy stake (where thirty-two were entered) in Mr. Heywood's nomination of Glengary, son of Black Cap and Black Bess. Lilliputian, a son of Black Cloud and Levity, ran up. It will be seen that no less than seven puppies by Black Cloud ran in this stake, which shows the estimation in which he is held by the coursing community as a stud-dog. In the principal stake for all ages, the winner (Ruler) is all Newmarket blood, bred by Mr. King, and by his Rutland, out of his Redwing. It appears that he won all his courses cleverly, and it must have been gratifying to his owner to have won so good a stake by merit. The runner-up (Bit o' Law) is a daughter of Judge and Rose, sister to Barrator, and had proved herself pretty good at Altcar, when put out in the deciding course by Journalism. If she had not shown that she possessed quality beyond the average, she would never have been selected for this stake by so good a judge as Mr. Randell. Refulgent (a daughter of Black Cloud and the renowned Riot) carried off the Chippenham Stakes. She was put out by a dog of Lord Stradbroke's in the Champion Puppy Stakes the first day. From all I know of the puppies that ran in this stake, I certainly should have selected either Refulgent or Baroness as the winner. Tally-ho (the runner-up) is a dog of moderate pace, but stout, and Lord Uffington has been lucky to get him into the places he has held on this occasion, and at Ashdown. He is by the Lord Mayor out of the Cure, and inherits her lasting quality. As the Exning Stakes were divided between three, there is no particular merit to be attached to any one blood. The Chevely Stakes were also divided between Baroness and Gauzewing. From what I have seen of their public running, I should infinitely prefer the former, a daughter of King Lear and Moneytaker.

For the Allington Hill Stakes, the blood of Lariston and Hopmarket proved decidedly superior; the Brewer winning triumphantly, leaving neither of his courses in doubt. A daughter of Banker and Kate, named by Mr. Richardson, ran up. Civil Engineer, a son of Mechanic and Barmaid, won the Bottisham Stakes by speed: a daughter of Beacon ran up. Captain Bathurst was again fortunate in winning the Burwell Stakes with Brilliant Idea, son of Bounce and Bonnie Jemi. A daughter of Lariston and Lively ran up. There has not been a better meeting at Newmarket than the one in question for many years; and all admirers of coursing must rejoice to see so famed a locality coming out in its old style. Of late years the meetings there, have been but a shadow of what they were when Lord Stradbroke carried off the All Aged Stake with his celebrated Minerva, and Mr. Saberton (if I recollect right) won the principal puppy stake with Sweetbriar. Another great meeting was when the late Mr. Fyson won with Fairy, and also when Mr. Miller carried off the All Aged Stake with Mr. Fowle's Fire Office, and ran first and second for the Puppy Stakes with Mr. Long's Cinneraria and Cactus, a great triumph for the Wiltshire blood. It is said the meeting fixed for the 14th of the past month would have been a bumper, but owing to the severe frost it could not take place. It is a great

advantage to the Newmarket meetings to have the valuable aid of a secretary so efficient in every way as Mr. Challands is. At the Cothelstone open meeting it will be seen that the blood of Mr. R. Long's Lablache was very successful. The All Aged Cup was divided between Mr. Connor's Hebe, a daughter of Lablache and his Little Wonder (sister to Larkspur), and Mr. Holes' Opal, a daughter of his Barrator and his Integrity; Hebe is nearly the last of Lablache's stock and is a remarkably good puppy. In this stake she defeated Lord Uffington's Trip-the-Daisy (stated by the Editor of 'Bell's Life' a few days ago never to have been beaten in public): she is the only greyhound I have seen lead Trip-the-Daisy to her hare; she did so in the undecided as well as in the course she won, and in each instance took the first and second turns. In both courses she was attacked by a rush of blood to the head: in the first she had done enough before it came on to equalize that done by the Daisy afterwards; in the second it came on after taking the leading points, but she quickly rallied, and won cleverly. The principal puppy stake was won by Mr. R. Long's Little Wonder, by David, out of Lewanna by Lablache. And the Consolation Stakes fell to the lot of Mr. Wentworth with Worry, by Gipsy Prince out of Lewanna. Many of the courses at Cothelstone are short, but offer a good trial for speed, principally on grass land. At the Chilton Meeting which, owing to frost, did not take place at the time it was first fixed for, and was in consequence rather a short one, Trip-the-Daisy won the All Aged Cup very cleverly, never giving a chance away in either of her courses. In this hasty sketch of some of the southern meetings, I have endeavoured to show the different strains of blood that have been most successful. Next month I purpose to run through the midland and northern meetings in the same manner; when I shall be able to allude to the Waterloo gathering, as well as to the interesting trial that will have taken place at Ashdown Park between the Altcar Club and England.

W. M.



OUR PORTFOLIO.

The Steeplechase Season—Lord Lonsborough and Lord John Scott—Breeding Correspondence—The Lupellus Controversy—‘The Sporting Life’ Trial—The Book Calendar—Two-year-old Nominations—Lord Redefdale’s Proposed Bill—Frost at Lincoln—Nottingham Races—The Badminton Lawn Meet—Proposed Huntmen’s Club—Cricket—Courting—Aquatics.

SPORTING men of every description will hail the close of February, a month noted for its dreariness and paucity of amusement, and which has this year been rendered unusually dull and dispiriting from the continued reign of King Frost. In March the racing man begins his preparations for the coming turf campaign, and the numerous officials connected with the sport find business flow fast upon them: the cricketer looks forward to the approaching list of matches, and has to frame his arrangements accordingly; the dockyards resound with the clink of hammers completing the formation of new yachts; courting men prepare themselves for the grand wind-up of the season at Ashdown and Altcar; and the lovers of archery, fishing, and other mild pursuits adapted to the spring and summer months, begin to busy themselves and brush up their accoutrements. The sound of the gun is no longer heard in the covers, and the music of the noisy crew of wide-mouthed hounds will soon cease; but the followers of the pursuits of shooting and hunting will find plenty of amusement in the increased variety of sports.

During the winter months, the racing world has, however, been roused in a great degree from the inactivity which usually pervades it, various fresh phases of interest having given increased excitement to the votaries of the turf. The attempts to revive steeple-chasing appeared likely at one time to meet with satisfactory results and attract the patronage of many of the leading members of the turf; but the unfortunate wrangle at Croydon served to disgust all the aristocratic patrons of the sport, and the later meetings at Reading and Slough proved anything but advantageous to the respective lessees. The meeting at the first-named locality passed off in a very satisfactory manner, so far as the business details were concerned, and the race for the principal event was worthy of Liverpool; but the attendance was meagre in the extreme, and confined chiefly to the members of the ring.

Since the commencement of the new year the sporting press has had to record the death of two noblemen whose names had long been associated with the turf, Lord Lonsborough and Lord John Scott, whose careers have been lately made the subject of such lengthened notices in the various sporting organs that it leaves no room for us to enter into further details. Lord Lonsborough’s loss will be greatly regretted, as he had formed one of the finest breeding studs in the kingdom; and the success of Summerfield in the Oaks last year had induced him largely to increase his racing stud. Within a very short period previous to his decease he had given an unlimited commission to one of our best judges to purchase anything and everything he might select.

The columns of ‘Bell’s Life’ have, as usual during the winter months, been filled with correspondence on breeding; and the clever, gentlemanly letters of ‘North Countryman’ contrast favourably with many of the less educated and more quarrelsome replies of—in many cases—interested parties. The question of breeding is undoubtedly becoming of more importance, and the public take greater interest in it, year by year. It is our intention at an early period to supply our readers with an article on the subject, from the pen of a thoroughly

practical writer, who possesses no personal interest in the affair, and who purposes to express himself so that 'those who run may read,' and thereby enable the veriest tyro to understand the principal points of the science.

Apropos of the subject. We have received a communication from Mr. Disney, in which he informs us that Birdcatcher is still alive, although unfit for the duties of the stud. Some interest has lately been aroused as to the fate of the old horse, and the fact of his existence may be satisfactory to many of our readers.

The sporting press has in various other ways kept the racing world 'alive' during the recess; and, without alluding to the personal bickerings between 'brothers of the pen,' which are totally out of taste and unworthy of the profession, we may briefly refer to the discussion, which has formed a leading feature of antagonism, as to the proper orthographical nomenclature of Mr. Parr's Derby colt. First, *Lupellus* is allowed to be correct, then *Lupullus* is brought into print, but only to be discarded for *Lupulus*; and again, in an old Latin dictionary it is to be found as *Lupillus*. Many angry words have passed between belligerent papers on the proper mode of spelling the name. The old classics, with names of similar terminations, have been brought to bear upon the subject, and each writer will hear of no arguments but his own:—

'Strange such a difference there should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.'

Placing aside classical references, which apparently bear on all sides of the question, the argument is simply reduced to this—that every owner is at liberty to name his horse as he pleases, and that name once registered in the Calendar cannot be altered without the consent of the owner for the time being. A case in point is found on reference to the 'Irish Racing Calendar' of the last season. Mr. Irwin had a colt named *Rafatie* (an evident mistake) and he now runs as *Ratafie* (late *Rafatie*). The discussion is scarcely worth wasting words about, and that it should excite ill-feeling is simply ridiculous.

A far more important topic in connection with the press is the recent trial for libel by a Mr. Barry, *alias* Barr, against the 'Sporting Life,' the result of which is that the paper has come out victorious, and gained a great and deserved reputation amongst racing men for its bold exposure of an attempted fraud. The case has been reported at length in the columns of the successful journal, from which it will be seen that the 'number of gentlemen' were thoroughly exposed. The racing world, indeed, cannot be too thankful for the courageous manner in which this paper advocated their interests, in direct contradistinction to a higher-priced and professedly higher-class sporting journal, the proprietors of which must bestir themselves, or they will have some difficulty to compete with their juvenile contemporary.

The publication of the 'Book Calendar of Races to Come' has been received with great satisfaction, and the promptness and exactitude with which the Messrs. Weatherby have produced it is most gratifying. On receipt of this invaluable guide we invariably turn our earliest attention to the two-year-old nominations, from which a fund of most interesting information may be gleaned respecting the pedigrees and coming engagements of the juveniles. It will be seen by the careful observer that Mr. Merry again stands pre-eminent, his filly, *Cantatrice*, by Birdcatcher, out of Catherine Hayes (foaled in France) having forty-nine engagements, Folkestone, by Birdcatcher, out of Lady Lurewell (the dam of Cannobie and Lady Falconer) being in forty-one stakes, whilst a brother to Rainbow and Sunbeam has forty forfeits attached to his name, and

Sweet Hawthorn, by Sweetmeat, out of Alice Hawthorn, has thirty contingencies. Lord Stamford comes next on the list with his heavily-engaged Walloon, the high-priced Dutchman of the Queen's sale, whose name is registered in thirty-nine stakes. His lordship has nine other two-year-olds heavily engaged, including Adrafta, by Orlando, out of Torment; Imaus, by Newminster, out of Himalaya; Arrogant, by Orlando, out of Eulogy; Canto, by Orlando, out of Twitter; and Diophantus, by Orlando, out of Equation; which were also purchased at the Hampton sale. Sir Joseph Hawley has not engaged his youngsters so heavily, but has four or five in the principal stakes, the two most deeply engaged being Polyolbion, by Cotherstone, out of Polydora, and Nautilus, by West Australian, out of Aphrodite. Amongst the other high-bred two-year-olds of the coming season, Mr. Ten Broeck has Chiffonnière (own sister to Buccaneer) and Evenhand, by Mildew, out of Underhand's dam; Mr. Wyatt owns Neighbour (brother to Nutbourne); Lord Fitzwilliam nominates Blue Stocking (sister to Ignoramus); Mr. P'Anson claims Bonnyfield, by West Australian, out of Blink Bonny's dam; Mr. J. Day lays claim to Monastery (brother to Seclusion); and Mr. Crawford has Chamade, by Rataplan, out of Musjid's dam (the highest-priced yearling of last season); Jangling Johnny, by Kingston, out of Blue Bonnet; Wild Will, by Wild Dayrell, out of Andover's dam; and Elborus, by Orlando, out of Muscovite's dam. This list could be greatly extended, but the limits of our present article will not permit us to dwell upon the subject, and we can merely add Mr. T. Parr's Lupus, a brother to Lupellus; Captain Little's Delhi, brother to Rupee; Mr. E. Hall's Lady Chesterfield, sister to Emily; Lord Exeter's Knight of St. Patrick, by Knight of St. George, out of Pocahontas; and Mr. Gratwicke's Preceptress, sister to Governess, all of whom are freely engaged during the coming season.

Lord Redefdale's proposed Bill has caused 'Punch' to come out with a parody, and the conditions are ridiculed by the mass of racing men. Had his lordship proposed to fix the lowest weight at five stone seven pounds, or even six stone, he would have had the warm concurrence of the majority, as all who desire the prosperity of the turf regard the present system of light handicaps as most objectionable. Under any circumstances it is a fitter subject for the consideration of the Jockey Club than for the Legislative Assembly of the House of Peers.

The frost having prevented the celebration of the Lincoln Meeting, racing men were compelled to adjourn their 'opening day' until Nottingham, and as 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good,' the fields at the latter place were consequently increased, and a very satisfactory gathering is reported. Mr. T. Parr, who invariably commences business early, placed the Trial Stakes to his credit with Rattlebone; and the style in which the grey won has found him plenty of supporters for the Northamptonshire Stakes. Newmarket (which is now regaining its old reputation as one of the finest training localities in England) contributed the winners of all the remaining stakes of importance, Godding's stable being in great force with Wallace, Confusion, and Golden Pippin, and Lord Stamford's popular colours were carried to the front in the Two Year Old Stakes on Little Lady, Joseph Dawson having thus successfully commenced his career as private trainer to his lordship. Racing has therefore commenced in earnest, and before the issue of our second number Lincoln, Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Coventry, Warwick, and Northampton will be registered amongst the doings of the past. The last-named meeting bids fair to excel all former anniversaries, the Northamptonshire Stakes having secured a capital

acceptance, and report speaks highly of the capabilities of many of the two-year olds engaged in the Althorpe Park Stakes.

The hunting news of the past month contains nothing more important than the celebrated Badminton Lawn Meet, which was graced by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cambridge and Princess Mary, in addition to a numerous bevy of the aristocratic youth and beauty of the land. Some idea of the magnificence of the scene may be imagined when we state that the horsemen numbered over two thousand, independent of the carriage visitors.

The following letter, which appeared in 'Bell's Life' of the 19th, appears to us worthy the consideration of every master of hounds.

PROPOSED 'HUNTSMEN'S CLUB.'

'DEAR BELL,—My life's sand is fast running out, and before the last grain falls I should be very pleased if I could say one word that might lead to a higher appreciation of the huntmen and first whips (of a certain standing), to whom the sport of this country is so much indebted. Every one seems anxious to bring together the best hounds for an exhibition; but I have always thought that we should begin at the wrong end by so doing. What think you and your readers of establishing a "huntmen's club" in London, to meet for three or four consecutive days in the Ascot week? They should elect a president from the masters of hounds for the year, who must be bound to preside at least once at a dinner, to which masters of hounds should be invited. It is easy to suggest an expansion of the objects and attractions of such a gathering; and I think more good would result, in a practical way, towards improvement in breeding hounds, kennel management, &c., than all the letters of Scrutator and other writers put together. I will give you more ideas if the project be favourably thought of.—Yours, &c. DRYASDUST.'

Cricket and coursing will be found duly noticed under separate articles, and we have nothing of importance to add. The prospects of the coming cricket season are indeed brilliant, and the noble game is rapidly growing in favour with all classes.

Yachting men have lately been dissipating in balls and dinners; but the crews at Oxford and Cambridge are getting themselves into trim, and ere this is in the hands of our readers, the boat club at the latter University will have decided their first spurt of the season, and the torpid races of the Oxford University Boat Club are announced for the 1st of March. This club, by-the-by, despite the weather, contrived to get up some scratch four-oared races on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th and 15th, in which eighteen crews participated. In other respects aquatics is now a 'dead letter,' and we must adjourn any further notice until our next, as the printer warns us that space is a desideratum at present.

With regard to this, the first number of our Magazine, we believe it will speak for itself, and can only assure our readers that no effort will be spared to render it worthy an extensive support. To our Racing Register we would, however, call particular attention, as the racing will be posted each month to the eve of publication, and parts will be published in July and December, containing indices up to those dates. We have also added an additional feature, describing the state of the ground at each meeting.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

THE critic who is desirous of keeping with strict accuracy and impartiality a monthly record of things theatrical and musical which transpire in the metropolis has in hand a work of no little difficulty. It is useless attempting to blink the fact that the formidable entity popularly known as the British public, is somewhat impatient of matters that are past, is constantly thirsting for news, and hungering after prognostications of what is likely to happen in the dim, uncertain future. In the separate spheres of politics, of science, of literature, art, and sporting, the same rule holds good; and he who assumes the position of historian must gild the detail of his subject with something like a fanciful exterior before it will appear fresh and inviting to his readers: his facts, if they be not absolutely new, must be served up with a veritable *sauce piquante*, or it is not probable that they will be greatly relished and sought after with avidity. In turning my attention, then, to what is gone, or to what would be, in the auctioneer's phraseology, 'going,' I shall be naturally more brief in my remarks than if they were suggested by recent topics, or by such as are on the eve of occurrence when the present pages may be given into the hands of those particularly indefatigable members of society, the printer and the printer's devil. Just at this period the novelties of Christmastide are beginning to fade; 'Hot Codlins' and 'Tippetywitchet' are foregone conclusions; even the youngest playgoer is becoming slightly *blasé* of pantomimic pomp, and has grown precociously alive as to the exact description of refreshment which the 'little old lady' selected in her extreme necessity of cold and fatigue; and sympathises but slightly with the yawning, sneezing, and various facial contortions comprised in the immortal ballad with the unpronounceable name; fairies, too, in 'homes of perpetual light,' in 'grottoes of 'glittering glory' are beginning to look somewhat the worse for wear and tear, and harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloons are acquiring the aspect of living anachronisms.

The beginning of the present month saw the entire failure of Madame Celeste's trump-card at the Lyceum—'The Tale of Two Cities.' Mr. Charles Dickens thinking—and thinking wrongly—that 'The Dead Heart' was embellished after he had terminated his story in 'All the Year Round,' was anxious that a complete version of the romance might be dramatized, and therefore gave to the directress of the establishment in question the aid of his advice and experience. Mr. Tom Taylor adapted the narrative to the purposes of his stage, but accomplished his labour awkwardly and hurriedly, and altogether the production was as fatiguing, slow, and unsatisfactory as it could well be. There was no great attempt at *mise en scène*; there was no acting of mark; and the construction of the plot was so bad that those who knew the novel did not understand the play, while those who saw the play could form no idea of the novel. The most effective part of the piece was the prologue; but the effect, even of that, was produced by thoroughly illegitimate means. The talented author, in the climax of his story, briefly alludes to the terrible death of a young girl of low degree, who, ravished by an aristocrat, is allowed to sink and die, with the fruits of his crime and her misfortune weighing her down, in the midst of the infamous splendour of a grand château. Now, in reading this, the mind receives only a slight impression of the repulsive scene, and glances off to more pleasant and brighter passages of the narrative; but when you come to embody such an event upon the stage, to place the tapestried bedstead behind the footlights, to gaze

upon the half-dressed, writhing figure of the girl dying in pain, with a curse and a cry of vengeance on her lips, while the exquisites of the period stand calmly by and dandle their laced handkerchiefs and their jewelled snuff-boxes, it is a totally different thing; the whole matter becomes repulsive, nasty—*outré*, and you wish you hadn't seen, or, having seen it, that you may speedily forget its chief characteristics. Surely it cannot be necessary to go to such extremes as these in order to arouse public interest and fill a theatre with a respectable and intelligent audience! It is all very well for Aristotle to tell us that tragedy purifies the mind by the terror and pity it elicits; but if we want such terror and pity as this to make us sympathetic and charitable to one another, we had better spend our days in the neighbourhood of Coldbath Fields, and our nights with the inspector on duty at the Bow-street police station. If any proof were wanting of the stern necessity for practical talent in all matters connected with theatrical representations, it would be afforded by the failure of a play in which Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Tom Taylor were the prime agents. Madame Celeste has been endeavouring to obtain the services of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean for Easter; but at present, I believe, nothing is definitely arranged. A performance is to take place on the 7th of March, at the Lyceum Theatre, for a charitable purpose: the amateurs whose names are included in the list of executants are mostly members of a convivial artistic club, and amongst their number are Mr. Frank Talfourd, Mr. Byron, Mr. Brough, and other gentlemen of repute. The play is to be 'The School for Scandal,' and the extravaganza which is to follow is the joint production of the aforesaid writers, and ought, therefore, to sparkle with wit and hilarity.

The government of the St. James's Theatre has passed from the hands of Messrs. Willott and Chatterton into those of Miss Wyndham, who has undertaken, on her own account, to solve the problem whether the 'cheap prices' are remunerative in the end to the management which, at the west end of the town, adopts them as its rallying-cry. Judging from the experience of the first direction, they are certainly not conducive to the literary interests of the drama, for probably so worthless a series of productions as that presented during the first season since the alterations in the whilome abode of Mr. Mitchell, has seldom if ever been seen at any previous period. Miss Lydia Thompson was the chief support of the company, and gentlemen from the clubs, admirers of the terpsichorean art, and young men desperately in love with the *piquante* little *danseuse*, frequented the stalls and stage-boxes in tolerable numbers, and were profuse in their *bravas* and bouquets; but no theatre can live on the reputation of a nimble *ballerine*, and so, in the natural course of events, the first manager seceded and gave place to the courageous Miss Wyndham, who assumed the reins of management for the first time. The earliest effort of importance was a burlesque entitled 'Dido,' by a new author, Mr. Burnand. I shall not weary your readers with a lengthened account of the melancholy degradation to which the writer has subjected the 'Æneid,' or of the infinitude of bad jokes and stale parodies which he has infused into his extravaganza; suffice it that it may be recorded as a work which is creditable neither to a gentleman nor a scholar, and that Mr. Burnand is stated to be both; he is, at all events, a Cambridge man, and on the first night of the performance of 'Dido' there were plenty of collegians in the theatre, who proved their refinement of taste and their appreciation of literary talent by declaring that the burlesque was far and away 'the best thing out.' A deserved success was achieved by a charming little adaptation by Mr. Palgrave Simpson of the French 'Invitation à la Valse' into the English 'First Affections.' The

piece was very prettily acted by Miss Wyndham, Miss Nelly Moore, and Mr. Craven; and its design and dialogue were full of grace and interest. The point of the story, which it is not worth while now to describe minutely, lies in an exposition of the belief that first impressions, conceived in the thoughtlessness and impulse of youth, will frequently not survive the maturer reflections of increased years and different circumstances. Who shall decide a psychological point of such evident difficulty? German philosophers would give it up in despair for the reason that two bright eyes have and always will upset theories that Kant might have hammered at with indomitable vigour. Anyhow, Mr. Palgrave Simpson has constructed a very pretty comedietta on the aforesaid theme, and in a very finished and pleasing fashion.

Mr. Holl, once an actor of no special popularity, has apparently taken to the profession of dramatic author, and is even duller in this than in his former calling: he has within the last month produced two of the worst pieces which I have seen for a long time. 'Caught in a Trap,' at the Princess's, was a silly Spanish story drawn out into weary blank verse—so blank, that no idea or suggestion throughout the entire dialogue was sufficiently vivid to survive in the remembrance the fall of the green curtain: it was a wretchedly weak imitation of Sheridan Knowles, and not worth the trouble either of acting or mounting. By-the-by, I understand that Mr. Harris has engaged the services of Mr. Phelps, conjointly with Miss Heath and Miss Atkinson, for the coming Easter season at this theatre. 'The Forest Keeper,' at Drury Lane, was, if possible, worse; the idea of the plot resembled, in a slight degree, that developed in 'The Maid of Croissey,' and the dialogue was of the most commonplace and ineffective description. Mr. Charles Dillon, who has elaborated his mannerisms to a painful extent, played the principal part, and was supported by a company of mediocrities. Because Mr. E. T. Smith has produced a successful pantomime, he seems to think it unnecessary to pay any attention whatever to the other portions of his entertainment, and, as the Americans would say, lets his management 'slide.' No results, however favourable, can prove this policy to be safe or remunerative in the long run.

The patrons of the Haymarket Theatre are alternately favoured with the impressive performance of Miss Amy Sedgwick and the lighter efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. The part of *Mrs. Haller* has been added by the first-mentioned lady to her *répertoire*, and was played by her on the last night of their engagement in the presence of her Majesty. Miss Sedgwick's popularity has recently grown apace, and has astonished those who call to mind the days—not very remote—when at the Cabinet and the Richmond Theatres a particularly untutored and aspiring young lady ventured flights into the regions of comedy whither her strength was never sufficient to bear her safely. Good physical energy and mental determination are certainly capable of effecting a great deal. In her particular line Miss Sedgwick now holds a position which is unequalled throughout the profession—a fact owing partially to her own genuine talent and partially to the dearth of actresses fitted for the higher walks of the English drama. Charles Mathews is getting into years, and is not as sprightly and vivacious as of yore, but he of course still affords evidence of the refined and experienced artist; while his wife—whose looks are her fortune—*does* improve something, though she will never be a versatile or an accomplished actress. The business at the Haymarket is generally good, and the lessee must be making money: it always was, with anything like careful management, a paying property, *vide* the large sums realized there by Mr. B. Webster, and it still preserves a characteristic so eminently pleasing to those concerned in its proprietary.

Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of 'The Overland Route,' produced on the evening of Thursday, February 23, achieved a triumphant success. It was admirably acted, perfectly put upon the stage, and applauded to the echo. At the termination of the performance the call for the author was universal; and when Mr. Buckstone facetiously observed that Mr. Taylor had asked him to return thanks, and say he was not in the house, the laughter was unanimous. The production, successful as it was, is not strictly a comedy; it has conflicting interests of a melodramatic, farcical, and even tragic nature, and yet all the incidents are so happily blended together, and the dialogue is so sparkling, original, and telling, that the spectator is amused from the beginning to the end of the representation. Briefly described, the three acts afford a picture of life on a P. and O. vessel during the voyage from Aden to Suez. The hero is a certain *Tom Dexter* (Mr. Charles Mathews), who, from being an adventurer in various parts of India, is acquainted with most of the passengers. He soon becomes the life and soul of the ship, gets everybody out of the various troubles into which they are plunged during their sojourn on board, and finally, when the 'Simoom' is wrecked on a reef, behaves in so manly and courageous a manner that he saves the lives of all the passengers, and finally marries the daughter of an elderly gentleman on board to whom he renders special service. Mr. Compton, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Mathews acted with wonderful spirit, and all the minor parts were excellently well filled.

The Olympic and the Strand are always full. Robson at the former, and a well-organized and active company at the latter, completely succeed in retaining the public favour. The ingenuity and wit of Robert Brough and F. Talfourd have done good service to both establishments, and have exemplified the possibility of writing amusing burlesques which deal neither in vulgarity, slang, nor the degradation of great and eminent writers. Miss Swanborough has produced one or two one-act pieces which do not call for special notice; and Messrs. Robson and Emden have, like wise managers, stuck steadfastly to the bill which has drawn them so goodly an amount of interest. There is no rule so golden for theatrical *entrepreneurs* as that of never changing an entertainment so long as it brings into the house fairly profitable receipts.

Mr. Vincent Wallace's opera of 'Lurline,' presented for the first time at the Royal English Opera, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, on Thursday, February 23rd, is at once acknowledged to be the best work which has hitherto emanated from his pen: it contains a number of *morceaux* that will sell immensely at the establishment of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, and its performance was in every way worthy of the celebrity of the management and of the cause they so ably advocate. The composer was called for three times, and all the chief items of interest were vehemently applauded throughout the evening.

J. V. T.

BETTING ON THE DERBY, ETC.

WE have little to chronicle respecting the betting transactions of the month, the influential supporters of the turf having been absent in country quarters. The betting on the TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS has been of a most varying description, UMPIRE, the WIZARD, and BUCCANEER having each in their turn been first favourite. The AMERICAN is, however, now quite in the shade, and in all probability will be reserved for the DERBY. BUCCANEER is also most unsteady, and from the support awarded to his stable companion, PLUMPUDDING, it is not improbable that the latter may represent Lord Portsmouth's interest. The DERBY betting is chiefly noticeable for the firmness of the favourites. UMPIRE, MAINSTONE, and BUCCANEER are all in force; and although NUTBOURNE suddenly retreated a fortnight since, he is now apparently restored to his former position. From the 'outsiders,' UPPERHAND, LANCHESTER, CRAMOND, and SIR WILLIAM have been in demand.

With respect to the SPRING HANDICAPS, the NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES is a 'dead letter,' RATTLEBONE being the only horse inquired after. Nothing has been done, but we should imagine his supporters would take 100 to 8. THE CITY AND SUBURBAN is universally acknowledged to be the best handicap out, and there is more betting on this race than any of the early spring events. CHERE AMIE, the colt by ANDOVER, out of GENERAL WILLIAMS's dam, have all been backed for heavy stakes. For the CHESTER CUP, TAME DEER appears likely soon to take the lead in favouritism, although SATELLITE at present heads the list. LONGRANGE and BIRMINGHAM, although somewhat out of favour at present, would secure a prominent position at a small outlay, and we should not be surprised to see one of the pair first favourite ere long. The following quotations will give our readers the correct state of the odds at the present moment:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

- 9 to 2 WIZARD (t. and off.)
- 5 to 1 LUFELLUS (off.)
- 11 to 2 BUCCANEER (off.)
- 9 to 1 UMPIRE.
- 10 to 1 KING OF DIAMONDS (t. 12 to 1.)
- 100 to 7 PLUMPUDDING (off.)

DERBY.

- 9 to 1 MAINSTONE (t.)
- 9 to 1 UMPIRE (t. and off.)
- 11 to 1 BUCCANEER (t.)
- 100 to 8 THORMANBY.
- 100 to 8 WIZARD.
- 15 to 1 NUTBOURNE.

- 22 to 1 LUFELLUS.
- 33 to 1 UPPERHAND.
- 33 to 1 CRAMOND (t.)
- 35 to 1 LANCHESTER (t.)
- 40 to 1 SIR WILLIAM (t. f.)

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

- 8 to 1 CHERE AMIE.
- 16 to 1 ANDOVER colt.
- 20 to 1 bar one.

CHESTER CUP.

- 100 to 6 SATELLITE.
- 20 to 1 TAME DEER (20 to 1 t. freely.)
- 22 to 1 LONGRANGE.
- 25 to 1 Any other.

February 27th.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTH.

Sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, Monday, February 13th,

SUMMERSIDE, by West Australian, 4 yrs. (Mr. R. C. Naylor) . . . 800 guineas.
 ELLERTON, by The Flying Dutchman, 2 yrs. (Lord Stamford) . . . 420 "
 GAVAZZI, by West Australian, 2 yrs. (Lord Stamford) . . . 420 "

POLESTAR and DITTO have taken leave of the Turf; the former has been sent to Touchstone and the latter will stand for the season at Rawcliffe Paddocks.

Baron de Bray, of France, has purchased the brood mares, MATILDA, by Melbourne, out of Caroline (covered by Kingston), and WHIRL, by Alarm, out of Distaffina (covered by Marfyas).

THE FARMER'S SON and SIMPLETON, purchased by Mr. Weeks a short time since, have been shipped for the Cape of Good Hope.



BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

FOREMOST among England's nobility at the present time stands Francis Duke of Bedford, the representative of a house that has always taken a leading part in the political convulsions of the day, and whose members have ever been distinguished for the boldness of their patriotism, the wisdom of their statesmanship, and the purity of their domestic life. The present duke, the subject of our sketch, and who is taken in a character we conceive to be most acceptable to our readers, viz., that of a sportsman, is the seventh of his order : he was born on the 13th of May, 1788, and, consequently, is in his 72nd year. In his early youth, Westminster could claim him among her ranks as a pupil, and Cambridge boast of him as a student ; and before quitting that University he made, as was customary, the grand tour of Europe, visiting the various capitals, and cultivating to a high extent that taste for the fine arts and *belles lettres* for which he has ever been so celebrated, and of which so many evidences are to be found at Woburn. In 1808 he married the daughter of the Earl of Harrington, a lady in every way worthy of his choice. The first public employment the Marquis of Tavistock held was an attachéship to his uncle, Lord George William Russell, who filled the post of ambassador at Lisbon ; and on his retirement, he entered Parliament, wherein he at once negatived the idea of talent not being hereditary ; for by his eloquence and statesmanship he proved a most valuable accession to the great Whig party, with which the name of Russell has ever been identified. On being raised to the dukedom, although office was not worth his acceptance, and he had no ends of his own to attain, he still preserved that influence over his political connections which his exalted position, clear intellect, and keen knowledge of men and measures fairly earned for him. The Sovereign felt she could rely upon his advice in case of an emergency ; and the policy of the Whig Cabinets has not unfrequently been swayed by the tone of

his Grace's views, as enunciated at the political congresses of Woburn. In short, he may best be described as a minister without a portfolio; an anomalous position, it is true, but one which it is fortunate for the interest of this country he should hold, as patriots of his order are rare in any age. In analyzing the character of the Duke of Bedford, it is difficult to point out in which capacity he shines brightest, whether as a statesman, a sportsman, or a landlord. In each, he will have his respective admirers; but if we were called upon to decide the leading characteristic of his mind, we should undoubtedly reply a love of justice. And whether, in arbitrating a question of honour between noblemen of his own class, a dispute about a fox-covert between masters of hounds, or a disagreement between a humble tenant and his agent, the same feeling of a love to do right actuates him, and must impress itself on the minds of those who have sought his interference. His fondness for education is best testified by the extent and number of his schools, and the style in which they are conducted, both at Woburn, and at Endsleigh, his romantically beautiful seat near Tavistock, Devon; while his farms must be seen to be appreciated, for as an agriculturist he ranks second to none, and is never tired of introducing those improvements which steam has brought about for the culture of land. He has also been the most liberal supporter of the Church Building Society. But it is as a sportsman most that we desire to bring the Duke of Bedford before our readers, as a narrative of a life extended over so many years, including the reigns of three sovereigns, could hardly be comprised in a single volume, much less within the limits assigned to us here.

Very early in life his Grace evinced a passion for the chase, and began his career, as many of our best masters of hounds have done before, with a pack of harriers. But he soon grew out of the currant-jelly dogs, and became Master of the Oakley, whose fame he raised during the time he hunted them to a pitch they have never since attained, their motto being '*nulli secundus*.' At that period he resided at Oakley House, over whose *réunions* his consort, the Marchioness of Tavistock, threw a charm by her graceful wit, feminine accomplishments, and amiable disposition, which none have forgotten who had the *entrée* to them, or whose pleasures of memory extend to those palmy days of old Oakley. In 1828 Lord Tavistock disposed of his pack for the then large sum of 2000*l.* to Lord Southampton, the Master of the Quorn, and on their arrival in Leicestershire they were unhesitatingly pronounced the best pack seen since the days of Meynell. In 1836, after an interregnum of eight years, he resumed the Oakley country, to the great satisfaction of the sportsmen of Bedfordshire, and established another equally effective pack, which showed such sport as speedily to revive their former celebrity. In fox-hunting the Marquis of Tavistock was always considered a very high authority—in fact, the late Lord Althorp pronounced him second only to Meynell; and in all matters of controversy relative to the sport his opinion was considered invaluable. As a horseman he

was at once bold and elegant : he knew the kennel-book by heart, and was an extraordinarily good judge of a hound. On succeeding to the dukedom his time was so occupied in the conscientious discharge of the duties appertaining to his vast estates that he resigned his mastership, and made racing his sole recreation. We must premise that, previous to his father's death, he had a few horses in training at Newmarket; but an accession of income enabled his Grace to increase the number of his string, which were at first trained by William Edwards at Newmarket, at the Palace Stables, and upon his retirement they were transferred to the care of William Butler, with whom they still remain, and who has done for them as well as could be expected, considering the limited nature of his circuit. In taking^g to racing, the Duke of Bedford did so with the idea that it was incumbent on him, as a sportsman, to promote the first of our national sports by such means as were at his disposal; but against gambling of any kind he always strongly set his face. A harmless wager with a friend upon a match he never objects to; on the contrary, it is rather a source of amusement to him, for it can make no earthly difference whether he wins or loses the matches which he makes with his own set. And although leaving to Admiral Rous the sole management of his stud—with what success the Calendar will best demonstrate—it must by no means be thought he is ignorant of the first principles of racing; but on the contrary, if he can be induced to look into a case, the admiral will be the first to admit he is fully capable of forming an opinion of his own and acting up to it. We have not space to enumerate the number of his horses, or the races he has won during his lengthened career on the turf; but Oakley was his favourite, and his many matches with Celia are among the most famous and best remembered at Newmarket. We should like to see him yet win a Derby, because we feel satisfied he would be proud of the distinction; and there is no man to whom the British public would sooner vote it, could they be polled. But his Grace's intense dislike to the trickery and heavy betting on that race causes him to decline entering for it, and henceforth his turf honours must be chiefly associated with Newmarket. In dismissing, then, his Grace of Bedford, our desire has been to present him as one whose truly Christian benevolence is equalled only by an excessive simplicity very rare in exalted rank, and as one whose bearings in the highest station of an English gentleman has added dignity, whether on the turf or in the chase, to every attribute of a British sportsman.

The picture from whence our portrait is taken is by Mr. Stephen Pearce, of Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, which excited general admiration at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy last year.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Esq.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT MORNING.

WE are not going to describe human nature as it might be, we are not going to describe it as it should be ; we leave the one to theorists and the other to the Humanitarians. Our wish is to show it as it is, and our narrative will have occasional sporting scenes in it. A man may be a gentleman and a sportsman (we believe all gentlemen were sportsmen formerly—at least all English ones). He may even be a scientific man ; but he does not cease to be a scientific man or a gentleman because he is a sportsman. His recreation may be sporting ; but life is not all sporting, any more than a novel can be. If it were, it would in time grow insipid and intolerable. Fancy being condemned to do nothing but to ride to hounds from January to December ; or to shoot partridges, pheasants, or grouse ; or to keep perpetually landing big salmon throughout the same period ! How one would get to hate the sight of a fox, partridge, grouse, and salmon ! We must work and play ; eat and drink ; fall in love and fall out of it ; marry and be given in marriage, or grumble on in single cursedness. We must train up our offspring in sweet contentment by our own firesides, or seek the agency of Cresswell Cresswell. We must live and die, go to heaven or be damned, and do all things which make up life, and will do so to the end of time, whether there be foxes in the woods or no, whether there be partridges in the field or no, grouse on the hills or salmon in the stream.

‘By Jove ! what a headache I have !’ The reader might say this after reading the above ; we hope not, however. It was, indeed, the ejaculation of Mr. Yahoo as Spiggles entered his room the next morning. ‘Can’t you get me something to drink, Spig’l ?’

‘Werry cool spring water, sir. Nothink like it in natur, sir, for ‘ot coppers.’ And Spiggles handed his master the crystal vase. Mr. Yahoo drank deeply. It was very cool and refreshing.

‘Ah ! by Jove ! And that’s——’

‘Aquy purey, sir,’ put in Spiggles. ‘None o’ yer dead dogs, ‘cats, and hold boots in that ere, sir. No wanderin’ savage insect’s ‘wisible to the naked heye under the gass magnifier in that ere ‘flooded, sir. That’s water, that is, and flows from the livin’ rock ‘outside, jest as if it wos Crèmorene or Rosherville Gardings. And ‘there’s a cave, too, jest by, on’y there ain’t no ‘ermit in it to give ‘out motters at sixpence a-piece. P’raps, though,’ he added, thoughtfully, ‘he wouldn’t ‘ave much custom here away if there ‘wos.’ Fancy a Highlander giving sixpence for a motto !

‘I’ll get up,’ said his master. And after burying his face in the

flowers for a moment, and inhaling their sweetness, he threw open the window, and proceeded to dress.

Anon he descended. Breakfast was hardly ready, and so he stepped out of one of the low windows on to the lawn, and was strolling down the ride towards the lodge in full deshable of dressing-robe and slippers, when he heard the gate clang, and a merry word or two in a female voice, followed by a silvery laugh. He had barely time to step on one side, when a vision of fair face with long curls surmounted by a Glengarry bonnet, mounted upon a rough sheltie, shot past him at full gallop. He stood with his mouth open, and had hardly consciousness to raise his cap to the bow of half-surprise she gave in passing. Anon he returned to his room, and discovered that his eyes were red, his complexion bilious, and that the traces of last night's debauch were rather too evident to be pretty.

'What a fool I am!' said Mr. Yahoo. 'What an idiot to go!'

'Brekf'st's ready, sir,' said Spiggles.

'Confound it!' And with a slight improvement in his toilet, his master descended.

'Miss Cameron, my niece, Mr. Yahoo.'

'Niece, eh?' thought Mr. Yahoo. 'This, aw, splendid little 'creechaw!' And he became again the heavy swell out of which he had been rather driven or drawn during the preceding evening, determining to cut the splendid little creechaw down in the real heavy cavalry style. It wasn't a good stamp of woman Mr. Yahoo had been accustomed to.

And now about Ethel Cameron. She was pretty, but not beautiful. She had a very fine but rather petite figure, little hands and feet, and, Cupid! what an ankle! Her features were irregular. Her face might almost have been called crooked; her nose was imperious, and her mouth showed decision: it was small and fine, and a little out of place. As for her eyes, they wouldn't bear looking into—at least, I wouldn't be the man to do it if I desired to quit the inspection heart-whole. Her forehead was good and pure, with a rather prominent temple, and her hair swept back in golden masses of confused curls. She had a lively wit, and could be satirical, but that she had also a kindly heart, though petulant and headstrong at times. That's my heroine, reader. She's a long way from perfect, and if she doesn't suit you, why, hum! we'll differ by agreeing that tastes do differ.

Good Lord! only fancy a perfect wife! And what a queer thing perfection would be painted by different hands and minds! Well, everybody didn't like Ethel Cameron, though a good many did.

Her father was a Glasgow merchant and a widower. He had been successful in business, and had bought an estate near his brother's. Ethel had passed half her time at Dunstuffin, and was the pet of her uncle and the major (who lived there habitually), and both of them strove to spoil her to the utmost, but they only partially succeeded.

Breakfast in Scotland is no bad thing; but Mr. Yahoo was not

very hungry. An overdose of whisky toddy, when you are not accustomed to it, blunts the keen edge of the appetite; and Mr. Yahoo was, with his drawl and headache, a trifle more lackadaisical than usual. Once or twice he caught the slightest glance from Miss Cameron with an approach to a smile on her lip, and this did not tend to reassure him.

‘And how’s Davie, Etty?’

‘Oh, pa’s all right. He fancied he was going to have a touch of the gout last night, but the fiend vanished with the morning light.’

‘And how long can he spare you for?’

‘Only two or three days; for Captain de Roos is coming to stay for a day or two, and I expect his sister will accompany him. Another cup of coffee, Mr. Yahoo?’

‘Thank you, aw, I will take anotha’.

‘Plenty of cream and milk, I think?’ she asked, with a scarcely perceptible smile. ‘Pray, try the honey.’ And she pushed it towards him. ‘Are you fond of bees?’

‘Bees?’ said Mr. Yahoo, lifting his eyebrows. ‘I really don’t know that eva’ I saw one.’

Ethel looked at him with interest. It was a new kind of animal. Captain de Roos drawled slightly, but he wasn’t such an ass as Mr. Yahoo chose to appear to be.

‘Well, my dear, dear old major, and what are we going to do to-day?’ asked the young lady. She had sat upon the major’s knee from six years upwards, and loved him almost as much as another father.

‘Faith, Queen Mab! your mightiness has quite upset our plans.’

‘That’s right. I like to upset everybody’s plans.’

‘We had intended a day on the Garra, for there are some fresh fish come up since the rains, and I wanted to initiate our young friend there into the merits of hickory and feathers. But that will not be very amusin’ for you. So ye see, darlin’, unless we sweep the loch—which we’ve long threatened to do—I——’

‘Oh, yes, we’ll have a drag in the loch. It is such fun! Oh, Mr. Yahoo! did you ever drag a loch?’

‘Neva’, to my knowledge, Miss Cameron.’

‘Then you never did at all, of course; so the loch it shall be. I’ll go and get ready. You tell Donald to get the nets ready and the boats and things, and I’ll order the luncheon; and it will be capital fun!’ And the lovely girl, flushed with anticipated pleasure, ran off to forward the preparations, leaving the gentlemen to make their share of the arrangements, and Mr. Yahoo gasping with astonishment at the way in which the heavy cavalry were ridden over.

‘Tell Donald to run down to the dominie’s first, and to call at the Manse by the way. We can’t do without the dominie, and the boys may as well have a holiday, too, and help to haul the net. The scamps; they’ll enjoy it as much and more than any one.’

Our hero was tolerably indifferent to the whole affair; and had

any one proposed a little walk to the top of Ben Gorm in a snow-storm he would have preserved his equanimity equally and have tried to accomplish it somehow. It is a very fine, and, doubtless, satisfactory state to get into, that of considering surprise interest, or a sense of amusement in or at anything whatever as vulgar and absurd. Brummel 'once ate a pea,' and therefore your modern swell is not aware of bees.

At length they set off, the major driving the laird in a low dog-cart, while Mr. Yahoo was accommodated with a rough mountain pony some sizes too small for him in appearance, but which carried him bravely, nevertheless. His toes, however, were within a foot of the ground. At the village below they picked up the dominie, who got up behind the dog-cart. The laddies, a noisy crew, ran on before, with Donald and half a dozen retainers, who walked beside a rough mountain cart, in which was stowed the net and other fishing apparatus requisite for dragging the loch. Mr. Yahoo rode beside Miss Cameron, who, as she rode upon her little sheltie, was more like a fidgetty mountain sprite than a young lady on horseback. Her companion paused as they turned from Dunstuffin. The view was very lovely; and Miss Cameron, glancing at him as he stood gazing at it in amazement, and seeing that he really appreciated its beauties deeply, found a peculiarity in the new animal she had not expected.

Dunstuffin stood upon the south slope of a hill which rose precipitously at a little distance, and thus sheltered it from the harsher winds. Portions of it were squarely built and old-fashioned, but a new wing had been added, and the other part touched up and graced with some taste by the present laird. It wasn't a very grand place, but it was comfortable, and the trees that belted it were well placed. Round the spur of the hill foamed and tumbled a little mountain stream, which edged the sloping lawn in front and hurried its waters down to swell the river Garra as it ran through the glen below, its rise being in several mountain streams from the range of hills Mr. Yahoo had passed by on the preceding day, and flowing, after a course of some sixteen or eighteen miles, into a sea-loch that ran into the country between the hills some two miles below Dunstuffin. To the right lay the village of Chuckey Stanes. They were just leaving it by a winding road; and, although the village was neither clean nor regular, it was a picturesque feature in the landscape. Far away to the left frowned the mighty Ben Nevis, his top wrapped in its usual canopy of clouds. Below them, at a distance, lay the silvery loch, dotted with small islands clad with birch, larch, and rowan, and from the far end some sharp, harsh, rocky promontories rose abruptly. It was very lovely; and Mr. Yahoo's eye beamed with unusual pleasure as he took it in, and his nostril dilated as the faint smell of distant peat burning, mingled with the perfume of blooming gorse and heather, and a thousand flowers and shrubs that sprang from every cleft between the rocks and every sparkling rill beside them.

'Very pretty, isn't it?' said Miss Cameron, with a smile; not a nice one, though.

'Pretty!' answered Mr. Yahoo, with the least contempt in the world in his tones at the inadequate dissyllable. And he rode on without saying another word, and Miss Cameron smiled again; and this time the smile was unexceptionable.

'Yonder is old Nannie's shealing. An odd old body, who lives there with an idiot son. A most quaint, singular old woman. And there she stands at the door. But we won't stop, thank you, for I don't like that poor idiot, sir. Good day, Nannie. Do you get the milk and meal regularly? I hope it is always fresh and good.'

'Weel aneuch, lassie,' she answered curtly; 'weel aneuch. Puir bodies must no choose, but be content wi' ony aums.' And she broke off to address some Gaelic exclamation to some one within. And as Mr. Yahoo looked back, he saw a horrible countenance with a red shock of wiry hair and a brutish, glassy eye, with a huge tongue lolling out over a thick, blubber lip, looking over the old dame's shoulder after them. It was a horrible face, and our hero half shuddered as he caught sight of it.

'And yet that old dame can be at times lively and even humorous,' added Miss Cameron, 'ill-tempered and almost insulting as her manner is to-day. I remember her telling us an anecdote of one of the lairds here who went out in the '45, and was taken and beheaded. Well do I remember the stolid look, with just a twinkle of humour in her grey eye, with which she commented upon the poor laird's want of prudence and sense. "An' so, ye see, they took his head aff. An' hech, sirs! but it was no muckle o' a head after a', tho' 'twas a sair loss to him, puir bodie.'" And Miss Cameron echoed her companion's laugh as she bounded down the remainder of the slope to the shore of the loch, where the parties were now gradually assembling. Our equestrians had occasionally stopped to see the views, and those on foot had managed to keep up with them pretty well.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAGGING A LOCH.

AND now the party dispersed, some one way some another. Some laid out the net upon the loch shore, which, shining in the sunlight, mirrored the tall hills and the weeping birches in its placid bosom. Occasionally a small but gradually widening circle showed where a trout had sucked in some hapless member of the tribe of the Phryganidæ. It almost seemed a sin to invade those tempting waters with a net—waters which, with a decent breeze, would yield up their four or five dozen of handsome trout on any favourable afternoon, with many a fish of from one to two pounds among their number, to the fair angler's skill. But the lake swarmed with fish, and a few drags of the net would hardly diminish them much. And see, Donald, a tall, old, leathery, white-headed Highlander, comes

sculling round the point in a boat. And, felo-de-se's and man-slaughters! what a boat!! It was, in truth, such a one as only the Celt, in his native contempt for mending and repairing or engaging in anything like work, alone of all the races in Britain would be content to put up with. Just such a boat as Leech describes in his 'Little Tour,' when the dweller on the banks of Kylesmore asserts that 'if ye don't sneeze or coff it'll carry ye.' To say that Donald's boat leaked were hyperbolic fiction. The water running in and out almost as it liked would be a better description; but she had a great deal of wood in her, and so *floated*.

One scull was long and heavy. The other had been broken at the rowlock, and was little more than the blade. And thus, while the one took a long and steady pull, the blade kept worrying round and round with eccentric dabs twice for the whole scull's once, and more like a demented paddle to a rickety steamer than anything else. It was a highly humorous affair altogether, and just a trifle dangerous. It took half an hour, of course, to caulk some of the worst seams, and another half-hour to run over to Rabbie M'Spleuchan's to borrow a scull. And when all this was finally completed, with much clamour, the net, having undergone overhauling, and had sundry broken meshes, the relics of the last time of asking, or rather using, mended, it was heaped on to the stern of the boat, and the end of one rope being left on the shore in the hands of the dominie, away slipped the boat quietly and noiselessly, dropping in the net at some distance from the shore as it went further and further out still, and half of the long line of corks sank gradually out of sight. At length it was all out of the boat, and they took a sweep round, Donald holding the further end of the net in hand. 'Steady! ah, she hings!' The net was hung up, probably, in some huge boulder of peat washed down by the winter flood into the loch. Anon they were off again, and now the boat's head was turned towards home. A short distance of heavy tugging, and the nearer corks began to appear again. The net was then cast off, and with only the drag-rope, which was payed out as they went. The boat came rapidly towards the shore, propelled by two lusty pairs of arms; and, Lord! what good stuff there was in those arms—stringy, hairy, brown, and hard as nails, yet not the less things to be looked at by dwellers in cities and envied, as the heavy boat, with its supplementary burthen, came actually ploughing and foaming through the water.

As soon as they neared the shore, Donald threw the rope to those on shore, and seized a long powsing-pole, with which he beat and probed the water at the edges of the net in order to frighten the fish back into the net when they sought to escape from it. All the corks were now in full sight, and, in the shape of a horse-shoe, were rapidly and gradually nearing the shore, while the joyous shouts of either party, as they lugged at the leading ropes, echoed far over the loch, and reverberated amongst the rocks and hollows of the hills upon the far side, startling the deer that reposed there, and, nearer, sending the cock grouse skirring and canting away in all directions.

'Hey, laddies, gang wi' the word noo; gang wi' the word. Ane, 'twa.' And the men and boys pulled with a regular strain as the words went forth.

'Thraw.' And down went the dominie, and head over heels went the whole of the dominie's party, some into the others' laps, and some with their heads in the pits of the others' stomachs. The rope had broken, the sudden strain being too much for it (Gaelic ropes have to stand a deal of wear). There was much laughter and some trifling bruises over this. Miss Cameron laughed heartily at it; the laird echoed her; and even Mr. Yahoo ventured upon something very like a grin. The major was pulling away, with his coat off, at the other rope like any schoolboy, laughing, joking, hallooing, and enjoying the fun as much as any of them.

The accident was soon remedied, however, as the end of the net was within a few yards of the shore at the time, and one or two of the gillies rushed into the water and got hold of it, while Donald splashed the water to keep the fish back. The two ends of the net were speedily brought on shore, and the lead lines handed cautiously in, while the constantly narrowing circle of corks now began to sway and dance with a very cheering motion. Every now and then a good fish could be felt to hit the net, and a cork or two would disappear as he tried his best to escape. Narrower and narrower drew the net as lead after lead and cork after cork came on shore. The frantic fish rush hither in their fear, but all in vain, the net, like fate, remorselessly closes in upon them. They rush, they dash, the water is agitated violently, and splash! two or three go over the corks, and, lucky fellows, escape. Then, amidst a yell and a hubbub, such as only from fifty to a hundred Celts, men and boys, can make, Donald, the dominie, and the major plunge bodily into the water and seize the remainder of the net, and with a run pitch it up on the shore high and dry.

And what an outcry succeeds! 'Hey, but he's a big fellow! See that one! Yon's a great fish!' Babel, Babel, Babel!

Sundry old women here make their appearance, heaven only knows how or when they came; but they have all sorts of beasts of burthen, carts, and baskets to take up the fish.

How lovely the speckled trout in their golden and crimson bedropped uniform appear as they lie flapping upon the shingle literally in hundreds! There they are, from one pound to three or four.

'See, there's a splendid fellow, Miss Cameron, and there's 'another,' quoth Mr. Yahoo, quite moved by the excitement around him, and pointing to a brace of brilliant six-pounders. 'But 'what is that great green brute that is walloping about? It looks 'like a pike.' And a pike it was. The dominie had him in a twinkling, and with many opprobrious epithets—for he loved not the villain pike—he attempted to knock him on the head; but the fish was slippery, and slid from his grasp, and as he stooped to pick him up, the fish opened an expanse of jaw which would almost have

taken the dominie's head in, and snapped at him so portentously, that he fairly started back in dismay. At this the wee laddies raised a great shout.

'See the pike fish! See the pike fish! Moy certies, if a didna flee at the dominie; joost fled at 'en like a terrier.'

'Whist noo,' said the wag of all the party, bespeaking attention, 'Dinna ye ken the reason? It's yon pike fusshe is joost de kin o' the dominie's wife.'

At this there was another laugh; but there was a story attached to this which we must relate.

The dominie's wife was a well-meaning woman, but an awful temper, and worried him sair. He tried all means to coerce, to appease, but all was useless. Day by day, and week by week, and year by year, he struggled and suffered until fairly worried out. One day he sought the minister.

'Hey, meenister, preserve us! but this is joost fearfu'; it's awfu', mon: I canna stan't. I'll gang distractit gin she keeps on at this gate. I'll do something dreadfu'! Oot o' my mind I'll rin.'

The minister strove to soothe him futilely.

'Dear, but it's a' verra weel, and I'll na be surprised if I dinna joost put an eend to mysel'; for there's nae gude in leevin'. Sic thochts and sic temptation's a sair matter o' conscience.'

'Dominie,' quoth the minister, 'yeere wrang, mon—a' verra wrang. Dinna ye ken the Scripture says, Resist the deevil, and he'll flee frae ye!'

'Resist the deevil?' quoth the dominie, with a shout. 'Odds, mon, I've tried it, and she joost flees at me!'

Meantime, the fish were gathered into heaps, and another cast of the net was being made further along the shore near some rushes. The scene we have described was repeated, and the net was being drawn in, when one of the urchins of the dominie's flock, who had been splashing about in the water at some little distance (for being all now well wet through, the boys were quite in an amphibious state), suddenly fell into a deep and unknown hole, and not being able to swim, in his splashings got further from the shore instead of nearer; and the row made by his companions, who thought he was in shoal water, and was enacting some trick or joke for their amusement, fairly drowned the poor little fellow's cries. Mr. Yahoo, who was sitting conversing with Miss Cameron, happening to look in that direction, caught a glimpse of the lad's face.

'Good God! that lad is drowning, and they don't see it;' and, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed his little pony at the spot and sprang him into the water. The pony swam bravely; but fearing that one of his fore hoofs might strike the lad, he disengaged his feet from the stirrups and slipped off its back into the water and swam to the boy, who was now but a few yards from him; and taking him carefully by the hair of the head, faced about, and in a few strokes found the bottom, and dragged the lad ashore. The poor little fellow was almost insensible, and he was wrapped up in a

rough coat or two, popped on the dog-cart, and galloped off to the nearest cabin; while Mr. Yahoo, making a hurried obeisance and excuse to Miss Cameron, mounted his pony, which had reached the shore easily, and was making off towards home to change his dripping garments.

‘I think I may as well go home too, Mr. Yahoo, if you don’t object to my company, particularly as you may want some matters which your servant does not know where to find,’ said Miss Cameron.

Mr. Yahoo bowed, and the pony went home at speed, the gentleman having much ado to keep up with the lady.

‘Well, hif hany body’d a told me that our govnor’d been and gone and jumped into that there pond for to pull out a young beggar as—’

‘Ponde, mon, ponde! what d’ye ca’ a ponde?’ asked McAlaster, the piper, in high dudgeon.

‘It’s n’a joost ane o’ yere sotheron puddles; and gif ye seed yon loch when the blast blows aff Ben Gorm, ye’d ken that it takes a stout boat an’ a steady hond to crass it. I’m thinkin’ and ye’d no care to jump intill it yoursel’, Meesther Speegles.’

‘Hexcuse me, Mister Alaster.’

‘MocAlaster, mon—MocAlaster—dinna Meester me.’

‘Well, MocAlaster then; hexcuse me, I ’ate the sea and all boats votsomever wurser than pison, and ain’t by no means likely to jump hinto it; and what in the name o’ human natur our gov’nor could go a jumpin’ into it for, I can’t make hout.’

‘It was joost *in* the name o’ human nature, dinna ye see thot? and would ye no free a drownin’ bairn oot o’ the water for sake o’ the wattin’ Hoot!’ And McAlaster, who had been fingering his pipes and puffing up the bag let the chanter emit that long groan which to the unpractised ear seems to be saying, ‘Oh dear! Here, I am going to be tormented again;’ and after a preliminary twiddle or two, which gave a further impression of supplementary fireworks and erratic squibs bursting out of either finger, McAlaster began stalking to and fro, and presently plunged into the ‘Macintosh’s Lament,’ the ‘Pons Asinorum,’ and ‘Battle of Prague,’ of pipers. Mr. Spiggles had a horror of the bagpipes, which he said always reminded him of being kept awake by the cats on the tiles when he was out of service, and he took flight precepatately while McAlaster blew himself into a more comfortable frame of mind.

Mr. Yahoo did not sit long after dinner, but got away as soon as he could to Ethel Cameron and music; and together they turned over various music-books, some of them old enough indeed and which had belonged to Ethel’s mother. For the most part they contained simple arrangements of old Scotch airs and duets, many of which they sang together. Ethel had a nice voice, though not powerful, and it had been cultivated. Then came one or two old glees, in which the major, who had joined them, aided, and the evening passed very pleasantly; and when Mr. Yahoo sought his couch he mused,

‘ Very odd how these high lairds seem to freshen one up and knock ‘ all the nonsense out of one. Aw, yaw,’ and he murmured, just ere he went to sleep, ‘ Pretty interesting little girl that Ethel Cameron.’

The laird and the dominie had, however, weighty parish and magisterial matters to settle, and their sitting was somewhat protracted as the officers of the coast-guard station had walked up and just looked in for an hour.

But the best of friends must part, and the dominie, bidding good night to his o’er kind host, set his face homewards.

Now we regret to state that the dominie had not earned the sobriquet of drouthie for nothing. He certainly had contracted the habit, too common not alone in Scotland, of sitting till he was tolerably ‘ fou ;’ and the evenings when he was not ‘ fou ’ might be looked upon quite as the exceptions of the rule. As we have said, we are not going to describe what ought to be, but what is. Drunkenness has become quite an institution in our realm, and claret and champagne, or Thompson and Croft’s ‘ Ecclesiastical Old Dry ’ produce to the full their share of inebriety, taking into consideration the number of devotees to them, as does fiery whisky, vulgar gin, or democratic beer : the only difference we can ever detect being, that the one puts itself into a cab and pukes or snores its way home, to be helped in-doors and up stairs by the footman ; while the other, unable to indulge in such a luxury, walks or tries to, and jolts from passenger to passenger, from shutter to lamp-post, until he drops into the gutter, whence he is picked out and helped to the station-house by the ever-ready policeman, there to be fined five shillings because he can’t afford to pay one for a cab. We look upon it as a very hard case upon beer and gin, and one quite worthy of the attention of that curious specimen of an *edax rerum* denominated ‘ The Legislature.’ Truly the dominie staggered from tree to post and ‘ bock agin,’ and took the road in a highly circuitous and circumbendibus (or as he always called it, circumbundibus) manner, pulling up every now and then, and swaying backwards and forwards, as some abstruse point in ethics or philology crossed his brain. At length he broke out into harmony, choosing the not inappropriate air of ‘ Toddlin’ hame,’ with a hiccupping chorus, which ran somewhat in this wise :—

‘ Toddlin’ (hic) ‘ Toddlin’ hame.

Ash roond ‘ sh ‘ a (hic) I cam toddl’n’ hame.

Lieze me on (hic) liquor, my toddlin’ doo,

Ye’re ay good (hic) humoured when wettin’ ye’re mou ;

When sober ye’re sour (hic) an’ ficht wi’ a flea ;

So ‘ tish a good (hic) sight to the bairnies and (hic) me.

Toddlin’ (hic) ‘ Toddlin’ (hic)

Ash (hic) ash (hic)

‘ It’s verra strange, noo, but cock a leekie ay gees me the ‘ hiccups,’ and he continued to sing—

‘ Toddlin’ hame—Toddlin’——

‘ Hey, Gude guide us ! an what’s this ?’ he asked, suddenly break-

ing off, and well he might. He was stumbling along the kirkyard path, cannoning from tombstone to tombstone, when just as he was passing the gable of the church from behind a tall bush near a newly-opened grave, appeared two ghastly, spectral-looking figures. A pale phosphorescent light played upon their countenances, and surrounded their fish-like eyes, and shone the more loathsomely as the moon disappeared under a cloud, flitting out anon, and showing in all their horrors the white and sable cerements in which they were clad; for it was a wildish, windy night, and the scud was flying rapidly.

'An' what's this?' asked the dominie, striving to regain his faculties.

Tossing their bony arms up in the air with a fixed glare upon their intended victim, a guttural voice was heard in the harsh hollow accents of the grave, saying—

'Wratched mon! this is the rassurrection.'

Somehow it occurred to the dominie, that if this was the fact he was, or ought to be, in some way or other concerned in it, and he speculated on it.

'Is it then? an'—an,' (seized with an idea)—'Is't gen'ral noo? 'Is't gen'ral? or are ye joost danderin' aboot alane by yersells?' This was so superbly absurd that one of the ghosts giggled. 'Gude 'faith, it's verra singular, but a'd no an idea that e'er a ghaist could sniggle sae like Sondie M'Corllem as thot'n.'

At this both the ghosts, unable to restrain themselves, laughed outright, and were forced to confess themselves as still inhabitants of the upper world; and greatly to the dominie's surprise, they denuded themselves of their uncomfortable attire; and the three—one was the gauger and the other the keeper of the little inn below, at which tourists, wandering far from the usual track, sometimes stopped—walked home together. The above ghostly episode sprang from the fertile brain of the dominie's wife, and had been planned by her as an attempt to frighten him out of his habit of coming home fou. Unfortunately the dominie was too fou to be acted on, so the experiment was a failure.

THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE.

No. II.



N my first article I pointed out the wonderful improvement in our race-horses during the last century.

If you study Mr. Goodwin's interesting and valuable table of the pedigree of thorough-bred horses, you will observe three distinct sources of pure blood—Darley Ara-

bian, 1720, from whom descended Childers, Squirt, Marske, Eclipse,

King Fergus, Hambletonian, Benningbrough. The Byerly Turk, 1689—Jig, Partner, Tartar, Herod, Highflyer, Sir Peter, Woodpecker, Buzzard. The Godolphin Arabian, 1724—Cade, Matchem, Conductor, Trumpator, Sorcerer, Dr. Syntax.

From the first source our present stallions are Orlando, Weatherbit, Cossack, King Tom, Teddington, Touchstone, Stockwell, Voltigeur, and Rataplan.

From the second, Sweetmeat, Alarm, Cowl, Flying Dutchman, Tadmor, Wild Dayrell. And from the Godolphin Arabian, Nutwith, West Australian, Sir Tatton Sykes, Tomboy, and the late Melbourne.

Weatherbit, Tomboy, and The Doctor are the eighth cross from the Arab.

Beadsman, Touchstone, Melbourne the ninth.

West Australian, Surplice, Voltigeur, Kingston, Chanticleer, and Fisherman are the tenth.

Cossack, Ignoramus, Pelion, Tadmor, Ellington, Longbow, are the eleventh generation. And the three-year olds at present in training belong generally to the eleventh and twelfth cross from imported Arabians.

Private speculation has triumphed over all the obstacles from the Acts of Parliament of Anne and George II.; and with the trivial assistance of thirteen royal plates in 1745, now increased to 5000 guineas for the three kingdoms, something less than the tax annually levied on the race-horses, which in 1859 amounted to 5834/.

In France they order things differently; for, in addition to liberal prizes, the Government has purchased our best stallions, whose services are given to the public at a cheap rate.

If in this country we pursued the latter policy, we should deteriorate our breed, because it would induce persons to breed from ordinary mares with a view to obtain a valuable marketable article by a crack stallion.

The first-class horses would be overworked, and an inferior animal would be the natural production. I suggest to gentlemen, when they talk of the incapacity of our modern race-horses to carry heavy weights, to look at Touchstone, West Australian, Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, Surplice, Longbow, and twenty others. They are strong enough to carry 14 stone to hounds. A century ago race-horses were described as Barb jennets, about the average of 14 hands 2 inches, obliged to run four, five, and six miles under heavy weights. We should consider them and place them on the footing of our Barbs and Arabians, only fit to carry 7 stone, and half a mile a sufficient scope for all their racing powers.

The feelings of modern sportsmen prompt them never to abuse a good horse. A man must be very unwise to run or match a horse four miles at heavy weights when he can carry on the war a shorter distance at light weights. A good jockey never runs a horse under such disadvantages, except from very sordid motives, and in the

olden times there was a strong party adverse to such an onerous system. When the mischievous Act of Parliament of 1740 subjected horse-owners to a penalty if they ran five-year olds with less than ten stone, six-year olds with eleven, and aged horses with twelve stone, racing was only kept in existence by the Royal Plates. It is hardly possible to conceive such folly or such ignorance of the relative weight for age. The result was easily foreseen. In 1740 only *two* races were run at Newmarket, excepting three Royal Plates. In June, 1745, the clause was repealed. The Act states :—
 ‘ That whereas thirteen Royal Plates of 100 guineas each, annually
 ‘ run for, as also the high prices that are constantly given for horses
 ‘ of strength and size, are sufficient to encourage breeders to raise
 ‘ their cattle to the utmost size and strength possible, it shall be law-
 ‘ ful, after the 24th June, 1745, to run for any match, plate, prize,
 ‘ sum of money, or other thing, of the value of 50*l.* or upwards, at any
 ‘ weights whatsoever, at any place or places whatsoever, without
 ‘ incurring the penalties in the Act of the thirteenth year of His
 ‘ Majesty’s reign.’

To prove that the precedent of interference from the legislature with respect to weights was considered an unwise and unwarrantable act of tyranny, I shall quote Mr. Cheney, the editor of ‘ The Racing Calendar ’ in 1742. He writes thus, in obedience to the command of persons of rank :—‘ Respecting the legal weights established, I
 ‘ am sensible this method will be considered as highly injurious, it
 ‘ being the opinion of nineteen out of twenty sportsmen, that the
 ‘ weights, as they now stand appointed by law, will frequently prove
 ‘ of pernicious consequence to the horses, and that adding more
 ‘ weight must be adding to an evil. And I further believe that
 ‘ every degree of weight upwards of eight or nine stone has a pro-
 ‘ portionate ill influence upon them, rendering them so much more
 ‘ obnoxious to lameness, and tending sooner to drop them both in
 ‘ speed and goodness.’ *A most sensible article.*

Take the best race-horse in England, hunt him for two years with twelve stone in a deep country, and you can never afterwards make him race with a 50*l.*-plater. It is the same with man; a heavy weight carrying porter has no speed in running; and even Tom Sayers would lose his quick hitting if for two years he worked as a coalheaver. A heavy strain on any muscles makes them rigid.

With respect to breeding, try to combine shape and make; that is to say, when on the mare’s side there is a deficiency in any particular point it would appear wise to select a stallion very good in that peculiarity, and then to look out for a distinctly opposite cross of blood.

I attribute the great growth and size of the present thorough-bred horses to the care which is bestowed upon them in early life. They have bruised oats as soon as they can use their teeth. They are well housed and well fed till they are taken into the racing-stable. If in early times race-horses had the advantage of not being trained before they were four years old, good oats were parsimoniously bestowed upon them. A majority of young horses

were ruined by the severity of their training to run long distances, and by the ignorant abuse of medicine. I have been told by old racing friends that in a large stable it was a matter of congratulation if no horses were killed by physic during the spring and autumnal preparations; and I can recollect the time when fresh air was carefully excluded from racing-stables, even to the extent of placing straw under the doors and stopping up the key-holes. The disease of roaring was thereby engendered, and blind horses were very numerous.

The modern system is to take up the yearlings in August; back them in September, to get them steady and go straightforward in October; and to try all the moderate-looking ones once or twice before the end of December. The large and promising yearlings are kept backward in condition, as it is presumed they would have a great disadvantage in early trials with small and well-furnished fillies, which might lead to great mistakes in the following year, besides the probability of injuring them by premature work and exertions. The object of these trials is to obtain the choice of selections in naming for the stakes which close early in January. And there is another equally important discovery to make, viz., how many of the lot are worth keeping on in training at 2*l.* 2*s.* per week. This system of early training, so abused by sportsmen unconnected with the turf, is painfully forced upon the owner by a calculation of *l. s. d.*, by which all the world is governed. And it must be recollected, that a two-year old, whose growth has been forced by good food, is as fit to go into work as a three-year old reared on grass and hay. Many mistakes are made by not preparing yearlings, and by engaging them deeply, owing to their size, good looks, or promising action in their slow paces. It is the best policy to try a young horse when—to use a trainer's expression—'he comes well to hand.' Too often he turns out an impostor; and when the trial takes place the golden vision fades. The trainer's bill and heavy forfeits stand out in strong relief. There is no business in life in which it is so indispensable to ascertain the truth respecting the merits and demerits of every horse in your stable; and when a racing man is too nervous to try his old and young horses before they appear in public, he is a long way from being a sage.

Thirty years ago trainers always took out their horses to exercise twice a day from March to October, both months inclusive: in the middle of summer they were out at sunrise, when the dew was on the ground; their work was finished and the stable done up by seven o'clock. They were again walked out at five or six o'clock P.M., according to the heat of the weather, whilst the stables were cooled and ventilated before the horses were settled for the night.

Our modern trainers are out on a summer morning at six or seven o'clock, and remain out till nine or ten o'clock, generally about the hottest part of the day, and the horses rarely are taken out again in the cool of the evening. All this is in utter violation of common sense.

The American trainers wisely adhere to the old practice; but they astonish our natives by exposing their horses stripped in the middle of winter for seven or eight hours during a period of four weeks to harden their constitutions; and, as far as we can judge from the running of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses last spring, the system is not detrimental to them. This last trying winter the only horse in the stable which was not so exposed was Umpire. He alone has suffered from a cough; and I believe his exemption from the ordeal of exposure was owing to the solicitations of English prejudices.

In English stables there is an old and foolish habit of restricting the horses to two drinks of water in the twenty-four hours—a painful when they return from exercise and another painful when they are made up for the night. If they had constant access to water they would not overload their stomach at stated intervals to the detriment of their wind. The American trainer, with better judgment, allows his horses to drink water eight or ten times in the day in small quantities. Then, with respect to food, the Americans give their horses undergoing the last preparation maize of the best quality mixed with the oats. Our trainers say, 'I want nothing for my horses but good 'oats and hay.' Horses are like ourselves—they enjoy a variety; and when they are in strong work, pounded maize, split white peas and beans, and Thorley's patent food may be introduced with great advantage; for a delicate horse steamed barley: bruised oats add fifteen per cent. to the nourishment of a horse with a weak digestion. Wise men never throw away a chance.

Although a most radical change has been effected in ventilating racing-stables, a great improvement might still be made. In the summer, windows ought to be kept open night and day, the doors removed, and a substitute of bunting on framework. In the winter the ventilating holes should never be plugged up, which I observe to be the case in most stables. If the weather is cold and changeable, clothe your horses as you please, but fresh air is indispensable to preserve their health. Take a roarer out of an ill-ventilated stable, and train him from an open box, with water always within his reach, you will improve his strength, his wind, and his condition *a stone*. In the first position he suffers like a man with an asthma in a crowded room. In an open box during the racing season no weather will hurt him if he is well clothed and his legs bandaged, plenty of litter, and not exposed to rain. Unseasonable hot weather produces coughs where the stable windows are kept closed. A sharp frost sets them all right, and is more beneficial than 'Cough-no-more Lozenges.'

There are not many men in England who can train horses scientifically, although every head groom brought up in a racing stable flatters himself he is fully qualified for the task. The cleverest trainer in England said to me last year, 'I have trained horses twenty years, and every year I discover a weak point, and that I have a great deal to learn.'

No three horses require the same work, the same food, and the same physic; their wants and requirements ought to be the serious

study of the trainer. How often we see a heavy lad on a hard pulling two-year old, and a light weight on a lazy old horse, galloping a mile and a half together, without any calculation being made as to the natural result. The cleverest trainer ought not to take charge of above twenty-two horses : it is impossible that he can do justice to a greater number, considering that every horse's legs and feet ought to be well inspected twice a day, with an eye to the manger every time they are fed. Therefore, in the great public stables, where sixty or seventy horses are kept, the great man pays especial attention to the six or seven most promising or notoriously good horses, like a head schoolmaster, who takes pains with the clever boys who may turn out a credit to him, and allows the ushers to brush up the slow coaches as they please. There is nothing so detrimental to racing as these large stables. Three private establishments, averaging ten horses each, will make more sport than a public stable containing seventy horses.

A crying iniquity, which almost requires an interposition from Parliament, is the modern practice of commencing races on the 15th of February, and not ending the season before the 15th of November : the unfortunate horses, after toiling through a cold spring, a hot summer, a variable autumn, get no Christmas holidays. The trainers, during the winter, look out for open weather to prepare their horses for February and March ; when some horses fit to run, and others half trained, are brought together for the benefit of the clerks of the course ; but neither the country gentlemen nor the great majority of the supporters of the turf take the slightest interest in these unseasonable performances.

We ought not to be surprised if, under such a system, it is difficult to see a five-year-old horse in training with a leg to stand upon. To put a stop to this national evil appears to me beyond the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club.

I have always been the great supporter of heavy racing weights. In the Royal Plates the lowest weight ought to be 7 st. 7 lb. By permission of Her Majesty's Master of the Horse I raised the Egham Queen's Plate from 8 st. 2 lb. to 10 st.

I know the point to stop at, and how far the public will support me in my policy. When my City and Suburban Handicap appeared, 136 horses from 9 st. to 4 st. 7 lb., 100 accepted. If I had commenced at no injurious standard, 'ten stone,' one half of these horses would have been scratched ; every knowing man on the turf is aware of this fact. If I cannot dictate I bend to public opinion—in this country the majority must command. If a man differs with me most extravagantly, I have no wish to rob him of his horse, or to levy a sum of money upon him. I hope in time he will see the subject in a correct point of view. It may appear very extraordinary, but I must repeat it, there is no greater enemy to handicaps than myself. There is too much power given to an individual : if he is a clever man and a rogue he can make a present of the stake to any man who may buy him. Handicapping

is, therefore, the black cloud which will some day most materially injure the turf, and venal handicappers will be the agents of destruction. Handicapping was originally solely employed in making matches. The name is derived from the practice of parties (whose horses were selected to run a certain distance at specified weights) keeping their hands closed in their hat or cap. When called upon by the person appointed to regulate the weights to take their hands out and open, money in the hand was acceptance, no money a negative; now in lieu of a hat when we make matches we use our pockets. The first handicap sweepstakes of any importance was the Oatlands at Newmarket, which was divided into three classes, and the winners of the three classes ran again for the forfeits.

The especial purport of a handicap is to level all distinctions; a dead heat between the top and bottom weights is the climax of perfection. Therefore it is a positive boon for bad horses, and the chief inducement to keep a parcel of wretches in training. The higher you make your standard of weight, the more it acts to the detriment of first-class horses, because if you put your minimum at seven stone you are obliged to raise the cracks to welter weights, which must injure or break them down in a long course. Men not gifted with brains are captivated by the nonsense, 'It must be a poor horse which cannot carry 7 stone.' All horses can carry 7 stone. If in a handicap it should be a damper to a three-year old, the weight has no terrors for an aged horse; therefore we should be persecuted by miserable old Platers and Steeple Chase horses. It would be the greatest inducement for Nimrods to keep their wretches in training; and at the same time it would put all the first-class horses out of court, because on such terms owners of good horses would not risk them without something more than a fair prospect to win the race.

A handicap is a game of weights which will equalize the speed of any animal. The greyhound, the pointer, the spaniel, might be brought to a dead heat half a mile by weighty collars. Non-racing men would say that if a slight thorough-bred horse was matched against a cocktail at 13 stone and 5 stone, that the former was overweighted. The answer to that would be, 'the result.' If the heavy-weight won the race, the cocktail, in racing parlance, we should say was overweighted and the former underweighted.

I can state with confidence that the more persons engaged in making a handicap the worse, nine times in ten, is the production; for the coadjutors generally work for their own interest. If by law you could abolish handicaps, more than one half of the country races would be annihilated. To me, personally, this would be a great relief; but I am not so narrow-minded or so selfish as to wish to deprive 500,000 men of their amusements because there is a percentage who play tricks, and pull their horses and commit robberies. The valid excuse for handicaps is the difficulty to introduce a weight-for-age race (excepting for short distances) which shall be interesting to the public.

There are a certain number of great cups run for at important

meetings, which command great fields; but at the minor theatres a Royal Plate is either walked over for by a first-class horse, or he meets three or four ordinary brutes; and it is hardly worth the trouble of going four miles to see the race; but put these horses in a handicap and there may be a problem to be solved worth going 200 miles to see, and that is the secret of the multiplicity of handicaps.

The most fraudulent imposition on horse owners, to which they have submitted, is the system acted upon in the last eight years, by selling Plates and Stakes; the clerks of the courses taking possession of the winner at the claiming price (say 30*l.*) and often selling him by auction for 150*l.*, which they pocket, some privately, others ostensibly to add to the racing fund. These selling stakes were a prolific field for fraud; horses were entered solely to be beaten for the non-edification of the handicappers. Virago ran for a selling stake, winner to be sold for 60*l.*, and was not amongst the three first, when she could have won and carried 11 stone, and 5000*l.* would not have bought her; but the public, notwithstanding this defeat, took 20 to 1 about her for the Chester Cup *two months before the weights appeared*, and we then heard of a perfect understanding between all parties. Thanks to General Peel, a law was passed by the Jockey Club, that a beaten horse in a selling handicap might be claimed on certain terms, which put an end to a great deal of rascality. It stands to reason, that the second horse in a selling Plate ought to have the option of claiming the winner, some consolation for his defeat, and a compensation for not receiving the entrance money, which by law and ancient custom he is entitled to.

In the United States four-mile races and heats are encouraged, but very seldom above three or four horses start for the prize. In this country heats were abolished by the universal consent of every humane gentleman. In 1851 the Jockey Club recommended her Majesty's Master of the Horse to abolish heats in the Royal Plates; they have not been sanctioned, consequently, since 1853. If we wish to preserve a race-horse in the highest state of perfection, no person, unless he is extremely fond of money, would run him four miles with 12 stone on his back. We have no wish to retrograde to a barbarous era or to destroy our magnificent horses with oppressive weights.

H. J. Rous.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS now quit of Oxford, and freed from the debts I had contracted while resident there, having been thoroughly whitewashed by a gentleman, for gentleman he must have been from the handsome manner in which he behaved. The individual who so kindly charged himself with the settling of my liabilities singularly enough bore the

same name as myself. Whether he, like a good knight-errant of old, had vowed to relieve the distressed, but thought it prudent to confine his largesses to those bearing his own name, I cannot say; but were this so, I am led to the harrowing reflection (my cognomen being by no means an uncommon one) that my benefactor must have taken Queer Street, Short's Gardens, and any number but No. 1 for a residence unless he brought his little game to a dead standstill at a very early period.

Unfortunately for my well-doing in any profession, an elderly lady who became immortal just before I completed my eighth birthday thought fit to remember me in her will, and leave me tenant in reversion to some property in Ratcliff Highway and an estate in Shropshire,—the tenant in possession after her decease being my father, who for some time boldly endeavoured to be his own agent and himself collect the rents due. This was all very well as far as his Shropshire property was concerned, but his visits to Ratcliff Highway could scarcely be said to be satisfactory; for although the inhabitants in that quarter were profuse in their recommendations to him as to what he was to do and where to go, he was rarely if ever overlaiden with specie on his return from those aristocratic regions, and more than once observed, with that attention to truth for which he was always remarkable, 'I might as well have no house property in London at all.'

Poor man! he used to catch it hot and heavy at times; and once told my aunt that he had been recommended to 'Go home, and tell his mother to tie up Ugly;' adding—for he was as matter-of-fact a man as I ever met—'You know, Susan, my sainted mother has been dead these twenty years, and it would therefore be impossible for her to tie me up.'

It soon became apparent to my father that an agent must be employed if he looked for any return from his London property; and one was accordingly fixed on who could give as well as take—I mean badinage, for he gave nothing else.

It was now some months since I had left Oxford, and during that time I had been living at my father's place in Shropshire, and was beginning to get somewhat tired of my quarters, which were too quiet to suit me for long; and as the hunting season was over, I thought it high time to plunge into the big world, or, in other words, live in London with a latch-key.

When my mind was made up on this matter, I own to having felt a slight pang at the idea of quitting a very charming young creature who used to accompany me now and then on the pianoforte during her visits to my father's, when I favoured her with a sample of my magnificent voice, and occasionally in my walks in the park. However, being cousins, it was all cousinly affection—at least, so far as I was concerned; for I behaved to her like a very Modus, without marrying her in the sequel, as that gentleman did Helen; yet when the time came for me to say good-bye, I felt ready to exclaim with him, 'I'll woo my cousin.'

But I did not woo, and consequently did not win her, though, as far as her parents were concerned, I might have done so, for she was put up, poor thing! to be sold to the highest bidder; and I being thought as good a *partie* as any one in the neighbourhood in a pecuniary point of view, might have had a chance, had she not chosen for herself and married a Captain O'Flaherty, who was reported to have some mines in the west of Ireland, though it was subsequently discovered he wasn't worth a penny. He once remarked to a friend of the family's on meeting him in the Strand and soliciting him for the loan of ten pounds, 'Be dad, you know it wasn't for me to cry 'stinking fish; divil a lie did I tell in the matter; but my wife's family would leap to such conclusions; and 'twas only when they got nasty on the subject of settlement I hinted at a ladder of ropes. Mines it was I had, sure enough, but vegetable, not mineral; and finer potatoes than I raised couldn't be seen for miles around.'

I repeat, I did feel a slight pang at parting from my gentle cousin; but it will readily be believed that love's passion had not then consumed me with all its fury when I state that I dwelt more on the memory of the governor's 1811 port than I did on the young lady. I never got such nectar in town as that wonderful 'Comet'—for so my father always called it—which used to worm itself most seductively into the system, and, though I could take my whack as well as most people, I own at times to having beaten its namesake and to have unfolded a pretty many *tales*.

One evening, while discussing a bottle of this delicious wine, I sounded the governor as to what he thought would be the best course for me to pursue relative to my future career, adding, 'It won't do for me to be idling away my time here.' This question requiring some consideration on his part, my father refilled his glass, shut one eye, and holding the wine up to the candle, carefully examined its contents with the unclosed optic. I never saw him do this when dressed in his white tie, ditto waistcoat, blue coat with brass buttons, and buckled breeches, but I was reminded of the old English gentleman, who, when similarly engaged, said to a friend, 'Just so; I coincide with you in every particular. I have passed the age allotted to man by the Psalmist, and hope I may be said to have gone through life with few if with any prejudices; but' (taking a sip of port and smacking his lips) 'I say with you, damn a Frenchman.'

However, though my father sipped his port and smacked his lips, after doing so he didn't damn a Frenchman. And having at length agreed with me that it would not be advisable to spend all my time at home, asked what I thought of the law as a profession, adding, 'At the bar you have a better chance of distinguishing yourself than at anything else.' And by way of stimulating me to become a lawyer, he recounted a little story of a junior counsel having unexpectedly had a case given him to conduct on account of the person who held the brief being taken suddenly ill from eating too many

prawns for his supper, and that the sucking lawyer did his business so remarkably well that he was made a judge in a ridiculously short period of time.

I expressed some little doubt as to the accuracy of this story, though marvellous things do take place. I recollect when at school being told of an old gentleman who left a little boy the whole of his fortune in consequence of the youth having opened a pew door for him. I tried this game for three consecutive Sundays on an old party who was one day brought home dead in a baker's cart, but I was not even mentioned in his will. Perhaps he was intending to make a fresh one in my favour when Death *cut him off*.

My father, after sipping a little more of the 'Comet,' allowed his story might not be correct in all its details, but he pressed upon me the fact that, to a person circumstanced as I was, being the heir to an estate, the rental of which was of no small amount, a knowledge of the law would be especially useful, as by it I should be better able, not only to manage my affairs and look after my property, but also be the more qualified to act as a magistrate should my inclination ever point that way. He added, laughing—for though a matter-of-fact man he could enjoy a joke of his own—

‘Fiat justitia ruat cælum;’

which means, ‘Let a justice be made even if the heavens come to ‘an end.’

‘Or,’ I said, ‘Let a justice issue his fiat should the heavens be ‘knocked out of time in consequence.’

My father didn't even smile at my joke, but concluded—for he was an ardent admirer of the great unpaid—‘And your inclination ‘ought to point that way, for every one situated as you are should ‘aspire to occupy such a position.’

As I had no repugnance to the study of the law I was readily induced to acquiesce in my father's views. My great object in life being to go to London I cared little what I was to be when I got there. I was ready to fill the rôle of physician, pleader, pedagogue, or parson, and go in for a black dose, brief, Livy, or Little Bethel.

So all was arranged. I was to be a Lord Chancellor, my sisters said, though they added, ‘I suppose we shall all be married before ‘that happens.’ I told them I hoped so, or they would have but a poor chance of changing their spinster for married life, as I didn't calculate on taking my seat on the woolsack for at least ten years. My youngest sister was twenty-five, and we all know ladies are not like port wine, more esteemed for having been kept a long while.

Emily, my second sister, asked me why the Lord Chancellor sat on a woolsack. The answer was evident: ‘To remind him ‘what silly sheep his unfortunate clients must have been to have ‘allowed him to shear them when he was practising at the bar.’

A fortnight after this conversation I was coaching and steaming it towards London, where I arrived between five and six in the

afternoon, and drove straight to Fox's Hotel, in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, which had been recommended to me as a very comfortable place, with peculiarly good bedrooms; and I certainly found the one they put me into everything that could be desired. A friend of mine cautioned me against taking a room looking into Cumberland Street; as he said *the morning sun was quite insufferable, and prevented one from getting a wink of sleep on coming home.*

When I had completed my toilet I went down into the coffee-room and ordered dinner, which did not seem an irrational thing to do, though the bias there was evidently in favour of breakfasts. A stout old man in top-boots was drinking port wine at one table; a middle-aged one was drinking tea at another; at a third was a haddock and some soda water; two or three people were smoking cigars; and there appeared to be a great want of unanimity as to the time of day, partly attributable to watches not having been wound up the night before, partly to some having been wound up too much, but in two instances from the individuals having come home with gracefully pendant Alberts, but minus watches, which fact being pointed out to them by the porter, they smiled faintly and said, 'So much the better;' and one of them wishing to impart to him the wonderful effect of atmospheric influence, said, 'Look here, Jamesh; you're 'an old friendsh of mines, so I don't mind telling you I attributesch 'their goingsh to the change in the weathersch.'

'Yes, sir,' said James, 'it appears to have been *very wet* last night.'

While at dinner I observed one man looking fearfully white about the gills, and heard him call out, 'George, get me breakfast.' 'Same as usual, sir?' was the reply. 'No,' he answered, 'I've a friend coming; he ought to be here by now. So we must have *two* devilled muffins and a *couple* of glasses of curaçoa.'

'Henry,' exclaimed another voice, 'I want twenty-five pounds.' And that sum was forthcoming immediately. I subsequently heard that this man was considered a very good customer, it not being more than five years since he last paid his bill. He was always very particular when he came home *Bacchi plenus* (which means, with a weed in his mouth), to have his bill made out and the sums borrowed added to it, that he might, as he used to inform Henry, with a serio-comic face, 'pay it in a lumpsch in the morningsch.' It is needless to say it wasn't paid, but was increased by the addition of three sodas and brandies.

It was not an unusual idiosyncrasy at Fox's this ordering bills to be made up ready the next morning. And as several of the customers insisted that they should be commenced before they went to bed, I fancy a night clerk had to be kept specially for the purpose.

Having finished my dinner, I called for a glass of brandy and water and lit my cigar. By that time the coffee-room was empty, if I except the individual in tops, with whom I got into conversation. Having gathered from me that it was the first time I had used the hotel, he said, 'Well, I hope you will find it comfortable. The pro-

'prietors are very civil, obliging people, who never bother you about your bill; and although I myself always pay what I owe before leaving, as I hate having unsettled accounts, you will perhaps excuse me if I remark that it would be as well for you not to do so the first time. They know me of old, and are therefore not surprised at my squaring up before going out of town, but they might think you were offended if you did so.'

I thanked him for this little hint, and promised to attend to his advice. It being now past one o'clock we called for our bedroom candles; and I was proceeding up stairs as noiselessly as possible, when my newly-made acquaintance exclaimed, 'Ha, ha! any one might know that this was your first visit here. You may make as much row as you like now, for there's no one in; but should you chance to be going up in the middle of the day, "Oh, lightly "tread!"'

The next morning I dedicated to searching for chambers, and after looking at five or six sets I found some to my heart's content in Waterloo Place, where I had the Parthenon for my *vis-à-vis*.

I ran about the town for some days, when a letter from my father reminded me that I had left home for some special purpose. In it he asked whether I had taken the advice of a legal friend of his as to who I should read with. Not having done so, I thought it would be as well to set about it at once; and my father's friend having recommended me to go to Proby, a conveyancer in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, I accompanied him thither, and arranged preliminaries by giving the aforementioned Mr. Proby one hundred guineas. I then went to H.M.T. Haymarket, and deposited forty guineas with Mr. Nugent for the benefit of having a stall reserved for me every Tuesday and Saturday during the season; as I properly remarked to myself, 'If the mind has no relaxation from toil, how is it possible I can ever arrive at that position at the bar which will not only reflect credit on myself but give satisfaction to my father?'

Perhaps it may be thought I had another motive in becoming a subscriber to the Opera; viz., to secure business when called to the bar from the spirited entrepreneur. But this was not so.

It is wonderful how very slight a knowledge of the law is sufficient to enable a man to convey his own or any other person's property (supposing he has the fingering of it) to *certain uses*. For instance, take the case of a dead'un for the Derby. Supposing you take two thousand to one hundred about such an one from Mr. Macer. You convey 100*l.* to the use of the said Mr. M. And if you do not fly into a rage on discovering you have been done—this may be managed without a stamp.

I tried the conveyancing business for nearly a fortnight, and found it didn't suit me at all. As to its enabling me to take care of my property, that was an utter fallacy, as I on more than one occasion lost a pocket handkerchief at the corner of Great Wild Street when proceeding to chambers. Finding that I should thus be furnished with a ready answer to my father should he again adduce the

advantages the law had in enabling one to take care of one's own as a reason for my studying it, I gradually fell off in my attendance at Lincoln's Inn, though I didn't allow my assiduity to flag so far as my visits to the Opera were concerned. There I never lost a handkerchief, though I believe my heart went more than once, but came back again without my having to offer a reward for its recovery.

The person who picked my breast of the article just mentioned the first time was a young lady who used to do one of the guests in the 'Don Giovanni' supper scene. She didn't live entirely on love—that I can boldly aver—for such was her appetite that she went in for the viands to an extent which on more than one occasion left her eating when the others at the table had finished their repast. Property food wouldn't have suited her; and no wonder, poor thing! after working the livelong day at dressmaking, and perhaps only having some tea and toast between her breakfast and evening's banquet.

I sigh as I pass the Opera-house in the Haymarket and think of its pristine glory. When were such ballets ever seen before? When will they ever be seen again? Thank heaven! we have this pull over our fathers: we can talk of these ballets, and not be immediately knocked down with, 'In my time I recollect.' But woe to us if we happen casually to observe that So-and-so is a pretty good actor, or that Miss Cavendish really played her part very fairly. We catch such facers and get so awfully mauled with Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, John Kemble, Charles Young, &c., &c., that we are obliged to shut up shop directly—not even having the courage to hint at Wright's Paul Pry, knowing that if we do so Liston will be hurled pitilessly at our heads.

They say theatrical talent is on the wane in the present time. For the peace of mind of our children let's hope that such is the case. They may then be able to have a walk over for their prize gooseberries.

All is not gold that glitters. I fancy the Ballarat people, when they read this, which they will do, as lots of copies of 'Sports and Pastimes' are ordered to be sent every month to the diggings, will exclaim, 'Thank you for nothing; we know yellow mica when we see it.' This saying about gold holds true of the ballet people too. I could not help exclaiming, when I saw the celebrated pas de — performed behind scenes before it was given to the public—

'Tantæne animis celestibus iræ.'

How amiable did the dear goddesses appear when before the audience! But I must own I thought they would have liked to have turned each other in the arrow-bearing little god, or, in other words, scratched each other's eyes out when I saw them *post pulpitās*.

Some one may exclaim, 'What has all this to do with sports and pastimes?' I answer, 'Isn't the Opera a pastime?' and receive for reply, 'Yes; but you were to tell us something about the turf.' So I will if you wait a bit. But I want to tell you all that happened to me on my way from Oxford to St. George's as well; or, if you

hear of nothing but the turf, you will fancy St. George's is St. George's Hospital, where I was taken after being *picked up* at Tattersall's, and that the only ring I ever had to do with was the betting-ring.

I was sitting in my room one evening after returning from the Opera, pondering on the little chance there ever was of my realizing my sisters' expectations and becoming Lord Chancellor (brandy and water, when taken in moderation, is not incompatible with a rationally contemplative mood, and I was not within several tumblers of wishing to embrace the first man who entered and then providing him with a compound fracture), when in came a friend who was reading about as hard at the law as I was. Roberts—for that was his name—was looked upon by his own near relations, but by not a soul in the world besides (if we except the barmaid of a public-house, who always expected him between one and two, after he had had his oysters at Chaloner's), as the coming man at the bar.

He had paid his hundred guineas to a conveyancer some ten months before the period now alluded to, and had visited his chambers some half a dozen times. Within a few days previous to his visit to me it would seem that a conviction had dawned on his mind that the law was not precisely the profession in which his talents might be expected to be fully developed; but he preferred making it appear that his reason for abandoning the legal profession, which it was his intention to do, arose from the conviction he felt that it was not right or proper for a man who was well to do in the world to stand in the way of others whose sole chance in life depended on their talent and industry. It was in vain I urged upon him that he should not sacrifice himself entirely to help others, and that I didn't suppose his being called to the bar and taking chambers would stand in any one's way. He received my intimation with polite frigidity, and informed me his mind was made up on the subject; adding, 'However, I intend being *called*.'

A few minutes found him with a cigar well lighted and brandy and water well mixed (these were two things he could do *à merveille*); and after taking three or four sips of the latter, he said, 'Thornton, old fellow, I've had another flare-up with Adèle.'

Adèle was a young lady whom Roberts admired, and who was at times in the habit of giving herself such airs when in a paroxysm of passion, that I had more than once thought her a fit inmate for that asylum where

'Great Colley's brazen, brainless brothers stand.'

Though perhaps, on reconsideration, she could not be pronounced a dangerous lunatic so much as a person labouring under a monomania very damaging to her friend's pockets. Her demands on Roberts's purse were at times of so alarming a nature that she must have thought him a millionaire who was going to be called to the bar for a whim. The cause of their present misunderstanding arose out of the following proposition on her part.

Roberts had promised to take Madlle. Adèle to the Derby, and she

had preferred a request that they should travel to Epsom in a barouche and four; that Fortnum and Mason were to supply the luncheon; and that Shoolbred was to provide a dress for the occasion, the making up of which was to be confided to the care of Madame Follet. To these propositions Roberts had given his assent; but it seems our young Hebe had spotted a gold snake with an enamelled head studded with brilliants 'of the finest water,' as the shopman described them, and bearing eyes of the ruby, which she and a 'lady friend' had thought as chaste a thing as could be bought, and dirt cheap at the price, being only one hundred and twenty guineas. So Madlle. Adèle wanted Roberts to buy it, 'like a good fellow.'

Roberts, however, was not going to buy it like a good or a bad fellow, inasmuch as he declined becoming its purchaser at all. He told her she had extravagant ideas; that two horses would have done as well as four; that Wood of Portugal Street could have furnished what was required by way of eatables and drinkables; and that she could scarcely require a silk dress, inasmuch as it was only three weeks since he had presented her with a couple of handsome ones of that material. Still he was willing, as has been already stated, to listen to her prayer so far, but he could have nothing to do with the snake. Anger on the part of the lady was the result, which made her so far forget herself that she let fly a decanter at his devoted head (I was going to add, luckily without striking it, but it would not have mattered if it had); and although she expressed a wish that he might break his neck if he went to the Derby, candour forced him to acknowledge that she did not withhold her consent from his going elsewhere if he pleased.

It certainly seemed to me that it would be quite as well to allow the lady to go to the Derby at any one's expense rather than at that of my friend's. And as she was a fascinating sylph when she made decanters subserve the uses for which they were intended; as she never took too much—what lady would?—we agreed that she would have no difficulty in finding a friend who would four-horse, lunch, and Shoolbred her, as well, perhaps, as enable her to acquire possession of the snake; for even up to the present day serpents beguile women and women tempt men successfully.

The foregoing little misunderstanding between these two fond hearts gave Roberts and myself the opportunity of making an arrangement to go down to the Derby together.

This settled, we soon came to the conclusion that going to a race without having a bet on it would be the height of absurdity; and as both Roberts and myself had for some time manifested an inclination for being initiated into the mysteries of Tattersall's, we asked a mutual friend to introduce us there, which he consented to do, although it struck me he would have preferred our not becoming members of that establishment, as he remarked, 'It's only flinging two guineas away each, for you know I can always do anything you may require.' He added, however, 'You're sure to be picked up there,' which did seem

to be getting something for our two guineas, as it was a great consolation to know you would not be suffered to die on the floor of the house in case of a fall, but would be assisted to rise, although in doing this the members at the Corner would not be practising more than common humanity would prompt.

Although, in describing matters connected with the turf, I may have occasion to hold up to censure proceedings which from their very nature are such as all honourably-minded men would shrink from, and, if it were possible, would expose, I should be sorry that any one should suppose such proceedings were the rule and not the exception. The twaddle that would represent all betting-men as rogues, is scarcely worth noticing. And although I do not for one moment mean to deny that any pursuit, the sole object of which is gain is calculated to keep the finer qualities a man may possess in the background, and to develop all the more sordid part of his nature, still, as regards the turf, I should have so little difficulty in naming such a number of its patrons who, like Cæsar's wife, are beyond suspicion, that it would induce any one to whom I acted as an Achates to exclaim, with the little girl who visited the cemetery at Père-la-Chaise, 'Where are all the wicked ones?'

I was thus duly admitted a member of Tattersall's, and paid the trusty Thomas what was required before I could be allowed to enter the room. My first visit there was on the Monday week previous to the Derby of 18—, and the rooms were then as now opened the whole of that week. There was nothing about the place, which was most Arcadian in its simplicity, to betoken the vast sums of money that changed hands there week after week in the racing season. The sole furniture of it consisted of a fixed circular desk in the centre, round which several persons were congregated, two or three tables, ditto forms, and some chairs. As I entered I observed one or two persons give me a hasty look, and once or twice afterwards I was aware of eyes fixed in my direction when I was speaking to people to whom, at my request, my friend who had got me into Tattersall's introduced me. One man, with a curious twinge about his mouth, remarked to me, as I was standing on the green outside, that it was a fine day. And my answer prompting him to further urbanity (for civil I felt sure he meant to be, though, not being a child, I own at the time I felt somewhat surprised), I was asked whether I wanted to do anything. I bowed and shook my head. Subsequently it was explained to me that this was Tattersallian dialect for 'Do you want to bet?'

Of course I wanted to bet. That was my sole object in becoming a member of Tattersall's. Why, what the deuce did the man suppose I'd paid my two guineas for—to see the *luxé* of the room—to get up a cricket-match on the green—to buy the cow to send into Shropshire? By George! I wouldn't have had her at a gift! She was the leariest cow I ever met with. I do believe she'd have held all her milk back the moment she arrived at the governor's, and declared to win where least expected. Or did he think I came

there to get Thomas to act as Secretary to a Young Man's Early Closing Association? Pshaw! Show me where the young men *shut up* earlier than they do at Tattersall's.

No; I had come to bet, and was only eager to be attended to, as I had made up my mind that the Derby lay between two or three horses, and that all the rest were duffers. Parties having come to my assistance, I pretty soon had pencil in hand, and recorded my opinions in my betting-book.

In those days I was not the heavy bettor I subsequently became, and consequently my mode of entering a bet was not then so troublesome as it would have been had I pursued the same course in after days. I will give the reader a specimen of a transaction I entered into with a Mr. Jones, which I find thus noticed in my betting-book :—

' Mr. Jones bets me one thousand to one hundred pounds that Little Bo-Peep will not win the renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year old colts 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies 8 st. 2 lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, which are to be made at Messrs. Weatherby's office in London before starting, or not entitled to receive though a winner. The winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course, and 50 sovs. to the judge; the last mile and a half to be run on the new course. Consequently, if Little Bo-Peep does win the afore-said renewal of the Derby Stakes, &c., I am to receive one thousand pounds of the before-named Mr. Jones; but if he does not I am to pay him one hundred pounds.'

I observed Jones look much surprised when I was making the foregoing entry from 'The Racing Calendar' in my betting-book, but I was determined there should be no ground for quibble; for how did I know but what he might try to do me about the Derby races in Derbyshire? I wrote at the end of the entry I had made, 'As witness our hands,' and politely asked Mr. Jones to attach his signature to it. He smilingly replied it was not necessary; he was well known in the ring; and his 'word was as good as his bond.' I felt as if I should have liked to have known the value of the latter, but contented myself with going up to Roberts and asking him whether the contract into which I had just entered required a stamp. His legal lore, however, did not enable him to give me any further information than this: 'It's quite a question for "Bell's Life."' I therefore wrote to Bell accordingly, without, however, getting the desired information; for at the period I write of that useful and amusing paper was so inundated with questions that it not unfrequently happened an answer intended for some one else was tacked on to an entirely irrelevant question; at least, I am led to form this opinion from the frequent answers I received which didn't bear, in the remotest degree, on the questions asked. And such was the case in the present instance, for I found under the head of 'Anxious Inquirer,' 'We should advise our correspondent not to go about in future unattended by his nurse, or he may catch cold.'

Little Bo-Peep, though at ten to one for the Derby, appeared to be more esteemed by myself than by the other individuals at Tattersall's, as I observed that people seemed more eager to lay against than to back him. I suppose there were very few, excepting myself and my informant, who were really aware of his merits, and consequently there were no manifestations in his favour. The young man who had strongly advised my being on him appeared to be deeply versed in the mysteries of the stable in which the Little'un was trained, and he imparted his information and volunteered his future services to me in the most unaffected manner, which was the more especially pleasing as I was a total stranger to Tattersall's—a fact he must have been aware of, as I remarked to Roberts when close by this attentive youth, 'I suppose that is the room. Well, we had better pay our money and go in at once, as we *are* members.'

It was not long before Dick Sowton—for that, it would seem, was his name—had so far wormed himself into Roberts's confidence that the latter informed him it was certainly his intention to keep a training establishment at the governor's place in Wiltshire if he (Roberts) should ever come into it, and concluded this bit of information by asking Dick to call on him in Mount Street; to which kind invitation a ready acceptance was given.

An individual coming down the yard, looking as military as nineteen years of age could, Dick made off at score to get a word with him—not, however, until he had advised us to back Little Bo-Peep for a lump, and mentioned one or two men who had money to lay against him, or, as he expressed himself, 'were not full about him.' 'So go in, gentlemen, and back him for a lump,' he added, 'for 'e'll win as easy as kiss 'is 'and.'

Roberts and I had a book together. How we consented to do this I am at a loss to say, for I had a poor opinion of Roberts' shrewdness, and I don't believe he was much wrapped up in mine. We had already backed Bo-Peep to win a thousand, but that was only five hundred each, which was a mere nothing to stand on an animal that Dick had informed us would 'Bo-Peep 'em and no mistake when 'the Derby's all over;' still, as I didn't like to do anything without consulting Roberts, I went up to him and asked his opinion as to the advisability of backing the horse to win another thousand, and received for answer, 'Don't you think we'd better ask "Bell's Life?"' I met his question with a decided negative; on which he replied, 'Oh, very well, do as you please; I suppose it's as right as the mail, or 'our newly-formed acquaintance wouldn't be on such nuts.' With this permission I made for the desk in the centre of the room, and laid out one hundred pounds, which in a few days was to produce a thousand.

It appeared that several parties at Tattersall's were anxious to make my acquaintance; and among the many marks of courtesy I received, was one from an individual who walked about with his hands in his pockets and his betting pencil between his teeth. He had a peculiar expression about the eye, of half sleepiness, half

cunning, and a very extraordinary laugh, or rather noise, between a giggle and a neigh. I was informed that this man was one of the largest bettors at Tattersall's, who had forgotten more than most of those congregated there knew, and that his name was Hodges.

Hodges, thought I to myself; this was the 'safe man to bet with,' not full about Little Bo-Peep,' whom Dick Sowton spoke of. I was almost inclined to ask Mr. Hodges what he would lay, but my better feelings prevailed. 'No,' said I, 'perish the thought that I should take advantage of information this man doesn't possess,' and at a time too, when he is showing me attention. What! I exclaimed, 'endeavour to extort money from a man old enough to be my father, and notoriously so *forgetful*—never!

If ever I met a man who courted his fate it was Hodges; he actually would jump into the fire, and remarked he had heard me take the odds against Little Bo-Peep, and wanted to know if I wished to do it again. 'Twas in vain I urged him not to bet against him, and finished by making a clean breast of the whole matter. He seemed bent on rushing to his own destruction; and Roberts coming up at the time, we went in for another fifty, each at poor Hodges' expense.

I saw him sauntering away, and at length heard him call out, in a half-lazy, half off-hand way, 'I'll lay the odds to a pony against 'Little Bo-Peep.' Another voice then exclaimed, 'I'll bet against 'Qui Vive to 100.' 'What odds?' some one inquired. 'Twenty-five to one.' 'I'll take thirty.' 'Can't lay it.' Hodges here said to the offerer of the odds, 'Mr. Herbert, I don't think we've compared our bets on the Derby; shall we step aside and do it now?' 'Yes, Hodges, all right,' replied Herbert. 'You want my twenty-five to one about Qui Vive; why the devil don't you give up betting, you're rich enough to do without it; but you'll never leave off?' 'Oh yes, I shall, Mr. Herbert,' said Hodges; 'I intend before long to retire into the country, feed my own poultry, rear my own cows, and fat my own pigs.' 'Do you,' said Herbert; 'all I know is, I should be damned sorry to eat one of your pigs if he'd been first favourite all through the winter and didn't happen to be your especial Anthony.'

'Well,' said Hodges, 'that ain't bad; but, Mr. Herbert,' he added, 'you're far cleverer than I am, which all comes along of matty-matics. You can square the circle. I believe however round one of my pigs was you'd manage to square him if he didn't suit your little wollum.'

Hodges and Herbert now retired from the crowd to compare books, and also to bet, for I saw both of them pencil down something, and afterwards observed the former go up quietly to three or four people, and on each occasion make an entry in his book. The last person I happened to be standing close by when Hodges approached him, and consequently overheard the following conversation.

'Have you any hedging-money to lay me back about Sir Thomas, Hodges?'

'Yes, Captain, I can bet you fourteen to one to a hundred pounds, if that's any use to you.'

'Very well, I'll take it. You don't want to back any of the twenty-five-to-one division?'

'Well, Captain, I don't know as I do. Yes, by-the-by, I can back Qui Vive for a trifle. I gave him in several lots before he was beaten for the Clearwell, and I never like to be much over my book against any horse that may start.'

'May! Why you know he's sure to go. However, I'll lay you twenty-five to one to a hundred against him, or any part of it.'

'Very well, Captain, I'll take it.'

'I tell you what it is, Hodges; I look on him as the dearest horse in the race; why Little Bo-Peep must "make him safe enough."'

'I'll take three to one to a monkey between them.'

'Done.'

'Will you do it again, Captain?'

'Yes.'

'Well, Captain,' said Hodges, 'I dare say you're right, and I'm throwing my money away; but I can't stand stakes against starters.'

Everything, up to the present, had been carried on *tolerably* quietly. One seldom or never sees that extraordinary excitement in betting which characterises the hour or two that elapses before a great race like the Derby is run for; and it is only on a Sunday previous to it that one notices that excessive caution for which people congregated in the yard at Tattersall's are so remarkable. Then you may observe men creeping about, listening and peering over one another's shoulders, seeming all the while afraid to open their mouths either to lay or take the odds, for fear of their being suddenly snapped up; and finding out, when too late, that in backing what they have, they've been dealing with the dead, or that they have laid against some horse, who, at the close, has become first favourite. I shall never forget, in after years, as each successive Sunday before the Derby came round, the nervous way in which I approached Tattersall's yard; and I can call to mind one occasion when I left it without accomplishing what I had intended to do, from the dread of being irretrievably picked up; for but make a mistake on that day, and tumble in for a duffer, and there is no time for his coming again. It gives me, even now, quite a cold chill to think of one man who used to skim the outer circles of the crowd and accommodate innocent takers with a few of his hospital patients; and, what was worst of all, he always left you as if you had *done him that time*, which he must remember in the odds on a future occasion.

Everything, I say, had up to the present time been carried on tolerably quietly, when in came a young man, around whom one or two persons gathered, and who, I afterwards heard, was considered by turf dairymen as one of the best milch cows in the ring. He wore his hat well back on his head, and one would have thought that the size of his collar was scarcely compatible with comfort. His metallic soon

found employment; but not considering the position he occupied sufficiently prominent to bespeak the attention of those present, he spurned the ground and jumped on to a form.

'Dum vitat humum nubes et inania captet.'

The event will show who came in for the 'nubes et inania,' and who walked off with the substance.

Just before the appearance of the individual I have mentioned, I had noticed a very gentlemanly, good-looking young fellow, who was evidently in the army, and had heard him say, 'Nothing can come near him. I've backed him out and out for 800*l.* at four to one, and don't intend to hedge a shilling; indeed, I've determined to go in for another 200*l.* and make up a thou—' He here called out, 'I'll take four to one about Mazeppa.'

To this offer there was no reply, and in the interim our friend of the form had arrived. The offer to take four to one about Mazeppa was again made.

'To how much?' asked the occupier of the form.

'To a couple of hundred,' replied the son of Mars.

'Done; you're on'—and the bet was booked accordingly.

Now Mazeppa had been inquired about several times in the course of the afternoon, but no business had been done, the offers being only seven to two, and his backers standing out for four to one. The odds just laid brought them to the scratch, and the layer was besieged on all sides: 'I'll take your four to one to a pony—I to fifty—I to a hundred.' And as quickly as they could make the offers the enemy of Mazeppa said 'Yes,' and dotted them down. On they went as fast as pencils could be brought to enter bets, and it was becoming a moot question which would tire first, layer or takers. However, it soon became apparent the latter would do this, and the former was only enabled to get on more money by springing first one point and then another. One or two were looking eagerly at him, as if they were considering—'Is it a flat fish or have they put a plant on?' when little Masters, the quickest tumbler in the ring, decided all by laying seven hundred to a hundred twice, and getting no response to an offer of eight. Then commenced the knocking out in earnest, led on by our form hero. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty to one was offered, but there were no backers. The question of what will anybody take, brought no champion to the rescue. All kinds of outsiders were offered to be backed against him, but without result; and at length Mazeppa's chance of winning the Derby was finally set at rest by Hodges offering to bet a hundred he didn't start.

To speak figuratively, the horse was dead, having lamed himself badly in his gallop that morning; and although, on receipt of the news, his owner went express to Tattersall's to declare him scratched for the Derby, the Peep-o'-day boys had been in advance of him, and before a small piece of paper with the following notice—

'Mazeppa having lamed himself badly during exercise this morning, is declared not to start for the Derby. 4½ P. M. J. R. STEWART.'

had been fixed on the wall over the mantelpiece, several hundreds of pounds had been got out of him by some of the talent.

This was the first knock-out I had ever seen; and Roberts and myself went to our club rejoicing that Little Bo-Peep was our horse, and that, to use another expressive term of Dick's, 'It was all over 'but the shouting and throwing your 'ats up.'

COURSING AT WATERLOO AND ASHDOWN.

It was my intention this month to have given a sketch of the most successful strains of blood at the principal meetings in the midland and northern districts; but the interest attaching to the Waterloo and Ashdown gatherings leads me to devote to them the space allotted in the present number of the Magazine to coursing.

The Waterloo, which came off on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of February, was in every respect a great meeting; and although the entries for the Cup extend to sixty-four at 25*l.* each, even to the last hour nominations were at a premium.

On the evening of the 21st, between four and six, it was high change at the Waterloo Hotel (Liverpool), when people were pressing into the room in which Mr. Lynn takes the entries, till it was full to overflowing; and several inquiries were made as to whether any nominations were to be disposed of. But as the time drew near for the struggle, each owner appeared to grow fonder, and no one was disposed, even at a premium, to give up his chance. From the running of Selby in the previous year (and the known good judgment of his owner), he was rather a better favourite than anything, but I could not learn that Mr. J. Jardine had backed him; and as Orator was the one selected to run in his own name, it gave me some suspicion as to his preference being for the latter. Billet-doux, perhaps, was the next best favourite. Breechloader had his admirers, as did Hardy, Sampler, Lucy, Greek Fire, Gil Blas, and Blue Hat. I heard occasional inquiries for the price of Maid of the Mill, and several others, but as this was prior to the draw not much was done.

With the exception of being delayed about an hour by the frost on the morning of the 21st, the weather throughout the meeting was of the most favourable kind, the attendance as large as was ever known, and the sport (for this season) far better than could have been expected. By half-past ten, North End (the fixture for the first day), a lone farm, the property of the Earl of Sefton, was a scene of great bustle and excitement; carriages of all descriptions kept following each other, and depositing their various loads, till nearly or quite three thousand people had congregated. Mr. Lynn was so besieged by eager parties for field tickets and cards he could scarcely find time to stow away the shoals of half-crowns which poured in upon him. Those who have been accustomed only to the coursing on the Wiltshire and Berkshire downs can have little idea of the perfectly

different thing it is at Altcar, where, instead of hundreds of equestrians, no one but the judge and field-steward are mounted, as, from the nature of the country, riding is impracticable. The coursing-ground is a vast tract of flat land, principally meadow, intersected with ditches, varying from four to eight feet in width, with scarcely a tree or a bush to be seen. Anything more dreary or uninteresting can scarcely be imagined; and but for the sport, few, I think, would be induced to visit it twice. Hares are so abundant that disappointment as to sport is out of the question, though in the past season, from the quantity of rain, the hares have not been so strong and healthy as usual. There are not many localities where, after an hour's delay from frost, you can calculate on running off forty-eight courses, besides the undecided ones, by half-past five; but so numerous are the hares on the Earl of Sefton's domain that no doubt existed as to its being accomplished. At no previous meeting have so many favourites been put out in the first round, and several of them without a struggle, including Selby, Greek Fire, Gil Blas, Java, &c., &c.

Sampler, Maid of the Mill, Hardy, Attermire, Balmoral, and Blue Hat, from the style in which they won their courses, became the leading favourites. A bright sunshine added much to the enjoyment of an excellent day's sport. On the second day the fixture was Hill House, a shooting-box belonging to the Earl of Sefton, where we had a repetition of the bustling scene of the previous day, carriage, horse, and foot passengers flocking from all directions; the immense amount of spectators from the towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Stockport, &c., that attend the Waterloo Coursing Meeting causes the field to be so much larger than at any other meeting in England; and from the value of the Cup—amounting to 500*l.*—the interest taken in it is in proportion; in fact, money is the leading feature of the meeting. The weather, though colder on the second day, was dry, and free from wind, and it was in every respect a desirable one for coursing. The sport, though unequal, was, on the whole, pretty good, and most of the favourites of the previous evening remained in, with the exception of Hardy, Balmoral, and Attermire, and bad luck had a great deal to do with their defeat. From the speed and clever style of Maid of the Mill, her admirers increased daily, and very short odds were to be obtained against her. Sampler, by her great pace, was firm in the market, as was Blue Hat, from the superior form he showed. The speed of Cardinal York also gave good hope to his backers. Orator and Ramathon Roy were great favourites for the Purse; and Wild Wave, Baffle, and Beranger for the Plate.

As the hares were so much on the move, and frequently three or four together, it was late before we were enabled to get through the card. When we finished, we had quite three miles to walk to the carriages, which made it a long and tiring day. On the last morning we again met at Hill House: the day was fine, though cold, and kept improving: the afternoon was delightful, with bright

sunshine. The attendance fell far short of the other days, as so few courses were on the card, and speculation, consequently, limited. The Maid of the Mill was firm as first favourite at two to one; Sampler had many backers at a point more, as had Blue Hat and Cardinal York. The favourite left no course in doubt except that with Blue Hat, which was short, and a very near thing, but won by the Maid by her brilliant work in taking two turns in succession: nothing could be more beautifully done: in the Hat she had a dangerous opponent, and half a point lost would have been fatal. I was glad to be borne out in my opinion of this course by the gentleman who wrote the report of the last day for a leading sporting journal, knowing that he is thoroughly acquainted with the subject he wrote on, is not swayed by prejudice or bets, and can form his own opinion without running to one and another to ascertain what to say. In Sampler the noble patron of the meeting has a fast, good greyhound, and, if she were equally clever with the winner in her working power, nothing could beat her.

In so great a meeting, it is rare to be able to say that the best animal won, as it seldom happens that merit alone carries the winner through; but in this case it has done so, and Mr. Blackstock may well be proud of his Queen of the Leash. She is of good middle size; her weight was fifty-two pounds at the commencement of the meeting, and she lost none of it in running; her colour is red, with mealy muzzle; her length forty-two inches; her girth twenty-eight; her height twenty-six; her head and neck seventeen. She has good shoulders, rather round and high in her back, with long muscular thighs and excellent legs and feet, and has a very blood-like appearance. She is by Judge, out of Bartolozzi, by Dosethius (son of Fox's Fop, by Jefferson's Jester, by Racket, out of Jewess). Bartolozzi's dam was by Rogers's Crofton, out of Rose Amie, sister to Bems's Edwin, by Blunder. Her condition did great credit to her trainer (Alexander Wallace), who would attend her to the last, though labouring under a distressing illness. The pedigree of Judge is so patent to the public that I need not give it here. It must have been very gratifying to Mr. Jefferson to see so many of his dog's descendants in the winner and runners-up for the different stakes on the present occasion. Ramathon Roy, second to Orator for the Purse, and Beranger, second to Wild Wave for the Plate, are also by Judge. This must have been some consolation for the defeat of his favourite Java, one of the best and most beautiful daughters of Judge. Orator and Wild Wave, the winners of the Purse and Plate, are both excellent greyhounds, the former by Wigan, and the latter by Lariston, out of Fly. I have never seen so large a field so easily kept in order. The Earl of Sefton, assisted by his brother stewards, were untiring in their efforts, and Mr. Alexander Graham, as field-steward, was a host in himself: his thorough knowledge of the sport and his great experience in the duties of that office, in addition to his persuasive and gentlemanly address, cannot fail to gain compliance with the generality of people.

Mr. Dalzel got wonderfully well through the onerous duties of his office, and seldom or never has there been less cavilling at the decisions.

Mr. Slater, as usual, took on himself the duties of flag-steward, and none can surpass him in promptness and correctness.

It is sufficient to say the slipping was performed by Raper for every one to know it was well done.

Mr. Warner (head keeper to the Earl of Sefton), and those under him, did all they could to add to the sport; and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Waterloo Meeting may be said to be one of the best since the commencement.

Performances of Maid of the Mill.

At Brougham October Meeting, 1858 (her first performance), she won (64 entries) the Whinfell St. Leger, for dog and bitch puppies.

In December, at Bridekirk, in an aged 32 dogs stake, she was beat her first course, being out of form from natural causes.

In January, 1859, at Southport, she won the Southport Stakes (16 aged dogs). She next appeared at the Waterloo 1859, had two no goes with Mr. Borron's Bohemian (dr.), and was put out by Limited Liability. She afterwards succumbed to Bridal Tour in the Plate, which was won by Java, her half-sister. At this meeting she was considered amiss; but her owner, not satisfied on this point, sent her to run for the Scottish Champion Cup at Biggar, in March, but she turned out dead amiss, and was beaten by Mr. Borron's Bit of Lace at this meeting. One of the kennel died at Biggar. The Maid and her brother, Bridegroom, were for weeks after their return more like dying than living. She next appeared at the Brougham Meeting, 1859, and won the Ladies' Plate (16 dogs).

In December, 1859, she run up with Annoyance in a 32 dogs stake at Bridekirk.

In her previous course with Iron King she killed her hare in a thick plantation, and from her performance with Annoyance in the run-up she must have hurt herself against a tree,—as her running in that course can never be accounted for—she could not run one yard.

She then came out for the Waterloo Cup, 1860, which she won. She has won twenty-four courses and lost five. The Maid and her dam were bred by Mr. Blackstock.

THE ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING.

This meeting, which created so much interest in the coursing world, came off on the 12th instant, and following days. The circumstance of the Altcar Club having challenged all England to run sixteen dogs, at an entry of ten guineas each, gave an unusual degree of interest to it; and verily it did appear a bold thing on their part (high as the club stands); but it seems they did not reckon without their host, as it ended in their finding themselves, on the last day, in

the triumphant position of first and second. It was feared, from the late period of the season, the hares would not run with their usual stoutness, and, as they seldom sit on the downs much in March, that the sport would not be so good as Ashdown Park is celebrated for; but, with the exception of the first day (when most of the courses were run off on arable ground) it lost little of its celebrity. It is rather to be lamented that the grand stake should not have been run off on turf, as the Lancashire gentlemen selected dogs calculated for the downs, and attribute their being four courses in the minority in the first round to that circumstance; but as it made no difference to them in the end I hope that it will be forgotten, and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing them here on many such occasions. Contrary to the Ashdown gatherings generally, everything combined to favour the one of this year (as at Waterloo); the weather was propitious in the extreme—bright sunshine, with a north-west wind of the most gentle kind (for that quarter in the month of March), greeted us throughout the week. The hour of meeting was ten o'clock; and as I had eighteen miles to go and return each day, I was compelled to be on the road early and late. As we went over the hills between Overton and Ashdown, bright and fine as the weather was, there was no indication of spring but the note of the skylark, and in some of the lanes the song-thrush reminded us that the coursing season was drawing to a close. Everything is so late this year that not an atom of foliage was to be seen; but on gaining the summit of Berden Hill, Ashdown House and Park breaks upon you with all its wildness. Flanked by its pretty woods, and situated as it is in the midst of a vast extent of undulating down land, it forms an object of great beauty in the landscape. On the left, as you descend to the park end (the fixture for the first day), is Russley, the residence of Mr. M. Dawson, who has the management of Mr. Merry's racing establishment. It is embosomed in a cluster of trees, with a small wood on one side, and adds another beauty to the picture. At a short distance from it is another small wood, under the shelter of which the cracks of the stable were taking their morning exercise, adding another beauty to the scene. Punctual to the hour, everything was ready, and people were coming from all directions, including many fair equestrians, and a large retinue from the Park. After the first day the sport was good enough to please the most fastidious, with the exception of there being more of Kingston Warren under the plough than I ever saw. At this advanced period of the season the courses are unequal, which gave some of the dogs a great advantage. In going through a great stake it is requisite to have good luck as well as a good dog. In the present instance the winner was so favoured, and being a good greyhound, and brought out in first-rate condition, her chance on the last day was as rosy as her name; and she gained a victory worthy of a daughter of Riot, and added a laurel to the brow of Black Cloud. The runner-up (Sweetbriar) is one of an ant litter, being sister to Secret and Bapta. They were bred Earl of Sefton, and are by Skyrocket out of Shame. Secret

was killed by a fall at Altcar, and Bapta was presented to Captain Bathurst by Lord Sefton. The late Lord Sefton ran their dam at Ashdown, where she won the admiration of those who saw her. The sire was bred (I believe) by Mr. Borron, Oakball. The winner of the *Ashdown Stake* for dogs is the joint property of Messrs. Deighton and Finch, of Worcester. He was bred by Mr. Deighton, and is by Accident out of Dewdrop. He is a small dog, I should think not exceeding 50 lbs. in weight. He has good speed, and is a remarkably clever worker, and owes his position to merit alone. The runner-up (St. Aubert) is a smart dog, but I am inclined to think does not always do his best; he is by Negro, out of Black Agnes, and is the property of Mr. Oates. Finesse, the winner of the *Uffington Stake*, for bitches, is also from Worcester, or the neighbourhood, and is the property of Mr. Fuggles. She possesses good speed, and turns well, and, with the exception of her course with Laurel Wreath (which was no trial), left no course in doubt. She is by General Havelock, out of Brandy. The runner-up (Prudence) has proved herself, on several occasions, a good greyhound. She did not display her usual form in the deciding course, as Finesse won easily. She was bred by Mr. Le Brewer, and is by Black Cloud, out of Remembrance. She is the property of Mr. Price, the owner of Patience: the latter is, I think, the best of Mr. Randall's Black Cloud and Riot litter, and was only defeated in the principal stake by severe work. Want of room forbids my entering into the merits of the winners of the minor stakes, beyond adding a word of praise to the performance of Trip-the-Daisy, Greek Fire, The Brewer, Hopper, and Martha, all of which won decisively. Those of the beaten dogs which figured most conspicuously in the principal stake are Sweetbriar, Patience, Little Wonder, Veronica, Bapta, and Ravensworth. Hardy did not run with his usual fire. Stirps was not in form. Raw Recruit must have sadly disappointed Mr. Gregson, as Hobby Bird must Mr. Hill. Hammond's defeat may be placed to heavy ground, and Wild Wave's to having so lately gone through the Waterloo Meeting. Never did an Ashdown Meeting go off better, or draw more people together. The Park was full of guests, including the Earl of Sefton, Lord and Lady Grey de Wilton, Honourable Grantley Berkeley, Captain Bathurst, (Grenadier Guards), Mr. Boothby, Mr. Brownrigge, &c. &c. The Countess of Craven and her daughters entered, as usual, enthusiastically into the sport, and were on the ground each day. It was a subject of general regret that indisposition prevented the Earl of Craven from joining the party. Most of the private houses, and all the hotels in the neighbourhood, were filled with guests. The following distinguished persons were present: Lord and Lady Somerton, Major and the Honourable Mrs. Loyd Lindsay, Mrs. Popham of Littlecote, &c. &c. Mr. McGeorge's decisions were generally satisfactory. Springall's slipping was so good as to insure him plenty of employment. It was gratifying to see the name of Goodlake on the card, in the grandson of the late Mr. Goodlake, so many years

identified with the Ashdown coursing. Colonel Goodlake is about getting together a kennel of greyhounds, and during the meeting purchased Laurel Wreath of Mr. Robert Long. Perhaps the Altcar Club could not have met the southern coursers at a more advantageous time: within the last three or four years many of the strongest supporters of the leash in the South have died or retired, including Messrs. Biggs, Lawrence, &c. &c., and those who have taken their places were running on the side of the Club. It is a very unusual circumstance for neither Mr. Etwall nor Mr. Bowles to have anything good enough to bring into the field. Mr. William Long had but one, and Mr. Robert Long's dogs have been out of form from distemper and other causes. I hope a similar trial may take place next season, and that it will go off in every respect as well as this has. Some difference of opinion arose as to how the dogs were to be guarded; as I was not present I give no opinion on it. The subject will be brought before the National Club in the Epsom week.

W. M.

A CHAPTER ON GUNS.

AT a time when cannon and rifles form the subject of so much discussion and conversation in every circle, it were well if sportsmen would give a few minutes' consideration to the *breech-loading* system as adapted to fowling-pieces. Cannon and small-arms are both in a transition state, and in the course of a few years we may expect to see great changes in the armament of our land and naval forces, for Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth of Manchester have satisfactorily proved that rifled cannon on the *breech-loading* system exceed all others in *length of range, power of penetration, and accuracy of fire*; and all our first-class gunmakers, amongst whom I may enumerate Purdey, Lancaster, Lang, Boss, Moore, Westley Richards, Terry, Needham, and Leetch, are manufacturing small-arms (both rifles and guns) that load at the breech. It is my intention in the present paper to point out the very great advantages that the new system has over the old for sporting purposes. I shall begin with the extreme *facility and quickness in the loading*, whereby any person armed with a breech-loader can load and fire at least six shots in the same time that another with a common gun takes to load and fire two, with much *greater comparative safety*, as with a breech-loader the muzzle of the gun can never by any chance be directed towards the person of the loader; no mistake can be made, such as putting two charges of powder or shot into one barrel; there is no chance of losing a hand by pouring powder from a flask down the muzzle of a gun recently discharged in which, perhaps, a bit of lighted tow, or, what is oftener the case, a small piece of cork (got among the powder in opening the canister) may remain, which accident may happen to the most careful sportsman. Again, one is always enabled to see clearly through the barrels, and can be certain

that no dirt or obstruction has got in, which is a great advantage, as many people have been injured by guns bursting from the muzzle being accidentally plugged up with clay which may have got in whilst jumping a ditch, climbing over a fence, or stumbling in an uneven turnip field. The sportsman can never meet with an accident by loading one barrel whilst the other is on full cock, which the ramming down of a wad or the catching of a twig might cause to go off; and when game is abundant, in the hurry of reloading or the excitement of the moment, accidents from this cause frequently occur: also there is no danger of an unlucky cap flying and endangering the eyesight, not a very uncommon occurrence. As to the *pleasantness* of shooting, both to self and company, there can be no doubt; for what an advantage it is for sportsmen, when beating country, to be able to load without halting or breaking the line, and making all the rest of the company wait until the operation is finished! Who has not been put off his shooting by having to wait whilst some nervous, fidgetty old gentleman hunts in a dozen different pockets to find his powder-flask, wadding, shot-bag, and caps, which are all dispensed with by using a breech-loader? What an advantage it is, when shooting in fens or swamps, to be able to load without putting the butt of your gun in the mud or water, whereby you soil your clothes when you put it up to the shoulder and make yourself uncomfortable for the rest of the day; also, what sportsman, after a heavy day's shooting, has not found his hands blackened and sticky from exploded gunpowder, and sometimes raw and blistered from constantly ramming down the charge? and in cold weather who has not found loading with a common gun, and putting on the caps, distress him beyond measure, more especially if he has been obliged to pull off his warm gloves before he is able to effect it at last? It is also a great advantage being able to change the charge in a moment, according to the game to be met with, instead of the old tedious method of drawing the shot with the screw of the ramrod; and also being able to load without noise, as when game is plentiful the noise of ramming down an obstinate wad frequently puts up birds on all sides. A sportsman armed with a breech-loader can reload almost as soon as a keeper can hand him a second gun and receive the one discharged, which does away with the necessity of having a man at one's heels with a loaded gun, an objectionable practice, as a trip or stumble might so easily occasion an accident. Breech-loaders *foul very little*, as the thick elastic mercurial waddings which enter the breech are fully a size larger than the bore of the muzzle; consequently, being forcibly driven through the barrel with the force of the powder, each discharge carries away any refuse or accumulation that may have been left by the one previous, and at the end of a long day's shooting the barrel is just as free from foulness as at the beginning; also the explosion of the charge does not take place in the breech, but in the paper cartridge, which comes out uninjured, containing the *débris* of the burnt powder, which in the ordinary gun is driven into the chamber and nipple every time it is reloaded,

until the latter becomes clogged up, and mis-fires are the consequence. The *ease of cleaning* is also very apparent, for nothing is required but the passing of a little tow through the barrel once or twice, and afterwards wiping with an oiled rod; whereas with an ordinary gun the dirt is forced in the breech, and through the nipple, and frequent washing out of the barrels is required, which is never the case with a breech-loader. There is less recoil in a breech-loader than in a muzzle-loader of the same size and weight, which I account for because in its construction there is necessarily more weight of metal at the breech; and also because at the bottom of the cartridge of the breech-loader is a tight roll of paper, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, which (like the buffer of a railway carriage) gives with the action of the powder and lessens the recoil.

After five years' experience with breech-loaders, during which I have made a series of practical experiments, I have come to the conclusion that, if anything, they shoot rather *harder* than ordinary muzzle-loading guns; and my reasons accounting for this fact are, that all '*windage*' is prevented (by the wadding used being a size larger than the bore); besides which, I think they will *burn more powder*, and of a larger grain, than that in general use for percussion-guns, which is stronger, because there is more air that facilitates combustion between the grains. I also consider that they shoot *quicker*, because there is no long communication (the nipple) between the point of ignition and the charge, the explosion of the cap taking place in the centre of the powder, which is inflamed *almost* simultaneously; for it is an error to suppose that gunpowder explodes instantaneously, as, however rapid its progress, it takes a certain time in travelling from the first grain to the last. The sportsman can easily make up his own cartridges at the rate of about half a gross in an hour, or, if he prefers it, he can purchase them all ready from Messrs. Eley and Co., or any gunmaker. When all the advantages of the breech-loader are contrasted with the known disadvantages of the muzzle-loader, it is difficult to account for the prejudice that has existed against them for so many years; for, notwithstanding that the present system was introduced by La Faucheux a quarter of a century ago, it is only lately that it has come into general use amongst sportsmen. Now all the first-class London gunmakers manufacture breech-loaders of one description or another. Lancaster, Needham, Westley Richards, and Terry have peculiar systems of their own invention; but most of the others have adopted that of La Faucheux, with Lang's improvements, which, as a sporting arm, is unexceptionable, and as great an improvement over the ordinary muzzle-loader as the present Enfield rifle is over old Brown Bess. Numerous objections have been urged against the system, but none appear to have had any substantial foundation; and I shall not enter into them, although I am aware that there are many sportsmen of the old school who will not even deign to give it a trial, for with them arguments and facts are both equally lost.

I shall conclude by observing that the market in the present day is deluged with arms that are made *to sell*, and not to shoot; and the public should be on their guard, so as not to allow themselves to be taken in by spurious imitations; for there are unscrupulous vendors who do not hesitate to engrave the names of first-class gunmakers upon guns of inferior workmanship, and sell them to the uninitiated as 'bargains.' Young sportsmen, in selecting a gun, should always go to a maker of note, who, for the sake of his own credit and character, would not allow an arm that is unsound or of inferior workmanship to leave his establishment bearing his name, which in first-class work is always engraved in full, with address. He may have to pay a long figure in comparison with the cost of the inferior article, and, perhaps, something for 'the name;' but he is sure of a good weapon, which will prove far better worth the money in the long run, and need not be apprehensive of accidents from defective workmanship or unsound material. Inferior guns 'made to sell' are now-a-days got up so well that at first sight they resemble A 1 guns of best material and first-class workmanship; but the practical sportsman, on taking them in hand, soon discovers the counterfeit. There is no '*music*' in the locks; the strength of the main-springs, as well as the *pull* of the triggers, is unequal; the barrels are imperfectly bored, or rough and unpolished in the interior, and perhaps the gauge shows that they are not of exactly the same calibre. Again, the lock-plate and mountings are not fitted and let in with that peculiar nicety that distinguishes first-class London work, and the stock, in spite of a thick coat of French polish and varnish, betrays '*greenness*.' I have seen some of these inferior guns throw shot pretty fairly to begin with, but after a short time they invariably fall off, both in their strength and regularity of shooting, become shaky and even dangerous, for the locks (being made of soft metal instead of the best-tempered steel) begin to wear, and are no longer to be depended upon. It is mistaken policy, and false economy, to purchase any other than a first-class gun, which, with ordinary care, will last longer than half a dozen cheap ones of inferior workmanship, and give infinitely more satisfaction, to say nothing of the great additional security against accidents.

OUR JOCKEYS.

THE vast increase of racing within the last few years, the thousands of pounds laid out in its pursuit, the increased value of our thorough-bred stock, and the fortunes that are made and lost in a single season, one would naturally imagine would have caused more interest to be taken in that body without whose aid the sport could not exist. And yet it is strange to relate, with all the means at the disposal of writers on the turf, none should have directed their attention to a subject which could not fail to become amusing and instructive, if handled in a becoming spirit. In fact, beyond the few anecdotes in

that entertaining volume of 'Silk and Scarlet,' and the extract from Holcroft's 'Memoirs,' of what he endured as a stable lad at Newmarket, and which is quite used up, we have no authentic revelations of the lives, manners, and customs of those who play the leading parts in the ever-varying drama of the turf. Be it our purpose, therefore, in the accompanying paper, to endeavour to supply this defect, and, by holding the mirror up to nature, throw a little light on a class who exercise more potent influences on the destinies of mankind than is generally understood, and in whom, at times, noblemen and gentlemen repose as much confidence as they do in their family solicitor or physician. And now to our subject. By the last authentic census which has been published, it would seem there are some hundred jockeys, whose abilities are placed at the disposal of the keepers of race-horses; and who, for certain specified fees, contract to keep themselves, by every species of endurance and abstinence, within a certain weight, and to hold themselves in readiness for any engagement their employers might enter into. This compact, to their credit be it said, is maintained, on their part, with a degree of good faith worthy of imitation in higher quarters, while not even at the bar is etiquette more strictly observed. Like all professions, that of a jockey requires early initiation, constant practice, indisputable honesty, with a civil demeanour, obliging disposition, and, last but not least, an iron constitution. And it may be encouraging to some who kick at the idea of having to dress a horse before they are out of their apprenticeship, to be told that their masters did so before them without repining; and the Buckles, the Chifneys, and the Days thought no more of it than the rich banker of Lombard Street, who could boast of beginning life with sweeping out the office, or the wealthy manufacturer, who first saw the light in the back slums of Manchester. Viewed in all its branches, the life of a jockey during nine months out of the twelve, now that people have taken to race in November, must be admitted to be a very hard one; for however the mental powers of those engaged in other callings are taxed, they have at least the consolation of knowing that no impost is laid upon the gratification of their stomachs; and, provided they have the means, they can indulge themselves without fear of the consequences. Whereas for the poor jockey, he is compelled, with the appetite of a Dando, to assume the asceticism of a hermit. For him lamb comes in at Easter in vain, and he dare not as much as dream of venison in September. Salmon might almost as well remain in the Dee or the Tweed, as far as he is concerned; and if the breeders of South Downs and short horns had no better customers than him to depend upon, we should soon hear of their disposing of their flocks, and embarking their capital in other speculations. And yet, on the whole, the life of a popular jockey is not without its charms; for he is courted by all ranks of society, from the peer of the realm, who fills his cigar-case, down to the licensed victualler, who stands him a fiver in return for the good thing he put him upon for 'The Metrop.' Hunting he

can always have for nothing, nor is there any occasion for him to hire either a moor or a manor. His wife, should he have taken to himself one, is found in silk dresses by Cæsarewitches, Chester Cups, and Cambridgeshires, and his boys are never in want of god-fathers. In short, a jockey of the first class is in general a living advertisement of the gratitude of his friends; and his residence is as much a museum of their favours, as that of a fashionable curate is of the needlework of the fairer portion of his congregation. Dine with him in the winter, when he has got the muzzle off, and depend upon it you will not repent it; for if the dinner be plain and substantial, the liquids with which you wash it down will be tempting enough to make you relish a walrus. Nay, smile not, gentle reader, the sherry you took with your soup came from an employer for whom your host won the Two Thousand. The champagne, equal to any you get at Buckingham Palace, and which follows a well-hung saddle of four-year old mutton is identified with a Derby, and was delivered with the compliments of a noble duke. The port wine at dessert they would charge you fifteen shillings a bottle at Clunn's; or if your taste should lead you to prefer claret, you may regale yourself with the best of Charles Cunningham or Todd Heatley. Foreigners of course cannot understand how all this is done, for the presents which our crack jockeys receive are beyond their comprehension; nor can they make out how quick lads are in 'catching the living manners as they rise;' and having the opportunity of coming across the highest in the land, they naturally form a standard of excellence of their own, and the young ones imitate, not only the dress of their employers, but also that of their seniors. Frequently coming to their masters as children with not sufficient cloth upon them to nail up a vine, their first object is the advancement of their person, and the first present they receive is generally expended in the purchase of a greatcoat by Barrell of Manchester Street, who is to them what Poole is to the youthful members of the University and the hunting world. Enveloped in one of his greatcoats, the change of the boy is like that of the chrysalis into a moth; a scarf and a pin take the place of a village handkerchief. Balmorals are substituted for highlows, and if he were to stop here we should have little cause to find fault with him. But unfortunately the hapless child fancies his turn-out could not be complete without a cigar in his mouth—a habit of so baneful a nature in the young, as leading, in a great measure, to drinking, that if the Jockey Club were to pass a law to prohibit any lad under indentures from putting a cigar in his mouth, we are quite certain there is not a trainer on the turf that would not hail it with satisfaction; for the majority of them, especially the heads, such as John Scott, John Day, and Fobert have as great a horror of the practice as the Prince Consort himself. But the most critical period of a jockey's life is when he quits his master to whom he has been articled and starts for himself. If he has been lucky while under articles, he has generally money enough to receive to enable him to settle on his legs until he gets into regular

employ. It is now that he is most watched. If he keeps himself clean and respectable, and declines the association of betting men, he is almost certain to progress in advancement ; but if, on the other hand, he is known to bet, to dress outrageously, and to ride for persons of questionable respectability, his old employers will gradually drop away, and instead of leaving off, as he might do, with the comforts of life about him, and a competency for his family, he will find he has descended to nothing better than a tout, and as such will be shunned by all former associates, and be pointed out as an instance of a misspent life. Still, for the honour of the English jockey be it said, the deviations from the path of rectitude are few and far between ; and as they have been universally discovered and punished, they have had ample opportunities of discovering the value of the old maxim of ' honesty is the best policy.' Over and over again this has been exemplified, where men of less talent, but who might be depended upon, have been selected for great events in preference to others who had taken higher degrees, solely because they had given grounds, at one time or another, for comment. Having thus demonstrated, we hope to the satisfaction of the reader, the necessity for a rider being, like Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion, and the advantages of an honest, straightforward career, we will now proceed with some slight sketches of those artists with whose names our readers are most familiar through the medium of the sporting papers. Taking them alphabetically, Aldcroft must first sit to us. Few lads of late years have risen more rapidly than Aldcroft, and already he can boast of a Two Thousand, a Derby, a St. Leger, and a dead heat for the Oaks. The son of an omnibus proprietor at Manchester, he was articled to Thomas Dawson at Middleham, where he soon gave evidence of the stuff that was in him, and, most fortunately for himself and his master, he was enabled to take the place vacated in his stable by the veteran Tommy Lye. In his profession he now stands very high ; and in his ' finish,' which is his best point, for he cannot make winners, he reminds us more of the late Frank Butler than anybody else. His riding of Viatka in the Nursery at Newmarket, when she was beaten three times during the race, was a triumph of patience and fine jockeyship of which he may well be proud. And although beaten on Gamester for The Great Yorkshire, the way he stuck to Napoleon for the last mile, getting to him inch by inch, showed what a measurer of pace he was ; and, strange to say, he was equally careless with this horse on the first day as he was painstaking with him on the third. In private life, Aldcroft throws off that reserve which he exhibits in public, and is ' hail fellow well met ' with his friends. With a wardrobe equal in extent to that of Charles Mathews, he quite sets the fashions in Leybourne, and was the first to introduce on Middleham Moor those ' peg-top ' trousers, which are quite beyond the comprehension of old John Osborne, who can never reconcile himself to any but the tight-fitting ones peculiar to the profession. Of the weed, our hero is a devoted admirer, and in the autumn of last year, the

railway authorities of Leybourne were not a little astonished by the arrival of a box, as big as the plate chests that are deposited at Coutts's, and which contained the winter supply of the rider of the St. Leger winner. In Lord Glasgow, in whose employ he has been for some years, Aldcroft has found a warm and unswerving patron. Through him he has been secured for the Whitewall Stable, and with the opportunities thereby placed at his disposal, if he does not distinguish himself, it will be his own fault. But we have no fear of him in this respect; and barring a little harmless folly in respect to dress, which will soon wear out, we conceive he is certain to maintain the high position he has already earned for himself, and will do ample justice to his employers.

Vibrating between Bretby and Malton, Ashmall could not fail to partake of the influences which are shed over them; and if not popular with the roughs, he stands well in with the aristocracy. Quiet in his habits, respectful in his demeanour, and the first favourite of Tom Taylor, he is certain to maintain his position; but his health is delicate and he finds it difficult to waste. The son of a distinguished farmer who rented over four hundred acres in the vicinity of Lord Chesterfield's estate, he was entered with Tom Taylor, who put him forward in every way. But to the friendship of Wells the fortune of Ashmall may in a great measure be attributed, as such was their friendship, that Wells not only lent him his valet, but, whenever he was engaged, handed him over his retainers, with the kind remark that Ashmall could ride a horse as well as himself; and in return, Ashmall introduced him to his wife, acted as bestman at his nuptials, and, if report speaks true, will be connected with him by other ties. As a jockey, Ashmall is patient, watchful, and clever; and his performances, as on Governess for the One Thousand and Oaks, on Fandango for the Ascot Cup, and on Ivan for the St. Leger, prove that he only wants the animal to make his name as well known as those of the most distinguished of his companions.

Bray, as a light weight, has few equals in point of ability; and although he has, perhaps, met with more accidents than any of his brethren, thanks to a vigorous constitution, he is as sound as an acorn. To Drewe, in whose employ he was when he first came out, he was almost a gold mine, as he always left a horse in a handicap for him, and of course got a handsome sum for the call. Beyond the fact of an extraordinary partiality for walnuts and gooseberries, the private life of Bray supplies no feature for comment.

Charlton is a jockey of no small talent, but has ebbed and flowed in his career more than any other of his standing. Cast in a mould which ought to be a fortune for him, and the son of a horse-breeder at Norton, he may be said to have been almost born in the saddle; and having finished his education at Whitewall, a glorious future was open to him. Baron Rothschild was one of his first masters, and singularly fortunate he was for him, having ridden Hungerford in all his great races. For Mr. Cookson he carried off his first Oaks with

Mincemeat, and for Lord Clifden and Mr. Stanley he rode repeated winners. The foolish habit of betting, in which it was reported he indulged, for a time threw him in the shade; but when I'anson had the good sense to put him on Blink Bonny, he came out brighter than ever, and as the winner of the Derby and Oaks with the same animal, he has earned a distinction which nothing can deprive him of. Latterly he has had no cause for complaint as regards mounts; and among the other high-mettled racers with whom he has been connected, we may enumerate the Beverley mare, Nancy, whom he rode in that terrific contest for the Goodwood Cup, with Cossack. He was also on Pelion when he beat Longbow at Doncaster. Some three years back, Charlton, who, as far as good looks went, had the advantage of most of his companions, married the daughter of Mr. Ewbank, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Malton, and built himself a residence exactly opposite that of Mr. Peart in the suburb of Malton, called Norton. This house, to which he gave the name of Hungerford Villa, in compliment to his old favourite, is tastefully and elegantly furnished; and the gallery of pictures which adorn its walls, show in what direction his tastes lie, and what patronage he has afforded to artists.

(*To be continued.*)

A HUNTING SONG.

THE BANG-TAILED BAY.

AIR—'The Cruiskeen Lawn.'

THE philosopher may preach,
And the pedagogue may teach,
And pleasure, art, or science have its sway,
But there's naught on earth or air
That is worthy to compare
To a burst upon my bang-tailed bay, bay, bay,
To a burst upon my bang-tailed bay.

Chorus.

With a neat seat on the pigskin,
In pink or green and buckskin,
A scent that lies breast-high and strong;
On my gallant little bay
I can show them all the way,
And the day can never be too long, long, long,
And the day can never be too long.

When morning's in the skies,
And the sun begins to rise,
With Phœbus how I bowl away;
As I seek the covert side,
With the fervour of a bride,
On my gallant little bang-tailed bay.

Chorus.

Now the hounds won't be denied,
 And from the further side
 Comes ringing through the cover sharp and clear,
 Gone away! Hoick! Tally ho!
 Every steed is on the go,
 Hark forward! There he goes! with a cheer.

Chorus.

O'er the meadow-land we sail,
 Over double post and rail,
 There's nothing that's too broad or high;
 And the bay still leads the van,
 They may follow as they can,
 And the d——I take the hindmost is the cry.

Chorus.

Now we burst from scent to view,
 And the music of the crew
 Is hushed until they seize the prey;
 And coming with a rush,
 I seize upon the brush,
 And who-o-o-o-p, it decks the bang-tailed bay.

Chorus.

RACING STATISTICS, &c.

THE records of the 'National Pastime' furnish no pages more pregnant with interest to the *turfite* than those which set forth the events of the past year, showing that progressive improvement in sport and numbers of competitors which is a pleasing evidence to all whom it may interest of the healthy state of racing throughout those portions of the British kingdom we are about to notice, and abroad.

Abroad, as at home, racing, and, as a consequence, the propagation of blood stock, is considerably upon the increase, upon the continents of Europe and America as well as at the antipodes. The emulation of our 'go-a-head cousins' had led them across the seething waves of the mighty Atlantic to do battle with us in our great handicaps and for the now fast approaching 'coronet of the turf.' In equine tourney their successes have been, up to the present, great and honourable; and now it only remains for the 'blue riband' and the 'champion's belt' of the gallant Tom to find their way to the West, to give rise to such an amount of clatter and 'tall talking' as even in Yankee-land was ne'er heard before.

That American *turfites* should meet success upon our native *hippodromes* is not to be wondered at, when we remember the celebrity of the 'families' to which their horses belong, and bear in mind, that, like the Americans themselves, they are all a 'chip of the old block,' either directly or indirectly. Glencoe, Barefoot, Chateau Margeaux, Autocrat, Lapdog, Claret, Rawston, Shakspeare, St. Giles, and very many more of our best-bred stallions have found their way to the 'States,' and have been there doing good service.

The continentals took from us Ion and The Baron in former

years, to the irreparable loss of the British turf; and during the past year their selections have been, upon the whole, as promising for them as they decidedly should be regretful to us—The Flying Dutchman, Heir of Lynne, Naughty Boy, Pretty Boy, Impereuse, and Songstress. (Ion died at Chantilly last summer, and the Chester Cup Peep-o'-day Boy in Russia.) Twelve 'well-bred uns,' with a large preponderance of the Irish Birdcatcher blood, have been exported to Russia. Ducrow and Sprig-of-Shillelagh have gone to Hungary; Beacon to the Italians. Australia and New Zealand have now upon their start-list Messenger, Laron, Velocity, Agra, Daisy Queen, Brawn, Arabella, A-la-mode, Scandal, Freetrader, Pioneer, and Lord-of-the-Hills—the high-priced yearling! Hampton, Lancaster, Joan of Arc, and Martha have been bought by the Prussians, and Stockham has gone all the way to the Celestial Empire.

Here, then, we find *free trade* in our horses giving the material to all nations that choose to seek for it, upon which to raise up competitions from our *own stock*, that shall, like the American and French victors, wrest from us, at some future day, the fairest prizes in our equine arena.

In the colonies, more particularly Australia, racing is progressing with giant strides, and the attendance upon the day of the great Champion race (the colonial Derby) of 100 sovs. each, 500 sovs. added, three miles, is a remarkably good evidence of the popularity of the *sport* in that far-distant land.

In France, the turf successes of Baron Kiviere, not only rival, but eclipse by a sum of 920*l.* the 11,160*l.* netted by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1859. The French could not now boast of such a well-regulated turf legislature, nor of such good studs of race-horses, had it not been for an English nobleman (the late Lord Henry Seymour), and for the large exportations of English blood-horses into that country. If we glance at the statistics the magnitude of character which distinguishes English racing at the present time will best be evidenced. About 2000 brood mares were expected to foal in 1859, out of which number 626 were either 'barren' or met 'mishaps.' Notwithstanding, we had 682 colts and 677 fillies, making the great total of 1359. The number of race-meetings in the kingdom in 1840 were about from 140 to 145, while those held during 1859 were upwards of 250, in England alone. The horses that 'sport' during the season numbered 1645, of which 9 were yearlings, 576 two-year olds, 493 three-year olds, 240 four-year olds, and 324 were five, six, and aged. The duty paid on race-horses to the Messrs. Weatherby was little under 6000*l.* There were 1761 prizes run for, and 10,154 horses did battle for them. The Jockey Club has between 60 and 70 members, including one king (of Holland), five dukes, five marquises, seventeen earls, three viscounts, seven lords, four honourables, six baronets, &c. &c.

Sir Joseph Hawley was the most extensive winner in 1859; but his 11,162*l.*, falls 8264*l.* short of Lord Eglinton's 'little earnings' of 19,426*l.* in 1849; and 6432*l.* less than 17,594*l.* netted by Mr.

Howard in 1854. But, nevertheless, Sir Joseph has still 'the pull' in his favour, as in the years of 1851 and 1858, as well as 1859, he held the premiership of chief winner upon the turf. In the aggregate his receipts, in public money, were 38,905*l.* for his three 'lucky' seasons. The racing season of 1859 was as remarkable for 'dead heats' as it was for accidents to riders; and the 'false starts' have been endless. The number of 'dead heats' were forty-four: the first between Lifeboat and The Speaker, at Lincoln, and continuing unprecedentedly all through the season.

In A.D. 1857, there were in England 195 race-meetings, extending over a period of 342 (racing) days; 1644 stakes were contested for by 9096 horses. In 1858, there were 184 meetings during 312 days, 1614 stakes, and 9155 horses started. In 1859, 193 meetings, 327 days, 1761 stakes, and 10,119 runners, in England alone.

Yours, &c.

VORTEX.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

The late J. B. Day—Birdcatcher—Lord Redesdale's Bill—Liverpool and Warwick—Northampton Races—Races to come—Hunting Mems—Coursing—Cricket—Aquatics.

SINCE the publication of our first number death has claimed another turf notability in the person of that clever trainer old John Day, equally well known as 'Honest John.' For upwards of twelve months his familiar face and figure have been absent from race-courses; and for some months his death has been daily expected, and cannot but be regarded as a release from his sufferings. 'Honest John' has for many, many years held a high position amongst his compeers. Of late years he had resigned the post of public trainer; but his son William has doubtless often found the advantage of his father's advice, as the old man made Woodyeates his home, and up to the last took great interest in the stable doings. For some years past, until sickness laid him low, he has been invariably present at the saddling of all William Day's favourites, and, with his immortal cotton umbrella, has been the observed of all observers. In his early career as a jockey he retained the most unblemished reputation, and his name will ever be associated with some of the principal cracks of his day.

As a trainer he had few equals; and when Mr. Howard engaged him as private trainer to his stud at Findon, there were but few mistakes made, and the successes of Little Harry, the celebrated Virago, and others, attest to the superiority of the stable management. It is impossible for us to attempt to give any satisfactory memoir of so distinguished a trainer within the limits of our present article, and we therefore propose to give a more lengthened account of his career in our next Number.

Old Birdcatcher has been added to the obituary of stallions, and dies with the reputation of a thoroughly good public servant. It will be some time before 'the green isle' will produce anything to compare with him.

The controversy between the agitators of the heavy-weight carrying system and the supporters of the light-weight theory still forms one of the features of the principal sporting organ. Lord Redesdale appears determined to support his original motion fixing the minimum at 7 *st.*, but it is scarcely probable that he will carry his Bill, when opposed by Lord Derby and other leading

sportsmen of the Upper House. It has been definitely announced that the Jockey Club intend framing a rule by which the lowest weight is to be fixed at 5 st. 10 lb., and that will surely meet the requirements of all sensibly-disposed sportsmen. There are very few supporters of the present system of handicapping; and Lord Redesdale certainly deserves the thanks of the racing community for taking up the question, although he may have fixed his standard at too high a range.

The weather, which for the last quarter of a century has not been so severe in the early part of the year, has thrown great difficulties in the way of trainers, and it has been impossible to bring horses to the post in proper condition, except in some highly-favoured localities.

But very few of the northern stables have as yet brought out winners. The early meetings of the year have, however, been well patronized so far as the fields have been concerned, and, judging from the entries, we have every prospect of a most brilliant season. Liverpool was the first meeting which tempted us to visit a race-course, and we were well satisfied with our visit to that great emporium of commerce. There is that about the town itself which will always repay a visit, independent of the sport which may there be witnessed. The docks and back slums (so admirably described by Charles Dickens in a recent article); the grand streets of the centre of the town, the shops of which are filled with luxuries and teeming with the products of every clime; the noble St. George's Hall; the commodious theatres; the Sailors' Home; the Exchange; and other public buildings—all these are well worth the journey. The racing is chiefly noticeable for the easy victories of Gaspard and Apollyon for the Trial Stakes and Spring Cup (thus attesting the superiority of the south country training-grounds), and the superior quality of the two-year olds brought out to contest the Tyro Stakes, which had of late years proved nothing less than a miserable failure. The present year was, however, a grand exception to the rule, as we have never seen a better-looking lot of two-year olds stripped at so early a period of the year. The winner, Lady Clifden, proved herself a worthy daughter of Surplice, and her subsequent performance at Warwick has stamped her reputation. We, however, expect to find some of the rear division at Liverpool do better on another day, as so many were backward on account of the severe frosts which prevented their preparation.

The Warwick Spring Meeting proved superior to preceding anniversaries, and the inauguration of the National Hunt Steeple-Chase was one of the great features of the meeting.

The Northampton Meeting passed off with its usual *éclat*, and deserves a more lengthened notice than we can afford in the few hours allowed us prior to publication. Odo, a big, good-looking son of Augur, made a most successful *début* in the Trial Stakes, beating such horses as North Lincoln, Lifeboat, and M. Philippe, and after an hour's rest was brought out for the Queen's Plate, for which he again easily disposed of Lifeboat, although Athos, whose Liverpool performances did not prepare us for such an exhibition, ran him to a head. The result is, that they back Odo for the Chester Cup; but we fancy no boy can ride him at the weight—another result of the extreme light-weight handicaps. The Northamptonshire Stakes did not produce so large a field as was generally expected, and the finish was left to Simple Simon and Springwell. The winner, it will be recollected by many of our readers, was given away by Lord Portsmouth at the last Epsom Spring Meeting, after running unsuccessfully in a selling race. At first the runners were put down as very moderate, but the subsequent successes of Pitman and the Monk add to the reputation of

the first and second in the big race. The Whittlebury was a great success, no less than fourteen sporting silk; and the speedy Fravola showed proof that she retained her great speed of last year, as she won cleverly, giving 5 lb. each to Sweetsauce (who has always managed to secure the barren honours of second place) and Hartley Wintney. The truth of the running was confirmed on the following day in the Earl Spencer's Plate, as Fravola, handicapped as the best three-year old in the race, fairly 'spread-eagled' her twenty-four opponents, and won in a canter by six lengths. Her appearance and condition reflected the greatest credit on her trainer, Woolcott, who has in other instances shown his ability, as witness his preparation of the unsound Glenmasson for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood in 1858. Perhaps the most interesting race of the meeting was that for the Althorp Park Stakes, for which a first-class lot of two-year olds were stripped. The winner, Walloon, by Flying Dutchman, out of Nina, is a smart, speedy-looking colt, but somewhat undersized; and, although he won all the way, we do not take him for a Derby horse. He is heavily engaged as a two-year old, and is likely to run frequently during the present season. Of the others, the Bohemienne colt, who ran on the previous day in the Whittlebury Stakes, is a big, good-looking horse, and Morella will doubtless prove herself a useful filly during the season. Lupus is a stout, cobby animal, and more likely to distinguish himself over a longer course. Space will not permit us to allude further to the racing, as we have other subjects calling for notice.

The coming month promises to afford first-class racing at Epsom and Newmarket, and the metropolitan gathering will be greatly strengthened by the addition of several new stakes and the extension of the meeting into two days. The City and Suburban is likely to attract the largest field of all the spring handicaps. The Two Thousand Guineas has been a very 'queer' betting race; and there appears, even now, to be so much uncertainty relative to Buccaneer, that we should feel inclined to support the pretensions of the Wizard, who has wintered well, and looks like going the pace.

The hunting world has been undisturbed by any startling incident during the past month. The proposed Huntsmen's Club, to which we alluded in our last, has met with promises of support from many well-known followers of the sport, and we hope to see it shortly assume a prominent position, with a strong committee to carry out the project. A prospectus has been issued to all masters of fox-hounds announcing a show of hounds, which we believe will take place at the Grand Agricultural Show this year. Subscriptions have already been received from several influential hunting-men. Our next number will contain a review of the past hunting season, from the pen of 'Scrutator,' and will be embellished with a portrait of Mr. George Payne.

The lovers of the leash have had two most successful meetings to conclude the season at Waterloo and Ashdown; but we need make no special allusion to the sport in our present article, as our contributor, W. M., has dealt fully with both meetings.

The Cricket incidents of the past month are but few, and those of scant interest. At Lord's and The Oval unremitting attention has been, and continues to be paid to the grounds, both of which give promise, when the season arrives, of being in first-rate order; Mr. Dark has engaged, as ground men, Wells of Sussex, and T. Davis of Nottingham, both excellent and useful cricketers. The Marylebone Club list remains intact, though there is a very general desire expressed among metropolitan cricketers that a return match

between the Champions and another Eleven should be played on the old ground. The committee of the Surrey Club have since our last found it necessary to revise their list, and have struck off the roll the two matches between the Gentlemen of Surrey and Sussex, in order to play a return match between the Counties of Surrey and Nottingham, to be played at the latter city in July. This will give cricket a powerful impetus in Notts; and as the two counties have now each won four matches, the contests this year will excite more than ordinary interest. Reports from all parts of the country of matches in progress, and other items, herald the pleasing fact that the popularity of the noble old game has materially increased, and that the cricket season of 1860 will (weather permitting) be one of unparalleled brilliancy. Since our last the Two Elevens have arranged for the playing of several important matches: and, in the course of the season, pitch their stumps at Lincoln, Sheffield (both Elevens play here), Broughton, Reigate, Walsall, Westbromwich, Monmouthshire, Southgate, Plymouth, Barnsley, Kelso, and Tunbridge Wells. The Twelve Champions have been cleverly grouped by a New York photographic artist, several of the Twelve being very faithfully portrayed; but the production is not equal to that taken at Liverpool prior to the cricketers' departure for America. 'A Bowler' has written a letter to 'The Life,' decrying the practice of bowling over the wicket, as unfair to batsmen, in consequence of the umpire's person then being directly behind the bowler's delivery arm, and thus interfering with the batter's sight of the ball; the frequent consequence being, that, not seeing the ball, he gets bowled out when he ought not to be. The bowler's remedy for this is, that all bowling over the wicket should be declared illegal, or, that the umpire should wear a light or white overcoat. The other incidents of the past month are of no general interest. On the 1st of May will be published that Cricketers' Vade Mecum, the 13th edition of 'Lillywhite's Guide to Cricketers,' which, in addition to the usual interesting matter, will this year contain a plain interpretation of certain of the laws of cricket. On the same day will also be published the long-announced volume of 'The English Cricketers' Trip to the States and Canada,' and which will commence with a portrait of Lockyer as wicket keeper, and finish up with finding Lockyer in a difficulty (?). That is a rich idea, too.

But little has actually been done in the yachting and rowing world up to this present period of writing beyond completing preparations for the forthcoming campaign, which promises to be a most successful one. Harry Clasper, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has just finished a symmetrical outrigger of 32 feet long, and 12 inches wide, for Mr. A. A. Casamajor, the courteous amateur champion of the Thames. The London Rowing Club opened their season on Saturday, the 24th, and have evidently got their harness on for the summer. We are glad to see a movement is on foot to erect a monument over the grave of poor Robert Coombes at Brompton Cemetery. Harry Kelly, who recently succumbed to Chambers from Tyneside, is snugly ensconced at his new domicile, the Eight Bells, Putney—so many years known as Avis's. Nothing yet is definitively settled as to the proposed international sculling between England and America—with Robert Chambers and Ward as the rival candidates. The pending eight-oared struggle of Saturday next between the chosen crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge may be fairly said to be upon a par with former 'Eights;' and a glance at our accompanying list will show what a brilliant pick of the basket has been made. Subjoined are the weights:—

OXFORD.		st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.		st	lb
1.	J. N. Macqueen, University.	11	6	1.	S. Heathcote, Trinity	10	7
2.	G. Norsworthy, Magdalene	11	1	2.	H. J. Chaytor, Jesus	11	8
3.	T. Halsey, Christ Church	11	9	3.	D. Ingles, Trinity	11	4
4.	J. Young, Corpus	12	8	4.	J. S. Blake, Corpus	12	10
5.	G. Morrison, Balliol	12	10	5.	M. Coventry, Trin. Hall	12	12
6.	H. F. Baxter, Brasenose	11	7	6.	B. N. Cherry, Clare	12	5
7.	J. Strong, University	11	5	7.	A. H. Fairbairn, Trinity	11	12
8.	R. W. Risley, Exeter	11	9	8.	J. Hall, Magdalene	10	5
	A. J. Roberts, Ch. Ch. (cox)	9	9		J. Morland, Trinity (cox)	9	4

Last season, it will be recollected, the Cambridge crew met with an accident which destroyed all chance of success, and gave an easy victory to the Oxonian scullers of that day. They are pretty evenly balanced, as to merit, this year ; and a fine contest may be confidently anticipated. The Oxford crew took up their quarters at Mr. J. Kirby's, White Lion Hotel, Putney Bridge, on Friday last ; and have been actively engaged in practice every day. The head-quarters of the Cambridge pullers were at that well-known rendezvous Mrs. Heath's, the Star and Garter, Putney ; but they did not put in an appearance before Wednesday. It was originally intended to row differently, but now, we think, there is a certainty of starting with the ebb, and getting away by ten o'clock in the morning, as we have before known it to be the case. Mr. Edward Searle will, as usual, be referee. The early start intended, will avoid all danger from the river craft ; and the various steamers chartered to accompany the match by Messrs. Searle, Logan, Salter (of the Feathers, Wandsworth, Citizen K), Wentzell, and Harvey, will be amply sufficient to secure good accommodation for the public. Our *lorquette* will be directed from the umpire's boat, upon which only a select few will be allowed ; and as the race has secured such universal attention in the aquatic world of the modern Babylon, we shall have a yarn to spin of it in our next issue.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

WHEN I closed my last month's account of the musical and dramatic doings in the metropolis, 'The Overland Route' had just been safely accomplished at the Haymarket Theatre, and 'Lurline' had achieved a marked success at the Royal English Opera. Since that period both works have enjoyed a run of prosperity such as seldom, in these days, benefits the treasuries of our respected friends the managers. Mr. Tom Taylor's amusing drama has filled the house nightly, and will doubtless continue to do so for some time to come : it is universally liked, and its inconsistencies, and the breadth of its humour, are thought but lightly of in juxtaposition with the many features of interest and the novel spirit in which it abounds. The accessories, too—independently of the acting—are first-rate, and have not failed to excite general attention. The fact was that Mr. Tom Taylor turned to a very good source for authentic information concerning the arrangement of the vessels belonging to the P. and O. Company, namely, Mr. Albert Smith ; and it is perhaps worthy of record that the scenes were actually arranged under the superintendence of one of the Company's officials. 'Lurline' has closed a prosperous season for Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison at Covent Garden Theatre : it was, in all respects, an admirable work and a great success, and its performance was altogether fully proportionate to its artistic merit. The composer's personal interest and comfort at the period of its first presentation were somewhat less-

ened by the fact of a wretched attack of rheumatism, which did not enable him to participate actively in the triumph achieved. All Mr. Wallace's friends and admirers were eager to acknowledge his success, for he is a universal favourite ; and I may not inaptly record here that he is an ardent devotee of the piscatory art, and every now and then journeys across the broad Atlantic in search of amusement and excitement of this description more vivid and interesting than can be found on the banks and in the waters of sunny English streams and rivulets. The management of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, have had, I imagine, a decidedly prosperous season—as much so, doubtless, as last year, when they are said to have divided six thousand pounds as profit after all expenses were paid. Later in the spring there is to be an immature operatic scheme attempted at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of a Doctor—I suppose a doctor of music—whose name I forget ; but the preliminaries mentioned by the public press do not afford any particular hope for the project or its realization. The truth is, that these flying attempts at large artistic undertakings are seldom good either for those concerned in them or for the object they are designed to carry out ; steadiness of purpose, administrative capacity, and large capital, are indispensable, now-a-days, in all matters connected with theatrical enterprise. The real dramatic novelties of the month have not been numerous or startling in their results : they have consisted chiefly in small efforts, sometimes well-directed and cleverly conceived, and at others bearing the impress of that want of ability on the part of authors, and recklessness of judgment on the part of managers, which are striking features in contemporaneous theatrical history. I shall take them in their natural order ; and if I dismiss some of them briefly it will only be that their merits are not worthy of being discussed in detail or of surviving the week during which they were introduced to the notice of a discerning public.

Mr. Watts Phillips's comedy of 'Paper Wings' was presented on Feb. 27, and was very favourably received by an audience fully capable of appreciating the ingenuity of conception and cleverness of writing which it abundantly contained. It provided an admirable character for Mr. A. Wigan, upon whom rested the moral weight of the piece. In the part of the baronet whom he impersonated was exhibited the power for ill of speculation carried to the extent of gambling. Seduced by a coterie of unprincipled men, the wealthy gentleman, the hero of Mr. Phillips's comedy, fell an easy victim, and only repented when ruin and remorse showed him the wrong he had committed. The mania for jobbing which is always rife in a commercial community was vigorously and truthfully demonstrated throughout the drama, which was excellently acted, effectively put upon the stage, and enthusiastically received.

At the moment at which I write a wretched farce, called 'A Frightful Accident,' written by a Mr. T. Higgin, and produced at the Strand Theatre on the evening of Monday, March 5, has nearly passed into oblivion. It was a wildly pantomimic production, and more resembled the general row before the shifting of a harlequinade scene than a vehicle for the display of fair and proper legitimate humour. How managers can accept such pieces, and how they can persuade actors to play in them, are mysteries which will never be solved and cannot be penetrated by dull intellects on this side the green baize. But it is not worth while to dwell on the farce ; *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* ; and it is nearly dead, and ought to have been dead long since, only that the day has passed when a good honest 'damn' purified the brain of a dramatic author, and afforded him convincing proof that the public had something like discrimination, and would not laugh at mere 'gag' devoid of common sense and practical

stage knowledge. On the same night Mr. F. Lawrence produced a farce at the St. James's Theatre entitled 'No. 49,' the fun of which was extracted from the subject of amateur performances, and which created a good deal of laughter, and was, on the whole, by no means an ill-deserved success. Miss Arden and Mr. Charles Young played the principal characters, and sustained the chief interest with unflagging spirit and determination. On the evening of March 6, Mr. A. Harris, the lessee of the Princess's Theatre, came out as a regular disciple of the histrionic art, playing a light comedy, Charles Mathews part, in a one-act vaudeville called 'Cruel to be Kind,' adapted from the French by Mr. Williams and himself. Mr. Harris is not at all a good actor, although he knows the stage thoroughly, and is evidently quite at home behind the foot-lights; but his voice is bad, his action is conventional and ungraceful, and he is not likely to increase the public estimation of his general ability or his own personal advancement by devoting his energies to a profession for which he has few if any qualifications. When will men learn that acting is an art that is not acquired by knack, but that calls for years of study, perseverance, and the possession of natural genius? Those unfitted for other occupations flee to this as a kind of *dernier ressort*; but the notion is a fallacy; though the prospect is often alluring; London engagements, large salaries, indulgent audiences, kindly managers, and encouraging plaudits make up a pleasant ideal; but a pound a week at Norwich or Exeter, plenty of study, lots of work night and day, generally short commons, and a great deal of disappointed ambition, ill-temper, and remorse, are mixed up a good deal one way and another with the reality.

March 7 was distinguished by an amateur performance at the Lyceum Theatre, given by the members of a club called 'The Savages,' in aid of a fund for the relief of the family of two of their literary friends deceased. The Savage Club is a *réunion* of men of letters formed at a hostelry in the Strand, where the subscribers indulge in a good deal of billiards, small-talk, tobacco, and stimulants, and, of course, in such intellectual conversation as may naturally be supposed to emanate from a company of gentlemen actively engaged in the most practical branches of modern authorship. Anyhow their good feeling and spirit of *camaraderie* was amply proved by their zealous exertions for the interests of this entertainment, the attendance at which was numerous and fashionable, including Her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and suite, and a number of literary and social celebrities—one of the latter class appearing prominently in the box facing that in which the Queen was seated. The comedy of 'The School for Scandal' was dismally played, and afforded plentiful evidence of the difficulties which intelligent men may find in realizing on the stage the notions they may have cleverly conceived in their domestic privacy. Mr. Frank Talfourd doubtless has a very excellent idea of what *Sir Peter Teazle* ought to be; Mr. William Brough and Mr. Robert Brough may understand the idiosyncracies of *Sir Oliver Surface* and *Sir Benjamin Backbite*; Mr. J. Crawford might hold forth eloquently, and Mr. Byron descant gracefully on the peculiarities of *Joseph* and of *Charles Surface*; but no one of them succeeded in carrying conviction to the minds of the spectators, and the point and zest of the comedy were lost, save where the energy of Miss Sedgwick, who was the *Lady Teazle*, came to the rescue for the benefit of the wearied audience. A burlesque of the story of 'The Forty Thieves,' by Messrs. Planché, Talfourd, Byron, Buckingham, Draper, Halliday, Lawrence, and the Brothers Brough, and a charming prologue written by Mr. Planché, and spoken by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, in shorts and unbecoming classical petticoats, were the other facts of the performances. There were many passages in the burlesque sparkling with

wit and fancy, and the actors who had been seen in the comedy were evidently more at home in the extravaganza; they indulged, unrestrained, in a variety of vagaries, and capered about in the most ludicrous fashion, greatly to their own satisfaction and to the amusement of their patrons. Mr. Byron was about the easiest actor of the company, but he has, we believe, been professionally engaged in the pursuit, and therefore evinced, as might reasonably be expected, greater *nonchalance* than his *confrères*. Mr. Albert Smith sang a song in the course of the burlesque, and imparted additional attraction to an entertainment which was regarded with considerable interest by a large portion of the public.

On the evening of March 8, Madame Celeste revived the old 'English Opera' drama of 'The Serjeant's Wife,' first produced by Mr. Arnold in 1827, a period when its representation was rendered remarkable by the talent of Miss Goward, Miss Kelly, old Bartley, Mr. Keeley, and O. Smith. Madame, on this occasion, played Miss Kelly's part of *Lisette*, and Mrs. Keeley sustained her original character; but the unctuous humour of Keeley was ill replaced by the hard acting of Mr. Rouse as *Robin*, while the abolition of the pretty music which formerly existed did away with a great deal of the beauty of the piece as it is remembered by old stagers. The success of this class of works was certainly, in their day, owing as much to the admirable manner of their performance as to any innate merit of which they are possessed. The same night disclosed Mr. F. Robson at the Olympic in a new part wonderfully well suited to him—that of *Uncle Zachary*, in a two-act drama of that name adapted from the French, 'Mon Oncle Baptiste,' by Mr. John Oxenford. It was not quite new to the English boards, for Mr. Webster had given years ago a version of it at the Haymarket Theatre, known as 'Peter and Paul,' and produced for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. W. Farren's ability in a part which Bouffé had made famous both in Paris and in London. But Mr. Robson's genius has imbued it with a new charm. The manner in which he depicts the simple, rude nature of the honest mechanic separated by circumstances from a brother superior to him in mental power, but from whom he has never been apart since boyhood—the portraiture of the unsophisticated and lowly man in the midst of the wealth of a splendid London mansion—the wonderful assumption of drunkenness, during which he ruins his brother only to restore him to safety and fortune when a sense of his ill-doings has reduced the innocent but mischievous agent to sobriety—are all imagined and executed in the highest school of art, and are specimens of an eccentric style of comedy, intermixed with passionate pathos, which cannot be paralleled on the stage at the present day, and the equal of which is not too readily found in the records of the past. Mr. F. Vining, Mr. G. Cooke, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Grace Herbert are admirable supports to their renowned *chef*, and act and dress with an amount of care, propriety, and precision that speaks well for their individual intelligence and for the discernment of the *régime* under which they flourish.

March 12 brought forth a neat little comedietta at the Strand Theatre by Miss M. E. Braddon, 'The Loves of Arcadia,' pastoral in tone and form, and full of the colouring which has been so industriously distributed over the palmy days of Versailles and Louis Quinze. A mild intrigue, scarcely worthy of being minutely described, brings before the audience a *dramatis persone* by no means strongly marked in character, yet sufficiently interesting to show to advantage the talent of the several artistes to whom their impersonation was intrusted. Thus Miss Swanborough looked exceedingly handsome, and acted with nice expression as *Mlle. de Lannay*, while Mr. Parselle did ample justice to the *Chevalier de Merrilac*, one of the stereo-

typed heroes of the period whom we are constantly encountering in novels and plays, English, foreign, and cosmopolitan. A piece of *diablerie* was brought out by Madame Celeste on the 20th of March, called 'The Abbé Vaudreuil,' adapted by a Colonel Addison from a French drama, but which had some time previously been produced by the clever Payne family as a pantomimic *divertissement*, entitled, 'One, Two, Three,' or under some other equally numerical appellation. The costumes, scenery, and dancing were agreeable and amusing, but there was nothing in the piece itself to arouse any very considerable attention. The incidents depicted are those which present themselves to the imagination of a young man during a dream; and the active duties of the hero, a certain abbé of the date of the fifteenth Louis, are sustained by Madame Celeste, who, in discharge of his professional duties, is gifted with supernatural powers, which all vanish with the sleep that *does* know waking, and which eventually proves the agonies of the hero to have been those of imagination only. The same author has adapted a farce from the French as '117, Arundel Street, Strand,' wherein he has endeavoured to transpose a little sketch of Parisian life to English soil, making a married bachelor—that is, a gentleman temporarily separated from his wife—promise marriage to a maid-servant, and afterwards compromise the business when his *cara sposa* suddenly returns to his lodgings, followed by a gentleman who is paying his attention, ignorant of the fact that she is fettered in the rosy bonds of Hymen. The acting by Mrs. Keeley of the part of the servant *Betsy Prim*, is the most notable feature in the farce, which was, however, perfectly successful, the other characters being ably sustained by Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Rouse, and Miss Kate Saville.

The admirers of the noble art of self-defence, the readers of 'Bell's Life,' the patrons of the P.R., and the personal friends of Tom Sayers and John Heenan, have been regaled at the Olympic with a farce called 'B. B.' wherein the mystic letters meant to signify Benicia Boy are displayed on the luggage of a certain *Mr. Benjamin Bobbin* (Mr. F. Robson), who is mistaken for the Transatlantic hero at a hostelry in the North where Heenan is expected. Those who know the peculiarities of the wonderful little manager of the Wych-street Theatre will readily imagine the fun and the mystification that are elicited from the misunderstanding which places a quiet and inoffensive gentleman in such a terribly prominent and unlooked-for situation. A moderate sprinkling of professional jokes creates a very great deal of laughter, and the farce, which is by Messrs. Williams and Burnand, has been a marked success. Of coming events casting their shadows before there is not much to be said at the present moment. Her Majesty's Theatre is shortly to be opened by Mr. E. T. Smith with a very excellent company, comprising all the old favourites of his corps, in addition to Alboni, Borghi-Mamo, and a host of famous danseuses; Phelps is engaged until Whitsuntide at the Princess's, and is to appear in 'The Man of the World,' which is to be followed by a new burlesque; and Astley's is to be reopened under the auspices of the veteran Batty, who has built a new stage and made many improvements in the general arrangements of the amphitheatre.

As a kind of postscript, I might add that the least said about Mr. Mark Lemon's farce, 'The Star of the Street,' produced at the Adelphi on the evening of Monday the 26th, the soonest mended. This phrase may be a vulgarity, but the work itself was so bad that it is better passed over in dignified silence than commented on in sober earnestness.

J. V. P.

BETTING ON THE DERBY, ETC.

THE betting on the TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS retains the character of a thorough stock-jobbing race, the changes since our last having entirely altered the prices of the favourites. Early in the past month, BUCCANEER again returned to favour, and rapidly rose from 6 to 1 to half that price, and now remains firm at 5 to 2, despite the reports that Lord Portsmouth's money is on PLUM-PUDDING. The WIZARD remains at the same figure as quoted in our last, but LUPELLUS is quite out of favour, owing to the fact of influenza being in the stable. KING OF DIAMONDS, TOM BOWLINE, and BROTHER TO RAINBOW are the only outsiders in demand, and Lord Glasgow's is reported 'a certain runner.'

As in the TWO THOUSAND, BUCCANEER stands at the head of the DERBY betting; but there appears to be a strong disposition again to support the AMERICAN colt, who has been backed in good quarters since his reappearance on the heath. MAINSTONE is quiet. THORMANBY does not go well in the market, and there is evidently a disposition to lay against him. The WIZARD is not in such good odour for this race, as for NEWMARKET. NUTBOURNE, although never quoted, would be supported for money at 15 to 1. Of the outsiders, UPPERHAND is somewhat out of favour, but HORROR and CRAMOND are looking up; and BROTHER TO RAINBOW is supported by his owner at 50 to 1, at which price RICHMOND is also in good demand.

There has, in reality, been nothing doing on the NEWMARKET HANDICAP or METROPOLITAN, but speculation on the CITY and SUBURBAN and the CHESTER CUP is conducted with greater spirit. For the EPSOM RACE, YOOICKS, HOMEWARD BOUND, and HETMAN, are in chief demand, the *ci-devant* favourite, CHERE AMIE, being somewhat out of favour. For the CHESTER CUP, John Scott's two, LONGRANGE and VIATKA, are first and second favourites, and (although quoted otherwise) we consider LONGRANGE the absolute favourite. ODO has been backed at 20 to 1 since his successful *début* at Northampton. TAME DEER remains firm, though quiet, at 20 to 1, but GASPARD is somewhat affected by the illness which pervades the stable. APOLLYON is firm at the quoted price. INDEPENDENCE, THE GREEK, FLITCH, and BLUE RUIN are all supported in good quarters. The following list of prices will afford an insight into the correct state of the odds at the time of writing.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

5 to 2 BUCCANEER (t.)
4 to 1 WIZARD (t.)
10 to 1 KING OF DIAMONDS (t. 12 to 1.)
15 to 1 LUPELLUS.
15 to 1 BROTHER TO RAINBOW (t.)
25 to 1 TOM BOWLINE (t.)
50 to 1 UMPIRE (off.)

DERBY.

8 to 1 BUCCANEER (t.)
9 to 1 UMPIRE (t.)
10 to 1 MAINSTONE (t.)
13 to 1 THORMANBY (t. and off.)
14 to 1 WIZARD.
15 to 1 NUTBOURNE (t. f.)
33 to 1 CRAMOND (t. 35 to 1).
35 to 1 HORROR (40 to 1 t. f.)
40 to 1 THUNDERBOLT (t.)
45 to 1 RICHMOND (50 to 1 t. f.)
50 to 1 BROTHER TO RAINBOW (t.)

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

100 to 8 YOOICKS (t.)
13 to 1 CHERE AMIE (off.)
100 to 7 HOMEWARD BOUND.
20 to 1 HETMAN (t.)
25 to 1 ARIADNE (t. and off.)
33 to 1 THE NUN.
33 to 1 FITZROLAND.

CHESTER CUP.

18 to 1 LONGRANGE (t. and off.)
20 to 1 VIATKA.
20 to 1 TAME DEER (t.)
20 to 1 GASPARD (off.)
20 to 1 ODO (t. and off.)
25 to 1 APOLLYON (t. and off.)
30 to 1 BLUE RUIN.
33 to 1 INDEPENDENCE (t.)
33 to 1 SATELLITE.
40 to 1 FLITCH (t.)

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

HIS Grace, Charles Henry Fitzroy Somerset, eighth Duke of Beaufort, succeeded to the title and estates on the decease of his noble father, which melancholy event took place at Badminton, on the 7th of November, 1853.

'Mutare vel timere sperno,' the motto of the noble house of Somerset, is most significantly characteristic of each succeeding generation. Not only have the patrimonial possessions and titles descended to his Grace, but with them those family heritages which add lustre to wealth and distinction—exalted and noble virtues—adorning the name with unbounded popularity, acknowledged in every quarter of the civilized world. With the most refined taste for the elegancies of fashion, the Dukes of Beaufort have ever been distinguished for their love and patronage of field sports, awarding to the chase, as is justly its due, the preference. The happy combinations of manly pursuits with the amenities of society render English noblemen the pride of their country, and the admiration of foreigners.

Stag-hounds were kept at Badminton from a very early date; and there are some spirited antique paintings in the mansion delineating events of interest in the chase, giving portraits of the family and other distinguished sportsmen of the day, also of hounds and horses in pursuit of the antlered monarch of the forest. About a century ago, during the minority of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, they were converted into fox-hounds, and the establishment has been kept up with princely liberality to the present day.

At the time the hounds came into the possession of his Grace they had attained very high degrees of perfection, under the care of William Long, who had been in the service of the duke's forefathers upwards of half a century; and Long continued to hunt the hounds till November, 1855, when his Grace undertook the field operations in person. Charles Long, who had occupied the situation of whipper-in many years, having met with a serious accident from a horse falling

on him over a stile, was deputed to perform the duties of kennel-huntsman.

In the spring of 1858, in consequence of Mr. Morrell resigning the Old Berkshire country, that gentleman huntsman, Thomas Clark, became disengaged; and from the talent he had evinced during the five years he hunted that justly celebrated pack, and prior engagements, his Grace selected him to take charge of the hunting establishment at Badminton. At the time the noble duke hunted his own hounds there was no lack of sport: his Grace's thorough knowledge of the 'noble science,' his perfect acquaintance with the country and the run of the foxes always served him when the hounds required assistance; but when it is remembered the numerous other pleasures and engagements constantly awaiting him, it is not surprising that he was desirous to place the horn in the hands of a competent professional.

With a splendid pack of hounds, bred with superlative care and judgment, it might have been supposed that nothing could be suggested to enhance their good qualities. The celebrity of Mr. Morrell's pack, however, presented an attraction, which, with his Grace's liberality and desire of improvement, was irresistible, and at the sale he became a purchaser. Four hundred guineas secured eight couples, including Harlequin and Honesty, to which had been awarded the prizes given by Mr. Morrell to the farmers who reared the most promising puppies of the year's entry. Twenty-five guineas were given for Skilful, and double that sum for Spangle, a matron of unquestionable repute, whose incomparable performances in the field have oftentimes elicited the admiration of sportsmen who delight in watching the sagacious workings of the fox-hound. Six couples and a half of them are still ornaments of the pack.

Among other celebrated hounds bred in the Badminton kennels there were two brothers, Rufus and Remus, deserving the highest encomiums, not only for their exquisite performances in the field, but also as the progenitors of a most superior family extensively patronized, too, in other fashionable establishments. They were descended from Earl Fitzwilliam's Hermit and Rarity, one of the *distinguif* ornaments in Mr. Grant's splendid painting of the Beaufort hunt. There is a daughter of Remus now in the kennels, bearing the name and all the amiabilities of her grandam. She has six couples of brothers, sisters, and other kindred, to join her in the inspiring chorus of which she is a *prima donna*.

The Duke of Beaufort found a most acceptable opportunity when Mr. Villebois undertook to form a new country in Norfolk. Foxes not having been preserved in those parts, the necessary preliminaries of cub-hunting could not have been satisfactorily performed; but his Grace kindly invited Mr. Villebois to send his hounds to Badminton for six weeks in the autumn of 1858, when they reduced the number of cubs four brace, and ran several to ground.

This is suggestive of another pleasing fact. In former days the Badminton hounds hunted the Heythrop country in Oxfordshire

conjointly with their home country, which it was conjectured could not afford foxes enough for three days a week. Such is the care bestowed on their preservation, and consequently the increase of their numbers, that the hounds now hunt four, often five, and sometimes six days in the week, and in one season sixty-four brace of foxes have been brought to hand. The Badminton country presents great variety. Around the park the soil is generally light, and the fields on the northern and western boundaries are mostly divided with stone walls; but the vale is intersected with hedges and ditches of divers sorts and dimensions, neither is it deficient of brooks. Verily, accomplished hunters are essential, and the duke's stables are most amply tenanted. Five-and-forty is the complement usually devoted to the hunting establishment, among which are many splendid, valuable, weight-carrying animals appropriated to his Grace's use. About five-and-twenty more are kept for the carriage service and other purposes.

Worcester Lodge, the northern entrance to the park, which is full three miles in length, is frequently the place appointed for the hounds to meet at, and the scenery on those occasions is enlivened by the gay assemblage. The view of the mansion at the extremity of the beautiful avenue of stately trees is strikingly impressive. The park contains a splendid herd of deer, and game is in profusion, as well as on other parts of the ducal property, both in the counties of Gloucester, Wilts, and Monmouth; but a murmur is never heard from the tenants of its superabundance. His Grace, though frequently enjoying the sport of shooting, and a good shot, makes it quite a secondary consideration to hunting. The herd of deer is the largest in the kingdom, amounting, in all, to two thousand head, whereof three hundred are red deer. The bleatings of the latter, at the accustomed period in the autumn, are fearfully impressive, sufficient to create alarm on timid minds whose route may happen to lie near their precincts on the verge of night.

The appearance of the pack at the covert-side must arouse sentiments of admiration even in phlegmatic souls: the whole establishment proclaims a refined taste combined with the judgment of a sportsman's eye. The costume of the duke and the members of the hunt is a blue coat with light buff facings; that of the huntsman, whippers-in, and second horsemen, green plush. His Grace frequently conveys his friends to the place of meeting behind his well-appointed train; and as the hospitalities of Badminton are notoriously attractive, the guests are always numerous, consequently the drag is generally booked full inside and out.

An appointment for the hounds to meet on Badminton lawn was during the lifetimes of the two late Dukes of Beaufort an event of not unfrequent occurrence; the visits of members of the royal family and foreign guests of distinction being usually selected for the occasion. Their meetings afford an exquisite opportunity of presenting a delightful tableau of England's venatic glory, and of portraying, in irresistible colouring, the ardour pervading all classes of her

Majesty's subjects in their attachment to the chase. For several years these exciting assemblages were discontinued, to be renewed, however, with the greatest *éclat* a short time since. The occasion of a recent visit of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, Lord and Lady Barrington, Counts Pahlen and Appony, and a long list of distinguished guests, afforded an excellent opportunity, and on the 8th of February the hounds were advertised to meet on the lawn. The assemblage was immense. As the time approached, carriages of various kinds, and horsemen innumerable were seen pouring in from all quarters. A substantial and delicate *déjeuner* was laid out for all who were disposed to partake of it; and judging from the crowd collected at the entrance door, not less than five hundred could have availed themselves of the Duke of Beaufort's hospitality. Carriages containing most of the fair creation residing within attainable distance were ranged two and three deep on the margin of the drive in front of the mansion; and shortly before the hour of noon the hounds appeared, consisting of eighteen couples selected from the mixed pack, with the graceful and accomplished Rarity conspicuous among them. The splendid brilliancy of their condition elicited the highest encomiums from the cognoscenti in kennel management, not a few of whom were strangers. Nearly every member of the Beaufort Hunt was present; and the neighbouring hunts sent representatives, all of whom were affably received by his Grace, who was seen mingling in the gay assemblage offering courtesies to every gentleman he knew. At twelve o'clock the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, the Duchess of Beaufort, and other visitors at Badminton, entered the carriages prepared to drive to those spots where the best views of the chase were to be obtained. The hounds then moved off to commence their duties, followed by an assemblage composed of Diana's chivalry and England's stalwart yeomanry in numbers computed at two thousand two hundred, all prepared to charge a fence, or on any other occasion a foe, if unhappily they ever might be required to do so. The clumps in the park were drawn first; and it was delightful to observe the good order prevailing throughout such an immense conclave of horsemen, each anxious for the distinction of a good start, the instant the unerring note of a hound or the thrilling 'view-halloa!' proclaimed a fox 'away;' yet every one cautious not to displease the duke by heading the foxes and interrupting the day's sport. The two young lords, Arthur and Edward Somerset, were among the company, mounted on their ponies.

All was silent till the hounds reached Swangrove, when their joyous notes proclaimed company 'at home,' and in a few minutes a who-hoop give notice that a fox was chopped. There were, nevertheless, two brace more, and the hound, settling to one of them, ran a ring round the park; but he was left to search for another whose usual eccentric resting-place was on the roof of a hayrick: on this occasion his exalted chamber was tenantless. The weather, which opened fair, became boisterous and windy, defiant to the instincts of

the hounds ; and a hunting run with a fox moved from a hedgerow near Oatlands terminated the sport of the day.

As a patron of manly sports, the exhilarating game of cricket is not forgotten ; and, at an appropriate season, a large and fashionable party is invited to Badminton to participate in the amusement, and afford to the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood opportunities of enjoying the enchanting scenery of the park, rendered still more delightful by the exciting and striking incidents of the play. On these occasions the graceful hospitalities of the mansion are proffered with a most liberal spirit.

When the Duke of Beaufort came to the title, he held a commission in the 7th Hussars, having exchanged into that regiment from the Life Guards ; but he soon after retired from active service to take the command of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. For this his thorough knowledge of military tactics, and kind but soldierlike bearing, contribute to render the Duke of Beaufort universally popular as a commanding officer.

Lawyers may draw deeds, and counsel with erudite skill settle and approve them, to define the conditions between landlords and tenants, but after that is done there is nothing so satisfactory and secure as unbounded confidence in the justice of noble-minded landlords, and a reciprocative feeling towards their tenants. One instance is sufficiently expressive of the high esteem in which the Duke of Beaufort is held in his position of landlord. On a farm of about five hundred acres, the tenant has expended a sum not less than ten thousand pounds in machinery and improvements, without a lease or any legal instrument to insure a return of his investment ; but the confidence reposed in his noble landlord is a far more reliable security than all the deeds the most learned of the legal profession could prepare.

Agriculture is a favourite pursuit with the duke, and at most of the leading exhibitions, splendid specimens of cattle and South-down sheep are sent, and compete successfully for prizes and distinctions.

It is not the covert-side alone that is graced by the presence of the duke's four-in-hand. The fashionable race-courses, especially that of Bath, would be considered deficient of their wonted attractions, lacking the tuneful jingling of the bars to awaken happy reminiscences of the road, the only emblems of which can now be seen in the patrician drag ; the model which in olden days afforded examples from which the road became so highly famed.

The turf in its turn receives its share of support ; and innumerable are the applications to his Grace to accept the office of Steward, and he has been elected a member of the Jockey Club. The noble duke's patronage of Bath races has contributed to bring that truly agreeable meeting to the high repute in which it now stands. He has kindly officiated as one of the Stewards during the last three years ; and the worthy votaries of King Bladud earnestly hope that his Grace will condescend to preside over their turf affairs in perpetuity.

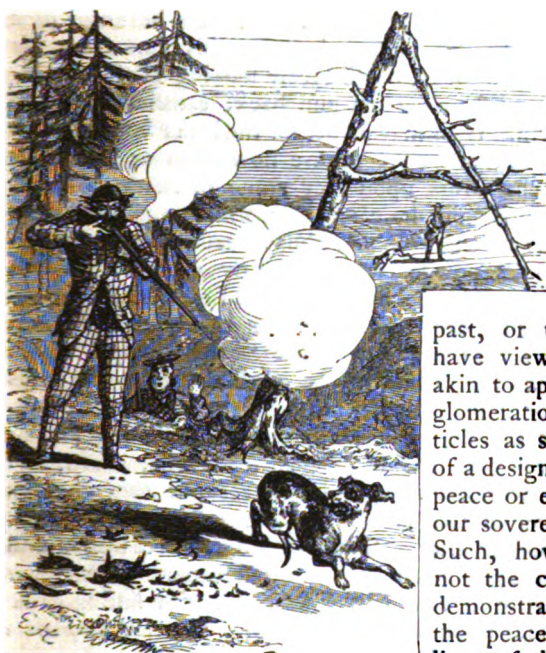
The Duke of Beaufort's first appearance as an owner of race-horses was at Bath in 1855, with Furioso, a purchase from the Hampton Court stud, intrusted to the training skill of John Day, jun. This horse's running for the first two engagements was unsuccessful, but he afterwards won a stake at Stockbridge. The following year, Furioso won a stake at Newmarket, and an addition was made of Vigil, a two-year old filly, half-sister to Cruiser; also a colt by Weatherbit, and a filly by Nutwith, neither of which by their performances were calculated to increase his Grace's enthusiasm for training. It is not the amount of money that horses may win for a nobleman of wealth that is a subject of importance, but the gratification of winning a race is a feeling incidental to all stations of life. In 1857, Lass of Richmond Hill, Schoolboy, Vigil, and Gin, another purchase from the Hampton Court stud, were intrusted with the colours—a blue jacket, with white hoop, under which the latter-named horse won the Biennial Stakes at Bath, and the July Stakes at Newmarket. Vigil also won the Rous Stakes at Epsom. Elk and Peter Flat, new purchases, came to the post in 1858. The former received in a match at Newmarket, and the latter won a stake at Brighton. Gin ran a dead heat with Pandora, and had the best of Pavilion in a match. Blue Ruin, a two-year old, brother to Gin, purchased out of the same stud, won two races at Stamford, also a match at Newmarket in 1859, and is a candidate for next year's Derby, but it is understood that his Grace has disposed of him.

The match for 1,000 guineas made by the Duke of Beaufort, who has undertaken to produce five couples of hounds to run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket during the next Houghton Meeting, against three horses to be named by the Earl of Winchilsea, has created the greatest interest, its novelty adding vastly to the excitement. Ambitious light weights may sometimes over-ride hounds in chase, and exultingly imagine that the horses are certain to win: on the other hand, heavy weights composed of more sober sentiments, come to an opposite conclusion; but when riding to hounds across the country an opportunity seldom occurs whereby any reliable criterion can be formed. Many little incidents may transpire in the match calculated to baffle the hounds, and much discrimination will be called into action to secure them from interruption and the vicissitudes of fate. The event is looked forward to with intense curiosity, and opinions are very nearly balanced as to the result. Great will be the cheering should the hounds prove successful, and great indeed will be the exultation should his Grace the Duke of Beaufort on some future day be hailed the winner of the Derby.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

A DAY ON THE HILLS.



FEW days after the occurrences we have related there was a mustering of arms, and a gathering of clansmen around the hospitable lodge of Dunstuffin. Fortunately, the days of raids and reivings are

past, or the spectator might have viewed with sentiments akin to apprehension this conglomeration of offensive particles as something suggestive of a design intended against the peace or even the authority of our sovereign lady the Queen. Such, however, happily was not the case. It was but a demonstration against not only the peace but the limbs and lives of that sovereign of the

north, the Grouse—who if he be not exactly the sovereign *de facto*, is the means of introducing a great many sovereigns to the north. And Sandie and Mac, and Ronald and Donald, instead of harrying the Borders or driving the stirks of an objectionable neighbour, were biding, not their time, but their master's, preparatory to fulfilling the more peaceable duties of beating and marking.

And one by one those masters saunter out of the lodge to look at the morning, as is the custom pending breakfast. The laird pops out with a short fussy glance at the mountain-peaks, which have hardly yet taken off their nightcaps, with a view to ascertain what sort of a day it will be. The dominie peeps out over his shoulder. He has run over early, for he wouldn't miss a field day of this sort for a trifle—not he. And the bairns are already, like Dundee, 'awa to the woods, to the hills, to the rocks,' or haply to the crystal brooks with hazel twig and worm to tempt the minnows, loaches, or diminutive troutlets that inhabit them; or are dispersed in other directions at various games or occupations. 'Twas 'joost a holiday;'

and upon the principle that 'all work and no play makes Jock a dull boy,' the dominie, not desiring that anything like dulness should afflict either Jock or any of the rest of his scholars, and extending the same Christian charity to himself, relaxed the reins of discipline upon every convenient occasion. It was not improbable that teaching was a 'drouthie' occupation requiring an occasional interregnum.

Anon the major saunters out, and, with the air of a veteran connoisseur, he glances round at the atmosphere, extracts his short pipe from his waistcoat pocket: this lighted, he takes his gun from his chosen attendant, tries the locks, meditatively looking at the mountain-tops meanwhile, and handing the gun back, satisfied with the sharp music it gives forth. Well may he be, for the locks wouldn't soil writing-paper. Many an old cock grouse now crowing in all his pride of plumage, as he struts upon grey stone or heathery knoll, might shudder with horror did he catch that sound, and know the deadly eye that usually couched behind those beautiful bits of mechanism; for the major's powder was eminently straight. It was a treat to see the quiet way in which he conducted matters; to mark the style in which the gun came up as soon as the birds were well upon the wing *and not before*; the quick 'bang—bang' which saluted the two victims who came to the earth about 30 odd yards off as dead as stones or Julius Cæsar. No hurry or flurry; no blowing to pieces and picking up by instalments; no searching for an hour after winged birds with the major: all was short, sharp, and decisive—clean and workmanlike. He never put two charges into one barrel, or poured the shot in on the unwadded powder. You never saw him bolting after a runner with one barrel loaded and on full cock, and the shot pouring out of the other. He never deafened you and destroyed your nerves for the day by letting drive right over your shoulder at an unexpected shot. He never spoilt a keeper's hat, not to mention his head, nor cut up the ground within a yard of your legs, and then declare that 'there was plenty of room.' He never blazed into the brown of anything whatsoever. He never chanced shots at 50 or 60 yards, and bragged if he happened to kill a bird, saying nothing if one or two went away to die and feed the stoats. He took no secret delight in wiping your eye, and always shot at his own bird, for he'd as soon have shot across as have shot into a powder magazine. He never declared that 35 yards was 70, as an excuse for missing, or *κωδός* for killing; nor holloed, bellowed, and swore like a maniac at Ponto or Don when over-eager upon birds; nor did the thousand and one things that muffs do. But *if* Ponto or Don didn't look to whistle and hand it wasn't good for them; and perhaps they didn't get Cayenne—that's all. He never shirked the hill-side, or waited by the gate or the spring while you went round through the beans or just up that stiff bit of brae-side, where 'you were sure to find birds,' not he; he shot like—like—well—like G——n or Lord H——d, and he walked like Old Time, as if he was going on for ever. And neither bog nor briar,

rock nor scaur, game, dog, nor man—gun, powder, nor shot ever received unhandsome or unskilful treatment at the major's hand, under any circumstances whatsoever.

But who is this coming out? who is the punchy little man in tartan and loose trews? That is the worthy brother of the worthy host, and Ethel Cameron's papa. He has come for a day or two's sport. His nethers are inclosed in loose tartan trousers, and his plaid is a gay one.

Ethel's papa was a stout little man, and was button-holing Mr. Yahoo, who was listening to him with the greatest respect and attention; not as a man or an interesting companion, but strictly as a papa. Our hero had formed a very agreeable opinion of Ethel Cameron during the last few days. Not of course that she was anything but a very pleasant acquaintance in this out-of-the-way country place, but being so, it was natural that her estimable parent should be worthy of some little cultivation.

Mr. Cameron was relating some incident as they came out, and he continued: 'Odds mon, but it was joost a maircy that nane o' the wimmen folk were aboot; an' I gie ye me word, that when they twa sot doon, I was althegether bumbaized, for there was naethin' at a—not sae much as thot' (holding up his thumb) 'betwaxt their bare skeens an' the boards o' the chair they sot on. Hey, Lord! but it was clane ondacent. They were twa wild Heelanders, fresh caught. An' its a fac, thot the wins o' heaven joost gang'd wharso—ever they listed wi'm, wi'out let or hindrance.' But Miss Cameron here made her appearance, and Mr. Yahoo was, to his great annoyance, dragged away out of earshot to hear the remainder of the interesting anecdote which was apropos of two Highlanders in kilts, a fashion not favoured by the narrator.

At length the arrangements were made up; the major, Mr. Yahoo, and Mr. Cameron being favoured with guns. The laird would not take a gun, as the party would then be too large for one party, and could not well be divided into two; and the laird knew that his excellent brother would soon knock up and be glad to give up his gun to any one who chose to relieve him of it, when he could take as much of the day as he wanted or cared for.

Miss Cameron was on her mountain pony, and rode with the shooters in high spirits. She no longer looked upon Mr. Yahoo as a strange animal to be studied; for although he had not entirely relinquished his drawl and swellish style, such was the force of companionship that he was fast dropping it. And Miss Cameron chatted as freely and gaily with him as with any of the rest of the party.

And now the dominie marshalled his forces, and, followed by the attendant gillies, our sportsmen, mounted on small rough ponies, slowly wended their way to the scene of their forthcoming and delightful labours, over roads that increased in ruggedness until they resembled far more the beds of watercourses (which, indeed, they became in heavy rains), than roads intended for either two-legged or four-legged animals. At length they turned round a huge granite block,

and entered upon a little amphitheatre amongst the rocks ; and here they dismounted, and the markers having already stepped off to the points they were to occupy by sundry short cuts, the line of march was formed, and Miss Cameron keeping in the rear, they started. Mr. Cameron was decidedly dangerous ; the gaping muzzles of his barrels were constantly staring you full in the face ; and if the inquiring eye ventured to glance along them, it got a distinct sight of two bright copper caps, and it became painfully evident that you were looking down the muzzle of a gun upon full cock. Not a nice reflection at any time. Accordingly, Mr. Cameron was put upon *the far left*, where there was nothing (barring unreasonable probabilities) but gillies or dogs for him to shoot. Mr. Yahoo was a little distrait, being fresh to heather, and the major argued him not quite so safe as he might have been, so he was appointed covering-man to Mr. Cameron ; while the major himself, with the proper circumspection of an old hand, covered them both and walked to the far right, the laird walking on his left, a judicious arrangement, carefully calculated for the prevention of, or at least the reduction of accidents.

As the ground at starting was not the best, it was thought expedient to give Mr. Yahoo's dogs the first turn, keeping two brace of the major's and the laird's in abeyance for the better part of the beat ; and the anxious Bang and Dido, who had been straining for some time in the couples under the hands of Spiggles, until their bloodshot eyes were almost starting from their heads, were forthwith enlarged. Dido at once went off at score, and Bang ran playfully after her like an overgrown kitten, lolloping over her as though a game of romps was the whole and sole object of the day, and game was an algebraic x, y, z to him. The major and the laird looked at one another, and the major coughed.

'Better take *him* up, I think.' But there was no need for this, for finding the stems of the old heather uncomfortably cutting, and a holly bush he had ventured too near inconveniently sharp, and stumbling over a rock at the same moment, and getting a crack on the nose from a rugged bit of granite which lay in the way, Bang uttered a short yelp, and looking behind him now and then as if 'some one' had kicked him, he came trotting sulkily back to his master's heels ; nor could any amount of persuasion on Mr. Yahoo's part induce him to venture forth again. Having tried pattings, and 'poor fellows,' and 'good old doggies then' in vain, his master suddenly became incensed, and fetching the invaluable Bang ('Broke to the moors and 'all, and ony give up in consequence of, etcetera,' as Spiggles remarked) an awful kick on the ribs from his heavy boot, which rolled the unhappy brute down a knoll howling, with a scarcely disguised execration Mr. Yahoo marched after his friends, who were now drawing up to Dido, who having ranged respectably for some minutes was pointing staunchly. From this time out Bang came not near his master, but followed the party at a respectful distance, making after them with his tail between his legs—a supplementary nuisance ; and as they rose one hill or knoll and looked back, there

was to be discerned Mr. Bang on the top of the one behind, fixed and staring after them, with his fore legs planted widely apart, his ears pricked, and his hind quarters drooping. Whenever a gun went off he started, ran away a few yards, stopped, looked amazed, and then sneaked on again. When they stopped, he stopped, but as soon as they sunk the brow, down went his ears and head, and he trotted sulkily and slowly after the gunners, a good hundred yards in their rear, well out of harm's way.

But Dido was pointing. All was anxiety, and they were walking up to the point.

'Now, me boy, let us see ye astonish the beauties,' said the major in an under tone, as they approached. Our hero felt very nervous, but when about 80 or 90 yards from the dog, up got an old corbie who had been feasting on a dead sheep, and had been keeping one eye on the dog meantime. Bang went Mr. Cameron's gun. *He* always fired at something; and round and round capered Dido, gazing up into the air, as if anxious to see what became of the corbie. With a caution to Mr. Cameron to be a little careful from the laird, and a 'have a care' to Dido, they once more continued. Presently Dido came up again as stiff as a crutch. They walked up, and as they approached the dog, all was once more expectation. Guns were brought to the 'make ready' point. The hearts of the shooters beat; nearer they come, but nothing gets up. They approach the dog. Still nothing. 'What can it be? something running—hill partridge perhaps,' said the laird. The major frowned slightly. Dido champed and chewed her jaw, and then began to draw—'no doubt about it, they were running now.' Draw, draw, up the brow! Draw, aw, over the brow! Draw, aw, cautiously, cautiously! Down the brow, and into the valley below! a good quarter of a mile.

'Pish!' said the major. Suddenly Dido, thinking that they had had enough of this kind of minuet de la cour, broke off and scampered round about as if there never had been anything the matter, and commenced beating the next brae.

'Dear me!' said Mr. Yahoo.

'Ha, hum!' quoth the laird, significantly.

'It's varra extrordinar whar they can have got to,' said Mr. Cameron.

'Isn't that a very odd dog of yours, Mr. Yahoo?' asked Miss Ethel. Pleasant for Mr. Yahoo!

'Go and bring up Sancho and Nell,' said the major to his attendant. 'But stay, the *brute* points again.' This time an old cock grouse got up with prodigious to-do, and fell like a stone to the major's right barrel. Scarce had the bird touched the heather again when Dido—in whose education the point 'down charge' had been left till the last—was into him muzzle deep; and before any one could get up, the feathers were flying, the bird's bowels squeezed out, torn ravenously away, and devoured by the 'splendid hanimal and 'igh ranger,' (according to Spiggles).

Mr. Yahoo was running up with loud and angry threats.

'Stop a bit, me dear sir,' said the major, throwing his gun to the shoulder and letting Dido have the contents at about 50 yards.

'Yow—yow—ow—ow—o-o-o-o,' went the devourer at score, tearing madly away up the mountain. The villain Bang heard the yell and took to flight too, until he had placed two hills instead of one between himself and his foes.

'Thankye, major,' said Mr. Yahoo. 'I didn't think of it, I'm sure, or I'd have done it myself.'

'Couldn't help it, me dear boy; and I'm glad ye're not offended.

'But where did ye get them bastes?'

'Offended! oh, no; I'm only sorry I've so spoiled sport.'

'Not at all; don't mind it. There's no harm done whatever.

'But where ye could have picked up such a brace of blackguards, be me soul I can't think now!'

Dido and Bang later in the afternoon got together and joined issue. They worried a sheep and killed two or three lambs, for which they were summarily convicted and executed, Mr. Yahoo paying the farmer for the destroyed muttons, and being minus his dogs (which was a good loss) but plus a useful bit of dear experience.

'And now, Sancho and Nell, away with ye, me beauties!' and off went the willing dogs in something like business style.

A day's shooting does not admit of much variety in telling. It is made up of misses and kills chiefly, and one is pretty much like another. Mr. Yahoo was not a *good* shot, and had never shot on heather before; but he was moderately respectable at partridges and pheasants, and thus managed to bowl over his bird now and then.

Mr. Cameron was a caution to gillies, and it was undoubtedly a good thing that he had been placed wide on the left flank. He indulged rather, like Mr. Winkle, in a variety of fancy shooting, and he shut his eyes and fired off his gun every time anything rose with the utmost regularity, adding a good deal to the noise, as somebody says, if he did not increase the bag.

The sun had gained power for some time, and the day might be said to be considerably sultry.

'Ouf, sirs, but it's warm, and I'm nigh fainting for the want of a drink;' and Mr. Cameron pulled up and wrung the perspiration from his brow. 'Have ye aught in yer flask, major?'

'Cold tea,' said the major, handing the flask.

'Odds, my life, mon! but it's bad aneuch het.'

'I've some sherry and water in mine,' quoth Mr. Yahoo.

The worthy ex-merchant made a face. 'I'd gie somethin' for a gude draucht o' Edinbro' aile.'

'And be more thirsty than ever in five minutes,' said the laird.

'See here; fill that from the spring,' he continued to his attendant, handing the cup of his flask; then spilling a portion of the water when it came back, he added about a tablespoonful of whisky. 'There,' handing it to his brother, 'that's the strongest tippie permitted until lunch-time.'

Mr. Cameron put the liquid out of sight, and really proclaimed himself refreshed. 'No but I'm willing to own it's weak,' he added as they stepped off afresh.

The shooting was resumed. The dogs worked well; Mr. Yahoo began to get into it; and after about another half-hour's tramp he succeeded in killing a double right and left, the major doing likewise. 'Bravo! bravo, Mr. Yahoo! we'll make something of you yet,' said the laird.

'Ouf, poof! I'm nigh done. I'll never get over it. D'ye ca' this pleasure?' and the ex-merchant stopped for breath in the midst of a sharp little bit of rough work. 'Moy certies, the hardest day's 'porterin' wark I ever did's a fule to 't. Ouf! and thay dom flies are 'ane o' the plagues o' Egypt too, and, Lord's sake, they'll be takin' me for Pharaoh, I'm thinkin',' and the good man slapped his gills, down which the perspiration streamed, for the purpose of immolating sundry midges which were amusing themselves there.

'We haven't much further to go,' said his brother. 'Only just 'over yon spur round by the large stone, and we shall find lunch 'waiting us; and I've ordered your pony to be taken round there, for 'I thought you'd have had enough of it by that time.'

'Hey now, Charlie, that's thoughtful o' ye: but ye were aye given 'that way. Here, tak the gun, for it's bracking my bock, and ye'll be 'anxious for a shoot;' and relieved of his gun he sat down upon a stone and mopped his face.

Miss Cameron rode up to him, and made him mount her pony with very little persuasion, and walking beside him, by a short straight cut over the hill, they reached the indicated spot, the laird, the major, and Mr. Yahoo continuing the sport.

The day was getting undeniably sultry and the flies undesirably troublesome, and our hero, all unaccustomed to such continued and severe exertion, began to think that half an hour's rest after so much scrambling, stumbling, and bog-trotting, with just a sandwich, a cool glass of sherry and water, and a meditative cigar, would be no bad thing. The major and the laird walked as if it was only just starting-time, however, and therefore he pulled foot bravely not to be outdone.

'Look to Sancho,' quoth the laird, edging down towards our friend. Sancho was standing like a statue in some bog myrtle bushes. 'Prr'r!' and up got a splendid old blackcock, glittering in the sun, only to fall doubled-up clean to Mr. Yahoo's left barrel at an honest forty yards, his right having just given the *coup de grâce* to a huge mountain hare.

'Not a bad shot by any means, me boy,' said the major, with a satisfied air, 'and now to luncheon;' and handing his gun to his attendant as they passed through two high rocks which formed a sort of gateway into a little hollow on the mountain-side apparently, they turned short round, and there, upon a small patch of green herbage by a bubbling spring, they found a plain but tempting luncheon spread out for them under the fair auspices of Miss Cameron, and the

judicious superintendence of the more experienced eye (in such matters) of her good papa.

It was a charming little dell they had chosen for their halting-place. At a short distance on the left rose precipitously a lofty mountain, broken at its base into corries and crags, the lower of which were surmounted with dark pine-trees. Before them the glen narrowed into a mere mountain path, which wound upwards and round the spur of the mountain; and behind them the rocks and stones were broken up into masses, among which grew the holly, rowan, and silver birch, now shining in all their glory and luxuriance. To the right all was space and blue sky, until, in the far, far distance, dim and vapoury, mountain peak rose over mountain peak in grand apparent confusion; for immediately on their right lay a tremendous precipice, which shot a thousand feet sheer down into a small, deep, black-looking loch that lay at the foot of an impenetrable gorge among the mountains. Just here the rock overhung the loch from the top, and a stone dropped from the edge seemed an age reaching the water. It made the head giddy, and the senses swim, to gaze down into that unfathomable depth; and the laird's father had wisely had a stout, well-secured rail placed along the brink to prevent accidents. This rail was carried on some distance further, guarding the narrow path that ran round the mountain in their front: a terrible accident which occurred upon that very path many years previously had caused this precaution. It was regularly renewed at intervals. Far, far down below them, so far as to be almost indistinct, wheeled and screamed numerous birds of prey, who built their nests secure from all interference in the crannies and holes that faced the precipice. The bubbling spring, which we have previously mentioned, fell over the rock at this point in a tiny thread, but lost itself in mist long ere it reached the lake. Some distance further along, the foot of the precipice took an outward sweep, about half way down, so that the top did not overhang the lake at that point, and from one or two of the crags shot gnarled and twisted stumps of trees. Mr. Yahoo was looking over the chasm here when the laird, pointing to one of the lower crags, asked:

‘Do you notice on that lowest crag something white, that almost glitters in the sunlight?’

‘I can see something that looks like a small white patch, about the size of my hand. Yes, stay; now I have it, on the third—no, the fourth crag from that withered stick.’

‘That withered stick, as you term it, is a blazed fir-tree, at least sixty or seventy feet in length, and the white patch, the skeletons of a mule and man.’

‘Good heavens!’ ejaculated Mr. Yahoo, with a thrill of horror, ‘and how long have they lain there?’

‘The eagles polished them some thirty years ago.’

‘And—why do they? that is, why are they allowed to remain there?’

‘Allowed to remain!’ said the laird with a half smile. ‘Look

‘round and tell me how you would set about extricating them, and whether you would like to make the attempt. No, no,’ he added, ‘there they lie, and there they will lie, bleached by the elements on the crags of Loch Dhu until the crack of doom.’

Mr. Yahoo drew back from the fearful precipice shuddering. ‘How did it occur?’ he asked.

‘Ethel will tell you the story by-and-by : it is rather a long one— but come, lunch is all ready, and my good brother and the major are visibly impatient to begin.’

CHAPTER VI.

LUNCH.

MR. YAHOO had bestowed himself in a very comfortable position amongst the large stones, his resting-place being rendered easy to him by an armful or two of dried fern and heather. The edibles were discussed leisurely, and a subdued chat upon the circumstances of the day took place. A gentle wind that swept round the mountain at intervals stirred the warm air, breaking the midday hum of the insects, and fanning with its refreshing breath each glowing cheek that turned lovingly to it, courting its presence.

‘Now, Archy, fetch us some of those bottles out of the cellar,’ said the major; and in obedience to his command the major’s favourite gillie scrambled on a rock behind him, and casting aside a mass of dried fern and heather, and rolling one or two large stones away, a narrow hole was disclosed, which looked dark and of some depth; and crawling head first into it Archy became lost to view for some minutes. Presently he came backing out again with some bottles, upon which sundry flakes of snow and ice melted as they were brought into the sunlight; and, ‘corpo di Baccho!’ as Mr. Yahoo ecstatically exclaimed, the prize was a couple of bottles of hock and half a dozen of soda all iced, or rather snowed to perfection. This little cave or crevice had been found by accident: it was a natural hole enlarged by art, running some yards into the hill and ending in a deepish pit. This the laird always had filled with snow and ice ere the winter’s drift had quite disappeared from the mountains, and it usually lasted well enough to cool the summer drinks brought there for the refreshment of his guests. How delicious it was, on such a day after such a scramble as they had gone through, the burnt-up grouse shooter alone can imagine.

‘Guide us, but that’s fine!’ said Mr. Cameron, placing the empty goblet on the heather, and wiping away the tingling carbonic acid bubbles that fairly hissed upon his glowing proboscis.

‘Miss Cameron, may I have the pleasure?’ asked Mr. Yahoo for the third time, to give himself an excuse for slaking his well-baked clay.

‘Major, here’s t’ye!’ said the laird, imbibing gratefully; while

even the delicate Ethel owned herself thirsty and not insensible to the charms of the innocent and grateful beverage.

‘Ah! here comes the dominie,’ said the major, drawing a long breath, ‘and now we shall hear what his corps of markers have done for us. Now then, dominie, what’s the report?’

‘Deed, then, there’s been reports aneuch for one while; an’ I’ll ‘e’en mak’ a report as to yon tankard primarily, while the other stands over. “*Quis non te potius Bacche pater?*”’ And he took a little sip of a pint or so, and then fell to the lunch like a man. Being at length satisfied, and the tankard being empty, he made his report. ‘So many birds had gone here and so many there, and that one which Mr. Yahoo missed was in such a place,’ and so forth; all of which was very satisfactory, and was carefully taken note of by the major with a view to the homeward track.

When hunger and thirst were appeased, the gentlemen indulged in a soothing weed and a chat on the events of the morning, in the course of which, pointing to the downward slope of the mountain, the craggy peaks and dark fir-trees, with the gorge beyond, the laird remarked, that ‘it reminded him very much of a glen he remembered amongst the Hartz Mountains.’

‘You have hunted in the Hartz?’ said our hero, interrogatively.

‘Ay, indeed, both boar and stag, but boar chiefly.’

‘And is it as good sport as deer-stalking here in the Highlands?’

‘No, for in deer-stalking a man very much depends on himself and his powers for outwitting his ever-wily antagonist. It is man’s cunning and skill against natural instinct and powers of the keenest and most sensitive kind, and so much the more intense is the interest and the triumph according to the pains required and the fatigue endured in securing it; whereas, the mere driving of a grunting boar by a crowd of peasants, while you lie in wait to shoot him as he passes, with a retainer with a spare gun, and all that kind of thing, is but tame work at best, requiring no very great amount of bodily exertion, and only a certain amount of patience in lying in wait, which is often, indeed, exercised in vain, as you may wait all day and never even see a boar, and one or two may be killed by the luckier sportsman some half mile from you.’

‘But is there not danger to heighten the enjoyment? Doesn’t the boar turn upon his foes at times?’

‘Well, not a great deal as hunts are conducted now; and the poor dogs are mostly the only foes that close with him while he is dangerous. Spearing, I grant you is rather more exciting work, but it isn’t to be named with a successful stalk.’

‘But haven’t you ever known a person wounded or even killed by a boar?’ pursued Mr. Yahoo, eager for information.

‘Oh! doubtless such things do happen,’ answered the laird, though very seldom; but I did once witness such an occurrence. The fellow was a woodman: he was drunk: the boar was at bay in a thicket, and we could not get at him. He was evidently slaughtering the dogs tremendously. The woodman seized a spear, and, in spite of

‘our efforts to dissuade him, he entered the thicket alone. He had hardly disappeared when we heard a scream, and in a second the boar charged out at the further side, and when we got into the thicket we found the man dead in a large pool of blood. His thigh was ripped up and the great femoral artery severed.’

In answer to a question as to which was the worst to deal with, the laird said, ‘A two or three year old boar is the worst, as the tusks then stand out more. An old boar’s tusks frequently turn up and almost meet over the nose. I remember an absurd incident owing to this, which fortunately *was* absurd. At —, a tall, lean pedagogue, who was desirous of seeing ‘the chasse,’ joined us one day. He certainly was an extraordinary figure in his long black coat and gaiters, with a kind of shovel-hat, and large black-rimmed spectacles. He had a gun, too, as long as himself, slung behind him like a carbine. He had stationed himself at the top of an eminence, when the boar, a huge old fellow, broke suddenly from some thick underwood, and charged slap at the pedagogue. Whether he did not see the boar, or was paralyzed by fear or no, I never could learn, but he did not make the slightest effort to move. The beast took right between his legs, carrying him off them of course on to his shoulders. The boar lost his footing through the concussion, and pedagogue and boar rolled over one another down the hill. Now you saw a black mass upwards, that was the long pedagogue; now the boar appeared in view, until at length reaching the bottom, the boar got on his legs, and made off grunting; and in a few minutes, to our delight and surprise—for we thought he was nothing but ribbons—we saw the pedagogue crawl up on his hands and knees. Beyond a few bruises, the smashing of his poking-iron, and the loss of one of the skirts of his coat and his spectacles, he was unhurt. Had the boar been a two or three year old boar, he would certainly not have escaped with life. Talking of adventures in the Hartz, however,’ continued the laird, ‘I remember a singular and strange story I heard there, which I will relate to you. When I was up there, there was a very wild fellow, one Hans something, his other name I forget, who was one of the Government watchers. He was a desperate fellow, and I remember his bringing down two poachers with a right and left. Poachers there are not made of the same materials as they are here, and human life is not held in the same estimation; poachers and keepers knocking one another over at times as if they were mere game. Hans was walking along one of the forest paths one evening, when he heard the click of a gun-lock behind him. He turned suddenly, and saw a fellow taking a deliberate aim at him. Quick as lightning, his gun was at his shoulder, and ere the poacher could pull the trigger, he bounded into the air with a ball through his brain. At this another fellow, also armed with a gun, leaped out of the bushes, and received Hans’ second barrel, which was charged heavily with buck-shot, in the lower part of the belly. I saw the two fellows brought into the village on stretchers: they were notorious poachers. The one who was shot first had singularly enough formerly shot Hans’ grandfather.

‘He was an awful ruffian by all accounts, and had several old wounds and bullet scars on various parts of his body. But the extraordinary story about this fellow Hans was this: he was moved from the district he was then in, up into the wilder part of the Hartz Mountains with his father. It was several miles from the next ranger’s billet, and not a house or village within a considerable distance. It must have been a dreary life, particularly when the long awful winter set in; and the cold, too, at that time is intense there. However, Hans and his father lived on from year to year, trapping and shooting foxes and wolves during the winter, which they attracted to their hut by baits. When spring came round, they disposed of the skins, which were profitable articles.

‘Well, one bitter winter night, the old man died. And the next morning when Hans went to him, he found him not only dead and cold, but frozen hard and stiff as a fathom of pine-tree; mind, I tell the tale to you as it was told to me. Hans didn’t know what to do with the corpse. He couldn’t bury it, for it was impossible to dig a hole big enough to bury a rat in the hard frozen soil, and the wolves and foxes would only have scratched it up again and devoured it. He took a hammer and tapped the corpse all over; found it perfectly hard and frozen in every part: so he lifted it up, and stood it up in a corner as one would a gun or a stick out of harm’s way, and there it remained for a month or two, the only spectator of Hans’ solitary meal, his only company during the weary winter nights.

‘At length it chanced that the baits Hans used for drawing the wolves and foxes became exhausted, and for some days his occupation was gone. A week passed over, and he grew sick of doing nothing, and with nothing to contemplate but those sunken, glassy, frozen eyes. One day an idea struck him. He walked up to the corner where the old man stood all frozen and horrible, and after considering it for some minutes he took the corpse on his shoulder, carried it out of doors, and laid it down in the spot where he usually deposited his baits. Ere long the wild animals came howling about it, anticipating a glorious meal; but as soon as they approached near enough to commence smelling at the corpse, bang, bang, went Hans’s barrels amongst them, leaving some dead, and dispersing the others. And this was continued until sunset, when having made an unusually large bag, he went out and brought his father in doors; stood him up in his corner until the morrow, when the same thing was repeated; and so on from day to day, until in about three or four weeks the frost broke up, when Hans immediately dug a hole, and buried the body: and so well had he protected it when utilizing it as I have shown, that the clothes were as entire as when the old man died, and the corpse hadn’t lost so much as a joint of a finger, while Hans had turned his father to such good account, that his yearly stock of skins was much larger than usual.’

‘Be gorra,’ said the major, in broad Irish, ‘that’s the quarest post obit on record. I remember at the siege of Ramcoodrah knockin’ over a Sikh with an artilleryman’s leg; and Colonel Collooney, too,

'used his own leg as a wipon at times, more be token 'twas cork. (Mind, I tell ye that story, Mr. Yahoo.) But for utilizing one's own flesh and blood, this bangs Bannagher entirely.'

'What a horrid story, uncle!' said Miss Cameron, with a slight shudder, when the major had finished speaking. 'Do you really believe that it ever took place?'

'Well, Queen Mab, I know not. It is bizarre enough to be no invention, and "there are stranger things in this world than are dreamt of in our philosophy," that's certain. But come, we have to make up the bag, and to pick up a cripple or two, so we will leave you and Davie to look over the packing up; after which you can meet us at Craig's foot by the short cut, and we'll march home together. What is the tally, dominie?'

The dominie was smoothing the birds out, and arranging them so as they might be most conveniently carried.

'Twenty-three brace of geese, and four o' black game, besides plovers, curleys, and hares,' answered the dominie, parting them out.

'Not so bad, all things considered; we must make up the thirty brace on the homeward track. Eh, Mr. Yahoo?'

'Try to,' answered that gentleman; 'glad it doesn't depend on me, though.'

'I'm no sayin' that I hae na seen better shots,' said the dominie; 'and I'm no sayin' that I hae na seen waur; but the chiel 'll do wi' practice, and they lang legs of his are na sae bad at gettin' ower the heather for a first appeal: and my conscience, major, gin he ony gets practice wi' them, ye'll hae mickle ado to haud yere ain wi'm.'

Turning on their tracks, they now left the scene of the luncheon, and took a higher range of the glens they had shot, getting further up the mountain slopes; and here they picked up a good many stray birds, and dropped amongst a few which had not yet been disturbed; and for half an hour or so they had some very pretty sport, the grouse lying well and being strong on the wing.

'What bird is that?' asked Mr. Yahoo, as a large bird was seen wheeling upwards towards an inaccessible mountain crag.

'That is the king of birds—the eagle,' answered the laird; 'we have one or two left in our neighbourhood still, for I will not allow them to be shot, trapped, or in any way interfered with. On the most part of the Highlands, however, cupidity, ignorance, or wanton mischief destroys both bird and eggs, wherever they are met with, and the noble bird is becoming, consequently, very scarce.'

'But don't they destroy a good deal of game?' asked Mr. Yahoo.

'Pick up a mountain hare now and then, and of what other use are the brutes but to feed the eagles? or they strike a weakly or sickly grouse, which is as well and better off the moor than left on, to breed a sickly offspring; and occasionally, perhaps, they take toll of something better; but Heaven knows there is room for all of us, and I hold not with the wholesale destruction and absolute clearing-off of such of Heaven's creatures as your keeper is pleased to denominate

‘vermin. That they should be kept in bounds I am willing to allow ; but that they should be *exterminated* is clean flying in the face of Providence, to my thinking, who sent them for some wise purpose, to fulfil some station in creation, and that for our benefit too, no doubt of it. Possibly they may be the scavengers of the moors, and more than probable is it that the absence of scavengers may account for the presence of disease. It is so with human life, why not with brute life ?’

‘What was the story of Colonel Collooney’s leg, which you hinted at just now ?’ asked Mr. Yahoo of the major, as they walked along.

‘Twas just a trifle. The colonel had lost his leg, and had a cork shank in place of it. He lived near a small country town, and was the big man of the neighbourhood ; and every one paid great respect to him, for he was a mortal peppery old blade, and he used to stump about the town on market days as big as you please. Immense idea of the etiquette due to a gentleman had the colonel. One evening after market-day he went into the Red Lion, the principal inn, and wanted to write a letter ; so they showed him into the commercial room, there being no fire in any other : and down sat the colonel, without more ado, and began writing his letter. Presently in comes one Dobbs, a commercial man in the tobacco line. Dobbs wanted a candle, and seeing two on the table the colonel was writing at, and not knowing the colonel, he steps up to the table, takes one of the candles without by your leave or with your leave, supposing the colonel to be a commercial man, and walks off with it ; for one candle for one man is always the rule in commercial rooms, I understand. But the colonel didn’t know anything of commercial rules, and looked upon it as a deliberate insult. He gasped for breath, turned pale, then purple—jumped up, seized the other candlestick, and hobbled after Dobbs, cursing and swearing awfully. Dobbs was going quietly enough up stairs, unconscious of offence, with the candle in his hand, when swish went the other candlestick close past his ear. No joke of a missile, for it was one of those heavy embossed affairs. He turned round ; there was the colonel shaking his fist at him. “Ye d—d impertinent scoundrel ! Ye infernal puppy !”

“What’s the matter ?” gasped Dobbs.

“Matter ! I’ll matter ye,” said the colonel ; and sitting down on the bottom stair, he began unscrewing his leg, for there wasn’t anything else handy.

“Why, what have I done ? Is the gentleman mad ?” he asked, as the waiters came running up.

“Mad ! ye cursed impudent counter-jumper ;” and having got the leg off, he steadied himself against the banisters, and took another pot at Dobbs with it, who couldn’t for the life of him think what he was going to do with it. Bang went the leg just by Dobbs’s other ear, right amongst a heap of glass and crockery on the landing. The smash was awful. Dobbs was frightened out of

‘ his life, and bolted up stairs without waiting for anything further, cut along the landing, down the back stairs, and out the back way, right through the streets and the market-place, and never stopped till he got into the bar of the White Hart, with the candlestick in his hand.

‘ “ Save me ! save ! ” said the terrified Dobbs.

‘ “ What’s the matter ! ” they all asked.

‘ “ There’s a madman at the Lion, a raving madman, pulling off his legs, and throwing them at me. For Heaven’s sake, shut the door ! ” It took three glasses of strong brandy and water to set him right, but he never went into the Red Lion again. Indeed, he gave up going to the town altogether after that.’

With such chat and occasional shot to a point, they beguiled the way, for they were now working homeward, and had made up their bag ; and having had enough shooting for the day, they did not care to bag simply for the purpose of seeing *how many brace they could kill*. They shot as sportsmen ought to shoot, for pleasure and not for mere destruction, as is too much the case in the present day, thanks to the introduction of the confounded battue, which is the ruin of all sportsmanship as regards shooting. What does the battue lead to ? What is its sole end or aim ? Is it sport ? No, certainly not ; for game enough, often quite as tame as the cocks and hens they have been reared with and under, is slaughtered in one day to give excellent sport for twenty. As well might you wring their necks in a back yard, and shoot at a mark, as call it sport ; and the whole aim, the entire glorification, is a false paragraph in a country paper, the said paragraph often doubling the actual quantity killed, owing to a certain reduplicated aberration of vision, the result of the subsequent strong ale and gin and water upon Mr. Foxkill, the head keeper’s, brains, when he counts them over at night ; an aberration which of course has to be equalled or excelled, if possible, by Mr. Bagman or Mr. Buckwheat, of the next estate, when *his* governor has a battue. Talk about fishermen’s weights and fishermen’s yarns ! your gunner can lie quite as hard ‘ in his vocation, Hal.’

By the time they all reached Dunstuffin they were, like good sportsmen and true, ready for dinner, and, good faith ! it was ready for them. We will not stop to recount all the good things which good companionship struck out. Mr. Cameron was an eminent joker over the dinner table, always coming in at a pause with some never-failing story. Added to this, he was gifted with that rich, oily laugh, the round full haw ! haw ! haw ! that can come alone from a well-stocked stomach and an ill-stocked head, which, nevertheless, is very conducive to fun and jocularly ; and so the ball was kept up unceasingly, Miss Cameron doing her little share to the wit without coarseness and mirth without vulgarity which marked the hour. Anon, as the gloaming fell, the gentlemen got out in the balmy evening under the verandah for a weed, while Ethel treated them to a song or two. Then Mr. Yahoo helped a little, and the major helped a little, and Mr. Cameron, incited thereto by the melody, helped a little too,

throwing in a bass note now and then by way of mellowing any chord that took his fancy, which was very effective, and would have been pleasing perhaps, if by any possibility he could have planted his notes in the right place. Unfortunately this a little disconcerted the singers; it so resembled the breaking in of a heavy snore in the midst of the most touching part when you are reading Hamlet, or Romeo and Juliet, or one of your own poems to a select circle; and somehow the music gradually died out before it. It couldn't stand it. It was useless for the major to say, as he did once or twice to Mr. Cameron, 'Modulate, Davie, modulate;' he couldn't, or wouldn't, and didn't modulate. He would be silent and abashed for a few minutes, but as sure as they came to the piano part of the glee, such as the 'rose-bud' bit, and so on, in 'Mynheer Van Dunck,' Mr. Cameron's gobble-wobbling sol-fa made itself harshly audible, throwing the performers (who thought they were rather doing it without him) clean out of their calculations, and 'playing the very devil with 'it,' as the major testily remarked in an under tone. Three separate times did that 'rose-bud' try to 'sip,' and each time did Mr. Cameron, enraptured with his own discord, dash the crystal nectarean drops from its thirsty petals, and poor 'Mynheer Van Dunck' finished his brandy and water the very reverse of 'gaily,' and the 'rolling Zuyder Zee' betrayed symptoms of stormy weather rather unusual to it. After this there was a little punch among the elders, with political and county discussion, and Mr. Yahoo and Miss Ethel were rather left to their own devices, which was not very unpleasant, to one of them at least.

'To sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude: 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,'—

and so on declaimed Mr. Yahoo, down to—

'This is to be alone—this, this is solitude'—

giving the last line in a broken, sepulchral voice, with a shake of the head at every 'This,' after the fashion of the repentant villain in the melodramas, when 'mem'ry asserts 'er power—and my poor old fa-bather die-y-d in these harms; but this—this is hagony, &c.'

'And don't you remember,' continued our subdued hero, 'that lovely passage, Miss Cameron, where the bard'—and turning from the unconscious mountains towards his companion, he found that his little bit of Byron (learnt carefully a day or two before in case of emergency) had been quite thrown away; for Miss Cameron was

engaged in the very unromantic occupation of mixing another tumbler of punch for her papa. So he secretly cursed his Pegasus for having made a false start, and pulling him up pretty sharply, he dismounted, and joined the gentlemen.

Ethel Cameron wasn't that kind of fruit that 'falls without shaking.'

THE BATTLE OF FARNBOROUGH.

TUESDAY, the seventeenth of April, was a great day for England and England's eldest daughter, as Colonial Ministers love to style America in their after-dinner speeches at the Mansion House. It was not that a commercial treaty had been signed, or an alliance offensive and defensive concluded between these two countries, but simply the fact of their special representatives, Sayers and Heenan, meeting to contest the championship of the world in fistic science. Such an event, as might be expected, in the United States inflamed the populace to an extent which only a Barnum could portray, while here it took precedence of the New Reform Bill, and rendered Sayers a more important personage than Mr. Bright. On every dead wall his name, as well as that of his opponent, had been placarded. Special correspondents had been employed to sketch their careers and Boswell their conversations. Photographers had been down on their knees to them for their portraits, and chief constables and magistrates had constantly used them as advertisements of their own activity and efficiency. Such a state of things indicated a healthy system at a period when athletic exercises are recommended from the pulpit, and enforced by the Cabinet. Henceforth, therefore, the battle of Farnborough will take its place in our calendar beside those of Waterloo and Trafalgar, although Professor Creasy is not able to include it in his 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.' As a fight for the Championship is not an ordinary affair, but a most momentous event in the sporting world, we will endeavour to portray some of its features, although 'Bell's Life' has almost exhausted every incident, and the Gibbon of the Ring, Mr. Dowling, never appeared to greater advantage than in his graphic compilation of the occurrence. As if the occasion itself was not of sufficient gravity, the incidents connected with it—the difficulty of finding a Company with unprejudiced views for a train—a proprietor with similar sentiments for a locale—the night procession of Hansoms for London Bridge—the impenetrable silence of the railway guards, whom not even the choicest Lopez or Diana King could bribe into a hint of our destination—and, lastly, the strange groups that filled the carriages, in costumes that would have defied a Field or Whicher—all tended to heighten the excitement, and impress it on the memory of those who partook of it. Prior to the start, some little amusement was created in our carriage by one seat being especially reserved for Mr. Bright, who, it

was asserted, had secured it. Whether this fact was true, we are not in a position to state, but from the love of combativeness which characterizes the honourable Member for Birmingham, such a circumstance is by no means improbable. However, for the consolation of his constituents, we may state he was not one of our *compagnons du voyage*. After some couple of hours' travelling on a line as twisting as a steeple-chase course, and which perplexed very much one-half of the travellers, Aldershot came in sight, and old ring-goers, as well as those acquainted with the topography of the camp, at once smelt the battle-field, as the vulture sniffs the carrion, which was destined to become so famous in story. The train, pulling up within a hundred yards of the station of Farnborough, was at once disgorged of its living freight, who, following the leaders with the ropes and stakes, found themselves, in five minutes, in a small field, bounded on one side by the river Blackwater, and situated in one of those spots especially adapted for exhibitions of this kind, from one portion being in one county and another in a second. To construct the arena was a simple task in the hands of those to whom it was intrusted. And while the ring tickets, which professed but nevertheless failed in protecting the holders of them from being crushed, were being distributed, the Champion was seen slowly making his way. He was attired in a large black and green plaid suit, just such a pattern, indeed, that a lion of his repute would be supposed to select from his schneider, and a fur cap completed his costume. His countenance, however, was thoughtful, and he lounged rather than walked into the ring, with the air of a man going into the drawing-room of a club after dinner, to see if 'there was anything in the third edition.' Scarcely had he been there a minute before turning round he first encountered the Benician, who had on a grey great-coat and a fur cap of almost similar character to his own, and of a shape usually supplied to arctic voyagers, if we are to judge by the engravings in Captain McClintock's book. What the impression of Sayers was when he took his inventory, we are unable to say; but to judge from his physiognomy, we don't think he would have broken his heart if the 'Asia' had met with the fate of the 'President' in her voyage across the Atlantic. Certain it is, he seemed to think he had his work cut out, and that he had not to play in a light comedy, but in a momentous drama, full of striking incidents and stirring situations. His friends and second soon revived him, and stripping himself slowly, like a man going to be flogged, the necessary finishing touches of his trainer and second, in the shape of manipulating his legs and arms, were given, and he walked with a smile to the scratch to meet The Boy, who had already peeled himself, and with a greatcoat over his shoulders was waiting to receive him. It was then we had the first opportunity of scrutinizing the pair, and probably never before, at least in modern days, was the physical frame of two men so discussed.

The Boy had been described, by a popular sporting writer, as being like a Russian nobleman who had been somewhat unexpectedly

ordered to spend a few winters in Siberia by his Czar. In this he was wrong; but the fault, no doubt, rested with the photographer, not with him. Now, we think if we affirm he is a combination of Johnny Osborne and Sir William Don, having the face and smile of the one, added to the height of the other, we shall be able to give our readers some idea of him. His arms are of immense length, his skin as white as marble, and the muscles of his back and shoulders as much developed as we see in the statuary of the Royal Academy. Sayers, on the contrary, was as dark as a gipsy, and if he had had only one more dip he would have been a negro. He had been trained as fit as a Derby horse of John Scott's, but still it was impossible for him to disguise his being an old'un. At this time the scene was one of intense interest, for on this small field, around this pair of heroes, was gathered a crowd representing every class of English society. There you might behold the heir to a dukedom in the garb of a boatswain's mate; and if the effeminate kid-gloved school of dandies objected to his presence, we could tell them that when the frightful accident took place on board the 'Great Eastern,' he nursed the sufferers with the tenderness of a Nightingale. By his side also were those who had lived through the deadly charge of the Six Hundred, and had been exposed to the murderous fire of the Russians at Alma and Inkermann; travellers, also, who had seen mankind from China to Peru, and poets, over whose verses impassioned maidens spend their anxious hours.

The Lower House of Parliament had its nominees, and the corps diplomatique did not go unrepresented. The Universities contributed their quota, Newmarket her trainers, Manchester her manufacturers, and Portsmouth her naval officers. A racing dispute could have been settled by a member of the Jockey Club, a religious one by a divine; and any controversy on the contract system or the Dover election would have had a fierce debater. Several influential directors of the organs of public opinion assisted also with their presence; but not since the period of the three days in July in Paris had the reporters such difficulties in writing down their notes. Then they were the subject of the utmost astonishment to foreigners. How much more so would they have been now! For the ring-keepers had evidently not that respect which Sheridan entertained for the fourth estate, and flourished their rhinoceros-hide whips over their heads and shoulders in a manner that must have somewhat unnerved them for the discharge of their duties.

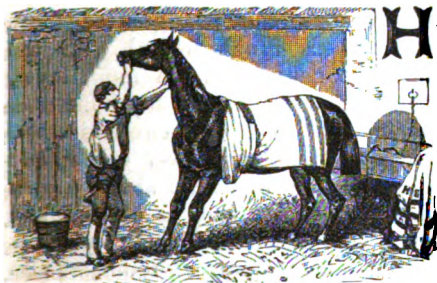
The official account of the contest having appeared already, we are spared even making an attempt in the peculiar line of that learned critic, who is so thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of in-and-out fighting, as well as with all the styles in vogue both in ancient and modern times. But it was apparent to every one, that while Heenan had physical advantages over his opponent, the latter was the more scientific fighter. Heenan's blows, which in force resembled a Nasmyth's hammer, sounded like the dead discharge of a cannon-

shot, while Sayers' rang with the whistle of a rifle-ball. It was owing to this that the Benician's punishment appeared so much more severe than the Champion's, who, being deprived of the use of his right arm early, fought only with his left, and is entitled to more praise for being able to do so much execution on his rival. The first tactics of the Champion was, by blinding the American, to reduce him, as it were, to his own level, and in this he succeeded as far as one eye was concerned ; but the Boy was quite as aware of the circumstance as himself, and, to frustrate this design, kept knocking him down so frequently as to weaken him materially, and to render the issue of the fight alone dependent upon the question of whether he could preserve his vision. Still, however, every now and then Tom got in upon him, and left a mark which, from its streams of blood, made the Benician's face resemble very strongly that of a clown in a pantomime. But he preserved the utmost good humour, and, like our countryman, came up smiling ; but had his face at that time been photographed and sent to his parents, unless accompanied by the strongest affidavits of the local authorities, they would never have believed in its identity. In the mean time the shouting of the Americans, answered by counter-cheering from the Sayers' division, the appearance of the men, the vast interests involved in the issue, which was fast approaching termination, rendered the excitement as great as a dead heat for the Derby. Finding he could not finish Tom early enough, and that the latter was getting nearer and nearer the coveted eye, the American adopted the hugging system, and getting our Champion round the neck, held him in the ropes so long, in the hope of getting him down, that a cry arose he was strangling him. In an instant the ropes and stakes were pulled up, and Tom's friends rushed to the rescue of their pet, driving the referee from his place, and bringing about an indescribable scene of confusion, in the midst of which, with that care for our own safety which we hope will always distinguish ourselves, we followed the example of the arbitrator, as a recruit would that of an old soldier. The aspect of circumstances then became such, that the referee had no alternative but to declare hostilities should cease for the time, and the battle of Farnborough ended by each side withdrawing their forces. What the issue would have been it is not for us to state. Heenan has proved himself as dangerous as a gladiator, as Umpire as a race-horse, and America may well be proud of each. In commendation of the bravery of our own Champion too much cannot be said ; and his stolid courage in coming up round after round, when felled to the earth, reminded one of a child's gutta-percha toy, and must have made a strong impression on the minds of the foreigners present. Both are brave men, both deserve a trophy, and will doubtless receive one ; but the inflamed state of the public mind, and the irritability which the conclusion of the contest must have wrought in them, render it desirable they should not meet again, but be contented with the exhibition they have given to the world of their bravery and science. The real contest between the countries they represent

was almost a drawn one, therefore there is no disgrace in this one terminating in the same way.

One word more, and we have done. Complaints have been made of the publicity given to the battle by the Press, some of whose organs never yet recognized prize-fighting as an institution. By their doing so now, they have advertised far and wide the courage of our countryman; and any potentate who might dream of invasion as being possible, would hesitate before he attacked a country which can boast of such heroes in the lower class of life as Sayers. And while brigades of volunteers, under all sorts of designations, are got up, one out of compliment to the hero of Farnborough has yet to be established. A Sayers' brigade would soon become a great hit, and the fashion of the day; and, were all the members of the same stamina as the Champion, we need lay out no more money in martello towers, naval defences, or iron-cased ships.

THE PAST FOX-HUNTING SEASON.



HAD I to select one from the many hunting seasons I have known, *sic impar sibi* so variable as to be consistent only in its mutability, that one would be the season just now brought to a close. From the fox-hunter's opening month of November, until the end of March, the elements appear to have been in continual

warfare; frost, snow, wind, and rain contending for the supremacy. A day almost as mild as May has been succeeded by frost so intense as to stop hunting in one night; and this, again, has given way, within eight-and-forty hours, to torrents of rain, snow, or sleet, with winds more violent than the equinoctial gales. The old-fashioned winter weather, with the month or six weeks of frost commencing about Christmas-day, seems to have passed away never to return; and the climate of Great Britain, although ever variable, has of late years assumed a still more variable character, since, in place of monthly, we have now daily changes so great and sudden, that the greatcoat required for Monday morning is often found one too many for Tuesday afternoon. Some attribute the humidity of the atmosphere to the immense and continual volumes of steam perpetually ascending from the large number of engines on the numerous railways by which the whole country is now intersected; and there appears to be a good foundation for this opinion when one considers the amazing quantity of vapour and smoke emitted from the mouths of these travelling volcanoes. Humidity however, alone, is rather favourable to, than subversive of scent, particularly in some districts; and I

think it was in the season of '52 and '53, when torrents of rain fell almost daily, that every pack of hounds had extraordinary sport; but then the temperature of the atmosphere was unusually mild also. This season has proved in its general feature the reverse, the wind blowing from north and east; and by all accounts I have received from various hunting countries, the season of '59—'60 is described as the worst ever remembered. Still there is an old saying 'that it is an ill wind, which blows nobody any good,' and those foxes which have escaped unscathed 'the battle and the breeze' of this winter, will be all the better and stouter for the next; and to afford good runs, a well-seasoned fox is as necessary as a well-trained hunter.

Twice in two succeeding months have the Pytcheley been stopped by a one-night's frost from meeting at Braunston Gorse; and their last appearance there on the 24th of March was greeted by rude Boreas with almost a hurricane of wind, and storms of sleet and rain which threatened annihilation to sport. For the day, there was rather a large muster of horsemen, numbering about 130, with a fair sprinkling of scarlet coats; and true to his appointment, Charles Payne made his appearance at a quarter before eleven (looking none the worse for his rough usage) with the lady pack, in just the perfection of condition; and a more level, clever-looking lot of bitches I think it would puzzle any huntsman to exhibit at the covert-side, averaging about twenty-two and a half inches in height, with great length of frame and power combined: and although they had travelled on foot somewhere about fifteen miles to the place of meeting, they looked as lively as kittens, and ripe for mischief. Before the play commenced, I had an opportunity of closely inspecting the ladies—not in the green-room, but on the green-sward—and a little chat with their huntsman, who agreed with me in my opinion of the past season, that it was the roughest he ever remembered.

I know no man of the present time possessing in so high a degree the attributes of a first-class huntsman as Charles Payne. He looks what he is, and *is* what he looks to be, a superior sportsman, with a handsome though determined countenance, betokening rather the inclination to command than to obey; and yet there are few more civil and obliging, except when his civility would be perhaps thrown away. Charles Payne has a very different card to play with such a field as usually greet the Pytcheley fox-hounds; and were it not for his firmness of character, sport would be out of the question. He is most unmistakably there the right man in the right place; and he has done great things for the country, irrespective of the sport he has shown, in breeding for them as fine a pack of fox-hounds as any kennel can produce, and this within the short space of eleven years.

Whilst Payne was moving his hounds to and fro, to prevent them catching cold, the ague, or rheumatics on the above-named blustering morning, I observed an elderly gentleman on foot, who was

evidently an old sportsman, and anxious to obtain a nearer view of the hounds, sadly puzzled to get out of the crowd of horsemen by whom, when looking at the hounds, he had become imperceptibly surrounded. He first made an attempt at the gateway, from which he was barred by the fear of being trodden under foot by the throng thereby passing. He then retraced his steps, under the hedge, keeping close to its shelter, until a huge bonassus-looking fellow walked his horse straight at him, thus forcing him out again into the open field. He then cut across into the turnpike road, thinking himself secure on the raised footpath by its side—no such thing: another man on horseback tried to trample him down even there. ‘Bless my soul,’ he exclaimed to a labourer in a smock-frock, ‘where can I be safe from these men?’

‘Nowhere, sir,’ replied the other, ‘on the ground; some of these half farmers, half gentlefolk, would much rather ride at a man than at a fence. You ain’t safe nowhere, except up in a tree, or on the top of a gate: they won’t ride at ye there, I’ll warrant.’

Away bundles the elderly gentleman clear of the horsemen at last, down to what he considered a safe place behind the hedge of a small spinney, one field from the Gorse, where he hoped to see the hounds draw the covert, and himself be free from molestation. Here he was snugly ensconced, enjoying the scene, when a man galloped down to him, shouting out, ‘Holloa, you sir! get away from that corner, you’ll head the fox.’

‘Mind your own business,’ cried the elderly gentleman, now getting rather testy; ‘I know more about fox-hunting a deuced deal than you do, or I should know little enough.’

In a few minutes the fox broke in view of the elderly gentleman, and away went also the body of these fire-eaters, across the same field. ‘Now then,’ he exclaimed, ‘we shall see if these fellows will charge a fence as readily as they seemed disposed to charge a man. Ha! ha! ha!’ he again shouted, as they all swept by him like a flock of wild geese playing at follow-my-leader, ‘if there is one, there are one hundred and twenty of these fine fellows riding for that open gate, and not a soul of them taking a line of his own!’

A scream from his namesake George, sent Charley going with his right foot foremost, the sweet chorus of the ladies ringing also in his ears; when, out of revenge for being so unceremoniously hustled at first starting, he selected the only piece of fallows thereabouts over which to try the noses of his pursuers. The *ruse* succeeded—the ladies could not hold the line across the ploughed land, and swung round to the left, into an adjoining grass field, the fox having taken the contrary direction: thus the crafty one had time to make his point for Badby Wood, where he soon stirred up another to take on the running; but his wily friend by going off at once, without waiting for a warrant of ejection, made his escape also, from failure of scent to overtake him.

A gallant old fox was then unkenelled in Dodford Holt, which

led them over the finest part of their country, nearly all grass-land, thirteen miles straight from point to point, and sixteen as traversed by the hounds, when, turning back over the ploughed land, his life was saved by one of those terrific hailstorms which had been so prevalent during the day. This run lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes; and, with a successful issue, would have been the run of the season, which by Payne's account has been a very unfavourable one for scent, particularly on the arable, where it has almost invariably failed. Scent or no scent, however, he had contrived to scalp thirty-nine brace of foxes by the end of March, and had run to ground fifteen brace more.

On the Thursday following, with weather as mild as May, the North Warwickshire ran their fox from Bencker's Hill, near Dunchurch, into the same country, crossing the canal near Braunston, up to which point, where they came to a check for a few minutes, the pace had been sufficient to make the field very select; the country passed over being also very stiff in the fencing department, and that ridge-and-furrow system, so prevalent in this district, being the reverse of agreeable to an anxious rider on a half-blown horse.

'Egad, Henry!' exclaimed Tom Dashwood, as they were crossing a field resembling little hills and valleys, 'I wish to heavens you would introduce a Bill this session making it imperative on every landlord to drain his land, instead of having it ridged up in this old-fashioned manner, like a succession of potato pits. Hang it, sir, my horse pitches and lurches up and down like a boat at sea.'

'He'll pitch you into that double hedgerow, Tom, if you don't hold him together; there is barely room between those two fir-trees for a horse and no more, so keep him steady; and as I live there's a canal within a hundred yards of us t'other side!'

'So much the better,' quoth Tom; 'a cold bath this piping morning will do us no harm; but hold hard—here we are; a bridge, by all that's lucky, and Peter at fault! Ewes and lambs of course—just time to breathe my horse;' and in a moment Tom sprang from his saddle to ease him a little, as every good, active fox-hunter will do when he has a chance. A halloo forward! Braunston Gorse is his point, and up in a second Tom and Harry are at it again. A nasty dyke-like looking brook is in their line, dignified by the name of the River Leame, from which the town of Leamington derives its name, yet here not wider than a good ditch. That cleared, away they go, steering across the large open pasture-fields, leaving the Gorse on their left, and the old church of Wolfhamcote on the right, in the chancel of which lie interred the remains of the celebrated Lord Hood; and with a side wind, the scent is so good, that the hounds are running up one side of the fence whilst the fox had gone up the other.

'Forward, my boy!' cried Tom Dashwood, 'now we go again, old style—with "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—heads up, sterns down. Sure of him now, Harry, after the pace of the last thirty-five minutes—wind him up in the Pytchely country.'

‘Don’t make too sure of that, Tom; this is one of the old sort, and that slight check has given him time to reach that covert lying before us.’

Staverton appeared to be his point, but turning to the right he beards away for the Shuckborough Hills, from which he is again headed. Here another check occurred, and it is supposed the hounds were halloaed on to the line of a fresh fox, although as to this doctors differ. The chase is then resumed, or rather retraced back, by Flecknoe village, on towards Sawbridge, leaving it to the left, and crossing the canal near to Wolfhamcote again, where it is said the fox was viewed quite distressed, and only one field ahead of the hounds (this is true, disproving him to be a fresh one), when another heavy storm coming on, and the difficulty of getting over the canal occasioning some loss of time, enabled this hardy old traveller to make good his first point for Staverton Plantation, passing through which, he skirted Badby, and was lost in the village of Newnham, near Daventry. Time from find to finish, 2 hours 35 minutes, over a splendid grass country; and this is pronounced to have been the run of the season, or of any season since the establishment of the North Warwickshire Hunt. The distance traversed by the hounds has been computed at twenty-five miles, and probably, from the zig-zag running of the fox, may not fall very far short of that number. The cream of the thing was from Bunker’s Hill to the first check near Braunston, about four miles as the crow flies; from this point to Staverton are two more, and by the fox turning back from Shuckborough nearly on to his old line again towards Wolfhamcote, there can be little doubt that he was the same found in Bunker’s Hill. That he was a stout one, all must concede who followed in his wake; but the change from a May morning to a March afternoon saved his life, it is to be hoped for another year.

The past season, although so changeable as to weather, has not been productive of very many changes in the various hunting establishments of the country. Mr. —, better known among fox-hunters as George Montagu, retires from the Mastership of the South Bucks, which he has held on and off for thirty-five years, having grown grey-headed in the service, and carrying with him the deeply-felt gratitude of every genuine fox-hunter in that part of the country, for his indefatigable exertions in so long contributing to their sport. He is succeeded by Major Fletcher, I believe a nephew of the Earl of Wemyss, more generally known to the sporting world as Lord Elcho, one of the most enthusiastic and talented gentlemen huntsmen of the present or any other time. Major Fletcher has also been hunting his own hounds for five seasons past, in the Lothian country, but having recently disposed of his pack to the Rufford, commences his new country with, to himself, a new pack, which, however, have the great advantage of being inured to it, and this goes for more than many may think, in a district particularly characterized by flints and fallows. The South Bucks country is, moreover, well stocked with old foxes, which have been

knocked about from one side to the other during the past season, both by old Boreas and George Whitmore, with little damage from either, until they have changed their tactics from ringing to straight running; so that the new Master has a splendid prospect before him for the season '60-'61; and being just in the prime of life for work, I have a shrewd suspicion that he will not disappoint the expectations of his friends. But I would add a word more: although good old foxes are as necessary to show good sport as well-seasoned hounds, a supply of *young* foxes is also as indispensable as an entry of *young* hounds to keep the pack and country going together; and young hounds cannot be made steady without cub-hunting.

A friend of mine who lived near Tedworth, seeing a particularly well-dressed person emerging from his own house one evening, asked one of his servants who he was, not at the time recollecting his features.

'That is Mr. —, sir, Tom Smith's butler.'

Mr. Montagu will therefore, I trust, excuse the liberty I have taken in calling him George Montagu, since there may be scores of *Mr. Montagues*, but only one George of fox-hunting renown; and that he was capable of holding the horn to some effect down to his last season, may be gathered from a long run he brought to a successful issue on a most unfavourable day, when his huntsman, Whitmore, was unable, from illness, to be at his post. This fox was found near Fence, once a neutral covert between the Craven and the late Sir John Cope's country, and the wind from north-east so forbiddingly keen, that sport appeared out of the question. When found, the hounds could scarcely hold the line of their fox, and one of his esteemed friends, thinking to be witty at the Master's expense, exclaimed, 'Well, George, what do you think that old fox said, as he sat up in the drive pulling a thorn out of his pad?'

'I should like to know uncommonly, Will, for although I have heard of a talking fish, and a singing mouse, I never yet met with a speaking fox.'

'You have heard of a hound speaking though, George, I dare say, and a fox whining, so this old gentleman whined out, with a peculiar nasal twang, as you were twanging the horn, "Blow away, George, I don't care a *Whit-more* for you than I do for your man."

'I'll prove him a *w(h)itless* old fool,' replied the Master, 'before the day's out'—and he kept his word; for what with galloping, trotting, and sometimes almost walking after him over Bucklebury Common to Englefield, he got up to him at last, and rattling him back to the Withy beds near Woolhampton, killed him on the railroad, after a run of two hours and twenty minutes.

A most zealous and energetic Master is also lost to the Rufford by the resignation of Captain Percy Williams, who has hunted that country for, I believe, nineteen years with great success; and although differences and unpleasantnesses have arisen, causing him to adopt this course, there can be no difference of opinion as to his

merits as master of hounds, which was sufficiently attested by the very large concourse of sportsmen who assembled to do him honour on his closing day at Obertons, the seat of Mr. Foljamb, whose celebrity also as a master and most judicious breeder of fox-hounds has been too widely spread to need any comment from me.

In the New Forest, Mr. Timson retires from the management, having taken it upon himself five years since, when he feared the country would be without hounds, unless he stepped forward to put his shoulder to the wheel; and his devotion to the cause of fox-hunting has been appreciated by his friends in presenting him with a handsome piece of plate, as a token of regard for his gentlemanlike conduct, and unwearied exertions to give them sport. Two or three other changes have been spoken of, although nothing definitively settled.

As variable as the weather, so has been the sport with the different packs of fox-hounds. The Belvoir, the Quorn, and Mr. Tailby's have had, by all accounts, each their average of good runs; but the veteran Sebright says he never recollects so unfavourable a season since he has been a huntsman, and we won't say how long that is; although they have had some good days now and then, and a particularly fine run of two hours and ten minutes, on the last Monday in March, from Apthorpe, when the fox took his line to Moochery Lawn, and nearly on to Dean Pack, thence over a large tract of country, through Oundle, and the Forest Woods up to Waddenhoe Wood, where he was brought to hand.

Jem Hills, of Heythrop notoriety, on the other hand, declares that he has had more good runs during this past season than for many previous years; several of eight and ten miles from point to point, with an hour to an hour and fifty minutes, and a kill at the end; and this sport has been on days when they could not begin work until twelve or one o'clock, by reason of a severe frost the previous night—thus verifying the old huntsman's saying, 'that there is no 'accounting for scent.' Up to Lady-day, Jem had handled forty brace of foxes, and marked to ground nearly as many more, yet there are plenty left for another season. When asking him about a young hound, entered in '58, for which I had taken an especial fancy, his reply was, 'that he should never breed such a hound as Archer 'again,' deploring his loss from a chill caught in removing to their new kennels.

From the V. W. H., which poor Bob Codrington used facetiously to remark—although himself a member of it—meant, the *very worst hunt* in England, I hear their sport this season has been mediocre, with scarcely a run worth recording. From experience, I know a good deal of this country, to hold a poor scent in changeable weather; but I know of none I would rather hunt than this same Vale of White Horse. It is a capital country for hounds, has fine woodlands, with a considerable quantity of fine old pasture-land, and stout wild foxes; and though last not least to a master of hounds, it contains within its boundaries many sportsmen of the genuine

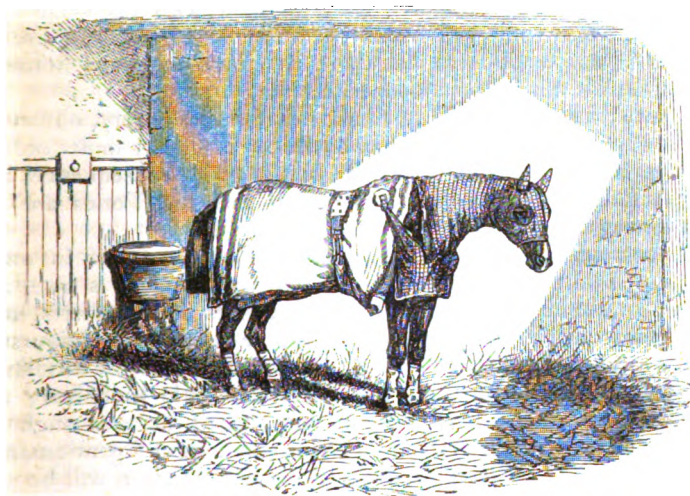


orthodox creed. Charles Treadwell, with the Brancham Moor, has had very good sport, when the weather would let him get on horse-back; for such hurricanes of wind and rain have scarcely been remembered in that country, where it is generally pretty rough. However, by the last day of March he had booked forty-four brace and a half of foxes tasted by the hounds, and on the last day of that month, just missed making it an even number by the fox they had been running, after affording them a capital chase, going to ground in view of the pack, where the earth had been left open for a litter of cubs laid down there.

Mr. Radcliffe, who purchased a part of Mr. Farquharson's late pack, with which he hunts the South Dorset country two days a week, has had a very good season's sport; and it is most gratifying to find, that, by the kindness of his worthy master, Jem Treadwell is permitted, on his famous *pony*, to have a look at his quondam pets whenever he pleases, his old favourite hunter being kept for his especial use. The tears filled my eyes to hear Jem speak in such grateful and affectionate terms of his 'dear, good master,' in thus caring for the comforts and amusement of his faithful servant. By acts like these, the interests and welfare of master and man become identified, and a bond of union is cemented between them, strong and lasting beyond all mercenary motives; for the servant knows and feels his master to be his true friend, by thus appreciating and rewarding his fidelity; and next to a faithful friend comes a faithful servant.

Before noticing the doings of other packs, I cannot forbear alluding to the controversy about that newly-established one, the North Craven, which it appears, by what I read in the sporting papers, is to be discontinued; and knowing nothing of the parties concerned, I may be supposed to do this without prejudice or partiality. Fox-hunting has, beyond all cavil or doubt, now become the great national sport of this country; and one of its greatest recommendations is, that it need not, and does not, interfere with any other sport. It does not militate against game preserving, although there are *battue men* who will still wage war with fox-hunting. Any gentleman, therefore, who attempts the Herculean task of forming a new fox-hunting country, with a new pack of hounds, is entitled to fair play if no favour; and it may be inferred that he is not actuated by mere selfish motives in this arduous undertaking, although, perhaps, by more zeal than discretion. Now what are the imputations thrown on this new master of this new country? His hounds—a pack they cannot be called, being composed of drafts from other kennels—are accused of running anything and everything, from a sheep to a rabbit. There is little cause for wondering at such evil practices, in a wild country, with a wild pack of hounds, where blank days appear to have been neither few nor far between, from scarcity of foxes. Now, as to these hounds hunting sheep—which at first sight appears the most damnatory charge that can be brought against them—I may, without knowing an inch of the North Craven

country, save from the description of others, throw some little light upon this subject. It is the practice with shepherds in mountainous districts, where these hill sheep are kept, to dress them with ointment to prevent their wool peeling off, or as a cure for the scab; and I conclude there must be some similarity between this mixture and a fox scent, from the fact of my having seen a pack of fox-hounds perfectly steady in their own country, when taken into a moorland district, where these sheep abounded, flash away upon their trail without knowing what they were running, or intending to kill their own mutton; and I have been told by a well-known master of fox-hounds, who has hunted a wild, hilly country for many years, that his chief difficulty with his young hounds is to keep them steady from the scent left by these sheep. The closing run with these delinquents, as chronicled in 'The Field,' is, however, sufficient to prove them devoid of all *sheepishness*, when a stout hill fox was before them; and I yet hope to hear that the squires of the North Craven country will give their enthusiastic master and his plucky lot of hounds another trial.



FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS obliged to dissolve partnership with Roberts two or three days after we had backed Little Bo-Peep at Tattersall's, for I plainly saw nothing but absolute ruin staring me in the face if I continued to make a book with him. It did not matter how much he betted, as he knew he had nothing to do but to ask his father for money, and it was always forthcoming. Old Roberts was a retired linendraper,

who had made a large fortune by purchasing goods, which, however cheaply sold, could scarcely be said to have been parted with under cost price. He was a good specimen of what a certain amount of shrewdness, combined with an immense deal of low cunning, can sometimes effect. His son was likely to prove his Nemesis; for the money which had been got over the devil's back seemed likely to follow the fate of all money so obtained, if the proverb is to be credited.

Old Roberts retired from business, and living at his place in Wiltshire was very intolerant of low people. Although he would whisper you in confidence, when you met him at dinner, that 'he could buy up his host and a dozen chaps like him,' this was not to so much disparage others, as to aggrandise himself. In his heart of hearts he hated a gentleman, 'tis true. How could he help it, poor fellow? yet no one spoke more against 'your rabble, your low *'varnupees'*—he'd learnt this latter term when spending a few days in France. Some said his political opinions were changed, as what he had formerly denominated a bloated aristocracy, he now spoke of as your stalwart, lion-hearted members of the Upper Ouse. He wanted to exchange some two hundred acres of land with his neighbour, Lord De Foligny, and had heard that another neighbour, a disciple of Wilkes, was anxious to get these two hundred acres himself; hence arose his new notions concerning the aristocracy.

He voted for the two Tory candidates for the county, observing to his son, 'I know what I'm about; Baker is already under obligations to me, so my not voting for him is of no consequence, and 'my position and interest now point out that the Tories are the 'men for my money.'

The son was an immense improvement on the father in many respects. The shrewdness of the sire was wanting, it is true, and there was some leaven of the linendraper about young Roberts, who certainly was not up to the mark of those he met at the University, and those with whom he associated in after life; but his kindness of disposition induced his friends to look over a little snobbism; and there was so much good stuff in him, albeit he was such an egregious idiot, that if it be true that you may expect a gentleman in the third generation, I have no doubt Roberts's grandson will be able to excel that most apocryphal gentleman, George IV., at any rate; indeed, Roberts himself did that.

The retired linendraper though shrewd enough in most matters, had a failing not uncommon with parents even more cunning than himself: he fancied his son a wonder. 'E's idle, Mr. Thornton,' he once said to me at his son's lodgings, 'and won't apply to any-thing at all; but let 'im once get 'is 'ed and 'and well in, and 'e'll 'make the world smoke, sir, I can tell you.'

Roberts had got his head and hand well in at last, and the old gentleman soon found out that his own hand had to be pretty frequently in his pocket to meet the continual demands on his purse. 'But never mind, sir,' he said to me in after days, when his

son had lost money at betting, 'I am able to afford it; on the turf 'you meet the *magnets* of the land as they call them, I suppose 'because they are so attractive. My boy 'as not got 'is 'ead and 'and in yet, Mr. Thornton; all will come in time; Rome wasn't 'built by John Day, you know.'

'But,' I ventured to say, 'do you not think a young man may get 'overreached by people who know more than himself?'

'At first, sir; but let 'im get 'is 'and in, and I fancy 'e'll be up 'to the best of them.'

'Well, Mr. Roberts,' I added, 'it may be so, but supposing after 'a certain time he should continue to be unsuccessful.'

'Then I shall make 'im cut it, sir, and turn 'is 'and to something 'more suitable. I'm not an obstinate man, Mr. Thornton, and don't 'old with fighting against the world, if the world's too strong for you.'

There was no answer to this, so I wished the old man good day, and walked from Mount Street to Waterloo Place, trying, on my way, to resolve the following problem—How is it that men who can deceive and humbug the world, so frequently get worsted by some brainless youth, that youth being their own offspring? Had I committed one-half the follies Roberts had—Heaven knows I committed enough—his father would have voted me an ass; and, unless he could have seen some great advantage to be derived, have refused me his daughter's hand had I offered for it. Is it, I said to myself, that, when thinking of their children, Nature alone is speaking to them—that they then forget all their worldly wisdom; all their sordid thoughts, all their tricky actions? that they become, as it were, themselves again children, and are mindful of the holy relationship in which they stood to other parents, perhaps as worldly wise as themselves? Be this as it may, Roberts, junior, betted, and Roberts, senior, bled; and the commencement of the former's phlebotomy, in respect of betting, was—but stay, the sequel will show that in a few more pages, and you will know who was the winner of the Derby in 18—: it might have been Little Bo-Peep, but that would'nt be conclusive evidence of the son having landed a stake, as before the race he had backed several other horses, although just before the start he had 'given it to one dead 'un.'

The dead one was a horse named *Qui Vive*, who had been beaten in his trial by Little Bo-Peep. Roberts told me I might rely on the information he had received, and gave me the weights, distance, and result of the trial, which was as follows—

Little Bo-Peep	.	.	3 yrs, 8 st. 7 lb.
Gladiator	.	.	4 yrs, 8 st. 7 lb.
Qui Vive	.	.	3 yrs, 8 st. 7 lb.
Martinet	.	.	3 yrs, 7st.

Distance a mile and a quarter. The result was that Little Bo-Peep came in first by two lengths; Gladiator beating *Qui Vive* a head for second place; Martinet nowhere. Roberts had been correctly informed about the trial, and immediately the news was known the Little 'un sprang up to six to one for the Derby; the Nightshade

colt still holding the place of premier, which position he had maintained the whole of the winter.

My friend wouldn't hear of hedging : he boldly stated his intention of seeing any one — first who should ask him to do so, and backed the horse several times over again at six to one. Although there were many backers, still one or two had plenty of money to lay. I must own I felt greatly relieved in my mind that I had closed my partnership-book with Roberts ; for the way in which my quondam partner rushed to the various betting-places, and stood drains at all public-houses within a practicable distance of Mount Street, was ruinous. He firmly believed that good things were as 'plentiful as blackberries' at the latter places ; and at times it was really ludicrous to listen to his reports of what he had gathered, for, flat as I was, I no more believed that a man could put me up to a winner because he sold Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's productions, or visited a house where they were vended, than I thought a person could put me up to a dead 'un because he was an undertaker. At one moment it was 'Thornton, old fellow, I had a little 'conversation to-day with the landlord of a public in Marylebone 'Lane, who evidently is up to a thing or two ; and he says he 'shouldn't be surprised to see Hot Codlins pull through.' On his subsequently wishing to back him with Mr. Jones, that worthy offered three thousand to one hundred against him and the Duffer coupled, but declined betting against Hot Codlins alone. It was afterwards discovered that he was a five-year-old gelding, whose daily occupation was to go round and round a place where they made bricks, with a Jerusalem pony for leader ; and on Roberts asking Dick Sowton whether it might not be merely a blind, the latter replied, 'I'm afraid he ain't of much use this journey for the 'Derby, as he ain't entered ; however, they may be keeping him 'for next year's Chester Cup.'

The Duffer was scratched about two hours after Roberts had backed him.

Before dinner-time the following day he came into my rooms, his face beaming with delight, and said, 'I've just seen a party in leg-gings and cutaway, who has borrowed a sovereign of me, and told 'me not to miss Lepanto ; but his crowning bit of information was on 'coming from Epsom after the Woodcote, having backed every horse 'in that race excepting the winner, against whom he laid seventy-five 'to twenty-five.' He then informed me he should devote the evening to touting ; and, on our going down to the Derby the following morning, said, 'Keep it dark, old fellow, as this sort of thing, if suffered to ooze out, spoils one's market, I am told. I think I know who'll meet 'the judge's eye first.' He added, with a knowing wink, 'I happened 'to step in at the Two Chairmen last night, and saw an individual, 'dressed as a woman, selling matches and stay-laces. I had noticed this selfsame person close by the Corner the other day. "Ho, ho," 'thinks I to myself, "that's the move, is it? No doubt you're 'dressed up in that beggarly manner for some object, my fine

“ fellow ;” so without more ado I said, “ Tell me who’s to win the Derby, and I’ll give you a sovereign.” The knowing card looked at me with an air of surprise, and began, “ Lord bless you, sir !”—when a groom standing by whispered something to him, or her, as the case may be. I suppose it was a word of advice to speak the truth, and not try to come the double over me, as my match and lace friend instantly said, “ Amalfi, sir—but let it go no further.”

The expense to which Roberts went for the sake of procuring information was dreadful. He tried very hard to get me to meet Dick Sowton at dinner, adding, by way of an extra stimulus for my doing so, that people who wanted to be on good things must not be particular. The gentleman in question, I afterwards gathered, had been invited by him to dine at Grillion’s, and been personal on the subject of *vol au vent*, *soufflé*, and claret ; saying the only *vol au vent* he’d ever heard tell of was a horse, and the thing before him (pointing to the *soufflé*) looked as if it couldn’t stay. As to the claret, he declared he shouldn’t enter for that, but go for the port. Nor did he seem more appreciative as regards the subsequent entertainment which Roberts had provided for him, and which was no other than a box at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, to hear Beethoven’s ‘ *Fidelio*,’ his only remark being, while pointing out one of the violins, ‘ I don’t think he’s trying—he can’t expect to get in much lighter ; and if they’re down on him, he’ll have to carry a drum instead of a fiddle next handicap.’

Wednesday—that Wednesday big with the fate of thousands—at length arrived, and with it came our Hansom. We made up our minds to take no provisions with us, as we were told we were sure to find plenty of friends on the hill with whom we could lunch ; but that resource failing, there was the Grand Stand, and the establishment of an illustrious individual, a baron of the court of—but no, I will not expose his name. I cannot but feel he should have blushed to have occupied a position so degrading to him. His having done so for a bet of 1000*l.* did not mend matters. He should never have taken such a bet, and certes Lord Sh-ft-sb-ry should never have laid it.

We left Waterloo Place punctually at eleven, and no *contretemps* (if I except the circumstance of Roberts having bought a correct card of the previous year at Vauxhall Bridge, and, on reading over the names of the horses, exclaimed, ‘ Every horse in the betting is ‘scratched!’) happened until we reached the Cock at Sutton, where a little chaff, which chiefly directed itself towards us, was flying about. Cabby was told to get the nosebag, as the gents were ready for their luncheon. They then alluded to our veils, and asked whether ‘ them whales ’ wouldn’t have a deal of blubber inside when we lost our two bob on the race. One most objectionably facetious individual remarked, ‘ Well, you’ve boned the knacker’s sovereign, and stuck to the horse-flesh ; but it ain’t much use to you. However, I’ll send you the news of the races by telegraph.’ He hoped we were not on the favourite, as he had heard he died last night of

the measles, after leaving all his money, in case he won the Derby, to the ugliest man in England; 'and, by Jingo,' he added, apostrophising me, 'you'd have won hard held if your friend hadn't been 'born. As it is, I must give it him by an eyelash.'

Roberts waxed very fierce at this, and made a remark which he no doubt thought very cutting, but which had no further effect than eliciting the following question from the previous speaker, 'Who stole the halfpenny out of the blind man's hat?' 'What!' exclaimed Roberts, 'do you mean to insinuate?—' 'Oh, go along with you,' replied his tormentor, 'I never heard a clearer case in my life, and so the judge seemed to think. "Prisoner at the bar," said he, "you " have been convicted on the clearest evidence of having bagged a " brown out of a blind man's castor. I fully coincide with the " verdict of the jury; and the sentence is, that you start on the " Derby day with a horse that will never get to the Downs, which " will save the police some trouble, and prevent watches from " going too fast."'

I really felt for my unfortunate companion, for he would attempt to return chaff for chaff; and his being of a more ponderous description than what was given him, and his temper, too, not being the best calculated to stand the passing remarks on a Derby day, it needed no seer to prognosticate his speedy and utter annihilation. But it was only the roars of laughter of the bystanders that made him aware he was getting second best off, as I verily believe in his own mind he thought he was giving his assailant a dressing. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, as if he had propounded a perfectly annihilating question, when he called out, 'Who stole the donkey?' which was met by the answer of, 'Why, your friend, to be sure—he's 'got him now; but, being of no value, your mother declines to 'prosecute.' 'Mother' was a cue for Roberts, who immediately shouted, 'Does your mother know you're out?' and the change he got for this was, 'You never had a mother: you were won in a 'raffle, and the person who got you said it was the third time he'd 'drawn a blank that week.' 'Ha, ha!' said Roberts, appealing in triumph to the crowd, 'hear how he contradicts himself! A moment 'ago he spoke of my mother, and now he says I never had one—' 'that's a good'un!' 'Yes,' said his pitiless opponent, 'I'm a great 'story, ain't I? Good bye, my little dear,' and drove off.

We followed within a minute or two, and managed to get to the Spread Eagle at Epsom, with nothing further worthy of comment occurring to us. There we were accosted by an individual in a peculiar dress, between that of a field-marshal and postman, who, after addressing Roberts as 'my lord,' and myself as 'Sir James,' said he knew we should be there—he had said it all along—indeed, his last words to the duke were, 'They will be there, your grace. 'I'll give all my winnings to any charity you may name if they are 'not, after I've paid for a dress for my wife out of them. But suppose I don't win, you know,' he added, as if that view of the case had only at that moment presented itself to him, 'I can never revisit

'my home again. My lord, will you oblige me with the loan of a sovereign,—and do you the same, Sir James,—for which you will take my note of hand at one year's date, renewable at the option of the borrower.' Having given our amusing friend half a crown, we proceeded to the course.

Our determination was to go to the Grand Stand, and pay our guinea to enable us to enter the betting-ring. Although it wanted a good couple of hours to the great event, and other races intervened between the time of our arriving and its being run, the Derby, and the Derby alone, seemed to occupy the attention of one and all. People were holloaing, screaming, bellowing out the odds, as if their very salvation here and hereafter depended on their finding backers. Horses that up to a late hour the evening before were all the rage appeared to have cooled down, if one might judge from the fact of longer odds being now offered, and there being more layers than takers; but the horse who had been the favourite all through the winter stood his ground firm as a rock. One or two woebegone-looking individuals, who had taken liberties with him, were now asking every one they met, 'What will you lay against the Nightshade colt?' and received for answer, 'Full months ago.' There appeared to be only one or two persons who had anything to lay, and they were never full. I observed one of these, whose name was Adams, bet against the horse eight or ten times over, and that to a fairish amount. It had been whispered that he would not be heard of again if the Nightshade colt pulled through, and some talk had been made a few days before about his being called on to stake. It seemed, however, that he had not been asked to do this, and he was now continuing to give his pepper, heedless of any report, with a self-possession and sprightliness of manner which was surprising, considering he had the credit of standing a fortune against a horse who was first favourite for the Derby,—was the best two-year old of his year,—had never missed a day's exercise throughout the winter,—had proved his goodness as a three-year old by winning the Newmarket Stakes in good company in a canter,—was trained by one of the cleverest trainers in England, and was to be ridden by one of the best jockeys on the turf. Added to all this, it was said that both owner, trainer, and jockey stood a perisher on him.

Adams, among the rest, accommodated Roberts and myself with one hundred to fifty each, against the Nightshade colt, and obligingly told us that it was the first time he had had the pleasure of making a bet with us, and hoped we should win, as the Nightshade colt would suit him very well; 'but you know, gentlemen,' said he, 'having backed him at long odds, I can't resist hedging a little at the present price.'

Here some one came up and offered to take Adams' thirty to one about *Qui Vive*. 'Full,' was his reply, and on the man walked. '*Qui Vive*!' said Adams, with a sneer, 'why, he's as much chance as a cat in hell without claws. But I've a horror of overlaying my book, and therefore must fling away a trifle on him myself.'

'I suppose neither of you gentlemen want to pick up a hundred?' he added, making as if he would move off.

'I'll lay you thirty hundred to one,' said Roberts, which bet Adams booked accordingly.

'That will do,' said my friend to me. 'Adams, I know, is considered a good judge of racing, and we have his opinion of Qui Vive. I must say, however, I think it quite right in him to back the horse, if he stands such a stake against him.'

I was glad my former partner seemed pleased with what he had done. For myself, I had not in those days arrived at that state when I could lay one or two thousand against a horse with perfect indifference; and I own I should have been in a perfect agony of terror if I had stood a thousand on the day against Tom Thumb with Daniel Lambert up.

Not so Roberts; he entered into the spirit of the thing to such an extent as to argue his realizing a colossal fortune or losing what he had or might ever have. I was in no doubt as to what the result would be in his case. I discovered him talking to a mutual acquaintance soon after leaving Adams, and these two were soon joined by a venerable-looking individual named Murton, who began complaining bitterly of the way in which backers picked out winners. Mr. Murton, I observed, confined his operations to stragglers round the ring who appeared to belong to the upper ten thousand, and who were considerably junior to him in years. His appearance was favourable, and he had altogether the air of a quiet, respectable, elderly gentleman, to which the use of a double gold eye-glass in some way added. I own I felt sorry when I saw him surrounded by so many young men, as I considered a person at his time of life was not calculated to cope with them in racing matters, added to which, his very appearance betokened he was a stranger to such scenes. Seeing me approach he made a slight bow, removing his glass as he did so, and continued his conversation.

'They never miss the winners now-a-days; I assure you, gentlemen, I've got quite reckless as to odds. If I want to bet I do so regardless of price.'

'How much against Phaeton, Mr. Murton?' said Roberts.

'Well, Mr. Roberts'—he had his name as pat as could be though this was their first time of speaking—'I can bet you ten to one if you wish it.'

This was booked to a pony.

It seemed evident to me, either that the poor old gentleman's mind was going, or else that Hodges had been drinking, as I heard the latter offer fifteen to one several times against the horse. All I can say is, that were he not quite sober it redounded very much to the credit of the ring in not accepting his offer, as not a soul backed the horse for a penny at that price.

Our mutual friend having left Murton, Roberts began to banter him on the subject of Phaeton, saying he was sure to win; upon which the Baby-jumper, as I heard him called in after years, from

the manner in which he jumped down the throats of the young ones, exclaimed, 'I'm full about the horse now, Mr. Roberts; but if you 'wish to back your opinion, I must bet you a pony he don't.'

Of course Roberts took the bet, remarking with a chuckle to me he wondered the legislature didn't interfere to prevent such old men going about alone.

The time was now fast approaching for that race on which the hopes and fears of so many had been directed for months past. The shouts of those offering to lay the odds and those anxious to take then became deafening. The general excitement was indeed maddening; and looking on this scene of confusion, uproar, screaming, and halloaing, might be seen the most beautiful as well as the most noble of England's fair daughters. Many had some stake in the race in the shape of gloves or money. Some had brothers or husbands deeply interested in it, perhaps owning horses which were to run.

The observed of all observers was Lord De Foligny, owner of the Nightshade colt. Despite his assumed calmness it was easy for even a casual observer to perceive the intense nervousness under which he was labouring. He and all his friends were on the horse up to the hilt, and would have nothing else. His lordship had not only backed him but stood a cracker against several others, and had openly expressed his conviction that nothing but an accident could prevent him from coming in alone. He made no secret of his having given his year and 5 lbs. to Blackberry, the best trial horse in England, and beaten him cleverly, and this was acknowledged by competent judges to be good enough to win the Derby with an extra 7 lbs. on his back. Still, with all this Lord De Foligny was nervous: any one would be on such an occasion; but he had additional reasons for disquietude. A mysterious letter had been sent him some days before, written in a hand he recognized as having on a former occasion given him a warning, upon which warning had he acted, it would have been the better for him. The letter was couched in the following words:—

'MY LORD,

'Your Nightshade colt arn't got no more chance of puling 'off the Derby than if e was shod with coalscuttles. I knows 'parties as as never left im—I mean, never missed to lay; it arn't 'of no use your aving im watched, no one arn't a going to get at 'im; as for is traner, e'd giv all e nose and borry what e don't, 'to pule off the Derby with your colt. I no e'll start fit to run for 'a man's life, but it won't do; I shall be agin im cos I nose what 'I nose. You're on im cos you thinks you nose more than you 'nose. I nose another party whose agin im, you can't elp that, but 'it's your own fault if you let im be on im. You dun me a service 'once, and I tried to do you one too years ago, but you was to fond 'of Capting Armstrong.'

This letter was shown to several of the colt's cleverest backers.

Somewere of opinion it was all humbug; others that it meant mischief, but that it was too late to get another jockey: there was only one man who counselled Norris should be taken off, and offered to waive his claim to a jockey who was as good as good could be, and whose second master was the owner of the Nightshade colt; but this Lord De Foligny would not hear of, and the jockey having been told some time afterwards of the proposition that had been made, said to his informer, 'Well, sir, I'm very glad I hadn't to ride, for having 'been a bit in trouble, had it come off wrong I should have been 'done for ever.'

So up go the numbers, and Norris is to ride the Nightshade colt, and no mistake, and up goes the horse still further in the betting; but yet Adams is not dismayed, and discovers his book is not quite full about him. As little as six to five is now taken, and the book-makers seeing how eager the takers are offer still less odds. Ned Hunt, however, one of the largest betting men in the ring, is disposed to be rather more liberal than the rest, and still offers six to five, which is taken by a foreign friend of Lord De Foligny's, who says, 'I take him to a monkey.' Into the ring rushes Sir Dickory Pratt. 'Will you do it again, Hunt?' and the latter, seeing no just cause or 'impediment why he should not, accommodates Sir Dickory with 2400 to 2000. Within a few minutes the horse has 4000*l.* more laid out on him at the same odds. No matter what the number of his backers, they are all accommodated.

The horses are saddled and a crowd surrounds the Nightshade colt, which is prevented, however, from getting too close by a strong body of police. Norris sits calm and cool, a smile irradiating his countenance as who would say, 'Gentlemen, I'm on a flyer; don't 'you be against him, for we mean winning—and win we will.' The trainer walks by the side of the nag that had cost him so many anxious hours, nay, so many anxious months. And he, too, is smiling; 'See, gentlemen,' he seems to say, 'see my bantling; have I 'not reason to be proud of him? does not this repay me for all my 'care and trouble? How have I watched him! With what dread 'have I noticed a strange face in my village of late! With what dis-'may have I heard a horse cough when I have entered the A stable 'of a morning during the last six weeks, fearing it might be the 'Nightshade colt, and here he is: if I had an enemy in the whole 'world, and wanted to pay him off, I'd plant him into laying against 'my horse, for this year's Derby's a certainty if ever there was one.'

They take their preliminary gallops. Ye gods! what a goer is this Nightshade colt! Even Adams, the cool Adams, pales, but is instantly reassured as the horse goes by. If ever a horse had 1st stamped on him, rest nowhere, it is he. What strength to get over the ground, and it is heavy to-day, mind you! Did any one ever see such powerful quarters. How he tucks his hind legs under him as he goes! That's how I like to see them gallop; nothing lost—and all the powder sent into the fore-quarters to keep up the steam.

'Mr. Herbert,' said a man whom I afterwards heard spoken

of as Doleful, 'there's a beauty; I never see such a horse; I'm 'not much in the worshipping line, but I think I could say my 'prayers to him.'

The horses are being marshalled in a row, and Mr. Hibburd is prepared to let the flag drop directly he is satisfied they are level.

Rent is the air with one tremendous shout: how many know its meaning! Go to byways in England where you will meet gentlemanly men, living in most frugal style, about whom their neighbours know nothing; go to a pleasant seaport town in France, some thirty miles from Folkestone; go to those who have made fortunes as well as to those who have lost them on the Derby, they all know that shout: it is 'They're off!'

In two or three minutes all will be decided.

Ah! what weal and what woe spring from that decision! It needs but this fall of a flag, the expiration of these two or three minutes, and the verdict of one man to cause hundreds to jump and shout for joy, multitudes to curse the hour that made them risk their all on the vicissitudes of a race!

Strain your eyes, young man, and watch well now that flag is dropped, for the horses are off, and these two or three minutes hold your fate in their hands. Your father, nearly ruined by your extravagance, can help you no more: it wants but an adverse decision from Mr. Clark to complete the extra straw that crushes the camel's back. It needs but your name to be ignominiously mentioned to break your mother's heart. You do well to hold your glasses up, the future holds in its womb great events for you, and you would know your fate as soon as may be.

Strain your eyes, my lady, this excitement adds still greater charm to your beauty. Accustomed to racing and betting from a child, you are watching eagerly the horses as they near Tattenham Corner. At your instigation your husband went upon the turf, and now has a horse in this great struggle 'Tis blue and yellow; watch it well, my lady; but watch, especially, the position of all black, for that's your husband's deadliest foe. What do you hear? all black coming like a steam-engine, his jockey moving neither hands nor spurs!

Strain your eyes, old beau, and make the most of this race, for 'tis the last you'll ever see; your sun is well nigh set; ere next Derby you will be mouldering with your fathers.

And you, important host of thieves, touts, thimblerriggers, &c., strain your eyes each to see whether your especial pet is coming to the front, and that you have made no mistake about the safe 'uns.

Who is that gentle, modest, lovely-looking girl in yonder brougham? If I consult my bachelor acquaintance, I shall be told her name is Lucy Barton; that she is living with a man called Morton; and that she is not only lovely in appearance, but in temper, manners, and conversation. If I consult some of my female acquaintance, I might hear her spoken of as a creature, and that not as implying a Creator; for the manner in which they would use the term would seem to ignore that the Being who had made them had also formed her.

But if I consult one family from whose neighbourhood the young girl comes, I shall have the word vile appended to that of creature.

One might at times suppose that man thought he would escape the penalty of his own evil deeds by turning informer on his fellow-creatures, so ready are we all to condemn.

But this family, whose name is Claverton, think they have grave grounds of complaint against the beautiful girl in question, whose age is barely eighteen. Morton, it seems, was a guest in their house, and the girl the daughter of a miller in the neighbourhood. Young Morton, it was thought, would be a good *partie* for Miss Claverton; and after the papa and mamma had been to work in the approved style adopted in fashionable society—namely, finding out exactly what he was worth, and making arrangements how tightly they would have his property tied up; for they act in such circles as if it were a proved fact that men are naturally swindlers, and that unless everything is taken out of their power they will leave their wives penniless—they tried to hook him into proposing; but Morton didn't care about Miss Claverton for a wife, although her family had come over after the Conquest. One thing was pretty clear, they didn't come over him before or after the conquest which he made of the miller's daughter, about whom he did care, and cared a good deal in his selfish way.

Poor girl! she loved him with all the love of her fresh, guileless young heart. She believed the god of her idolatry was all that was noble, all that was good. Shall I tell the sequel? what need? hers was the fate of thousands. She fell; you know it now. Rejoice if you have never added an unit to those thousands.

She fell, but

‘ Though unwed,
That love was pure, and far above disguise.’

Strain your eyes and stand on tiptoe, all; both you who would see the race from mere curiosity, you who would see it from your natural love of racing, and you who have any monied interest in it; but of all who were congregated on the Epsom Downs on the day in question, high or low, rich or poor, old or young, good or bad, none should take a more painful interest in it than the beautiful girl in question. To her it may be a matter of life or death, honour or dishonour; for who can say but that Morton might some day think he would be doing a noble action—pshaw! I mean his duty—in taking for a wife the gentle, trusting girl he now has for mistress? But should aught befall him, should he be torn from her, and she left penniless and alone, who can say what her fate may be, with no soul on earth to love, and cast friendless on the wide waters of the world?

Strain your eyes, fair girl, watch horse and rider narrowly! Would for thy sake we could alter the inexorable decree of fate, and gladly would we do so. You call out with joy that red and yellow wins, for on that you know the one you love has staked his money; but you sit down as if nothing dreadful has happened to you when the judge gives the race to *Qui Vive*; better as yet you should not know

your doom; better that one more day should intervene between you and the dark reality. Shall we ever see you again at other Derbies? we would fain hope not; for then necessity perchance would choose your society for you, and although as to carriage, horses, dress, you might be much in the same position as we find you now, gone would be that sweet and modest look, gone, for ever gone, that soft and gentle voice. We would have you return to such a scene no more, and wish and pray your future may be happy, and that, at life's last day, some gentle hand may be near to soothe your pillow—some gentle voice to pour consolation in your ear!

Yes! Qui Vive has won the Derby of 18—; it was a near thing, he having only beaten Burgomaster, about whom they were offering a hundred to one at the start, by a neck; Nightshade colt beaten a length from him, being placed third.

Hats are thrown up in the air, and spurned with the foot on descending, as if to betoken the impossibility of their owners setting a value on such trifles under existing circumstances. Congratulations pass to and fro, and off the crowd rushes for luncheon, the Derby of 18— being soon looked on as a thing in the far past, a stale *fait accompli*.

Are any of my readers exclaiming, Bother your two or three minutes, fifty Derbies might have been run in the time you take to tell people to strain their eyes and have a *tendre* for Miss Barton. Well, I own I couldn't have crammed in what I have done from the time Mr. Hibburd dropped his flag to the time Mr. Clark had 17 stuck up; but I was frustrated in my original intention of telling you all about the race, as I recollected I could not do so truthfully, inasmuch as I was in the betting-ring during the time it was being run, and one cannot see behind the opposite booths from thence; I therefore thought I would get on the subject of the company, and warming with it, got a little beyond my time, for doing which I crave your pardon.

And now to resume the thread of my narrative. The best thing I ever heard Roberts say, was immediately after the race; it was this: 'Well, the governor's lost his money this time.' There being no laurel at hand to put on his head, I gave him brandy and water, which soon got inside it.

On going to the rails, we overheard one man say to another, 'Beautifully done! He waited with the patience of Job, and came just too late. What a dash he made when nearing the stand! That's the way to take the nob's in: ah! I hope his wife will rub his poor old arms well to-night.'

'Well, my bit of blue,' said a horsey-looking outsider to a jockey, who had ridden in the race; 'pulled through, eh?'

'I never betted you know, excepting a sov. or so. I had hoped to have popped in first with Bo-Peep, but one can't always ride the winner.'

'Quite enough to ride the winner when beaten in a trial, Jemmy, isn't it?' observed a bystander.

'I don't understand your remarks, you low fellow,' said James, strutting away indignantly.

'Oh, don't you! I thought there were few cleverer than you, especially after getting the odds from the stable's own commissioner' — he knew too much this journey, he did.'

This was all Coptic crossed with Arabic to Roberts and myself.

Adams seeing us near the rails came up, hoped we had pulled through, and asked if we were doing anything on the Leger.

'How much against Qui Vive?' I inquired.

'Three to one, sir,' he replied; 'or I'll take two to one I name one who beats him.'

We each bet it him to a couple of hundred.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'I shall name the Nightshade colt.'

We saw he had evidently been drinking, for he offered to do it again.

I will not deceive my readers, though I should blush scarlet as I write this; we took advantage of his state, and as we'd done him so nicely, we did him again.

Off for the hill! Yes, we're off the hill, eager for champagne, lamb, and salad, knock-'em-downs, gipsies, paper-swallowers, with plenty of rags to make the paper from, organ-grinders and tambourine players, rouge-et-noir, hazard, and roulette tables. 'Halloa, old boy,' cries out a man on a drag to me, 'how have they used you?' 'I've landed a pot this time: come and have some fizz.'

Now I would give this advice to those who are about beginning a turf career; be very cautious of betting with men who are continually winning stakes, for such are sure to get cooked at last, and are always nearer the bars after each pot they've landed. Gentlemen who pull through are both safe and unsafe; safe for choice: but experience only will guide you in your selection of them. Of all men, however, on the turf, commend yourselves to those who speak of having caught smellers, and say they have never had such a knock-down in their lives; these men are always good, and I would fifty to one sooner be the heir of him who had caught a succession of nasty ones, than of the man who had for some time been occupied in landing pots.

And this is *apropos* of our friend on the drag; the pots he had landed had more of brass than tin in them, and the next Derby finished his turf career. I met him some time since in a little seaport town, where he would have had a very poor chance of getting his favourite fish for dinner unless he called it *maquereau*.

He was an authority here among the British residents on races in general, but on Derbies in particular, on which latter he always made a Napoleon book, and informed me on the occasion of my seeing him some six weeks before last year's Derby, that he was fifty francs round; hadn't laid against Musjid, and didn't intend to do so. As he was of a convivial turn, I fancy the denizens of the small town where he had taken up his habitation may have got to sleep later than usual the night he heard that Musjid had won.

Harvey's pot, thanks to the assistance of a gentleman in the Strand, and some friends who literally covered a piece of stamped paper with their autographs, so that it might be said of it—

'Qui color albus erat hunc est contrarius albo,'

was enabled to 'savour of the reality' in this Qui Vive's year, though, as I have said, it was for the last time.

Poor fellow! he was only his own enemy, if it be possible in this sensitive world for a man to harm himself without hurting others; but such, I fear, is not the case; if the wrong an individual does himself did not react on society, it would be robbed of more than half its power of mischief. Many missed him when he was obliged to leave this country, because they really valued him; but I fear that more deplored his loss on account of the capital dinners he gave being at an end. I should imagine that few men except Harvey—of course I put Roberts out of the question—would take champagne at six guineas a dozen to the Derby, and Lafitte at a price I fear to mention. Fancy taking the latter to an orgy where liquids are swallowed in cyclopean quantities, as if you were dying of a fever, to say nothing of the treatment a wine of that description, and ten years in bottle, was subjected to on the journey. Why the very chaff on the road was enough to shock so delicate a tippie: the only one who appreciated this attention on the part of Harvey was White-choker Webb. I noticed him after the hurry and confusion of the race, while every one, panting and parched, was gulping down large quantities of wine, and digging knives and forks into comes-fibles in the most savage manner, sitting on the grass with a piece of Yorkshire pie in a plate, and a bottle of Lafitte by his side, calmly and slowly discussing both. No one betted more than Webb; no one excelled him as a sportsman; few could equal him as a musician. The women adored him; and a picnic without him would be voted as slow a thing as a man would think one where he only met the bench of bishops, and not a single lawn besides, except that which he sat on. Webb had caught a smeller on the Derby; 'twas Harvey who had landed a pot. The next year Harvey had pulled through; but unlucky Webb had again caught a smeller. Three months after Webb had hired an extensive moor in Scotland, and Harvey was smoking *caporal* at the little sea-port town I have just mentioned under the generic name of Brown.

Harvey's luncheon was a capital one, and seemed to 'minister to minds diseased,' for losers as well as winners were in the highest spirits. There was not a man who had not known some time before that Qui Vive was to win, though for some reason or other I didn't find that many had profited by such knowledge, if I leave Utopian pots out of account. Bets were laid on the next year's Derby; and one man a head further gone than the rest, offered to take a hundred to one Qui Vive won it again. It was in vain Harvey assured him the same horse could not win it two years running. He replied, 'Look at Dittosh;' adding, 'Captain Dickenson has decided a horse

'may win it again if he runs in heatsh; but not maresch, you know, not maresch nor geldingsch.'

While this conversation was going on, a voice was heard singing

'When once I become a peersh,
They shall not treameso,'

meaning, treat me so.

Harvey called out to this heir to a coronet, 'Well, Morton, how have they used you?'

Here was an illustration of 'in vino veritas.' You might believe this speaker when he told you he had lost all. We will give his answer in his own words, the more sad as issuing from the lips of a man too drunk to think of the fearful fix to which he had brought himself. Selfish by nature, wine had made him cease to care for self, and not one little thought was bestowed on her who had sacrificed her all for him. Say, beggared spendthrift, when the fumes of wine are off you, shall not the probable *avenir* of this fond girl make your own individual position appear as nothing in your eyes, excepting that in falling you drag her with you? if not, 'tis only delaying the day when you will think of the ruin you have wrought, however hard the heart may grow: remorse preys deeper on the mind as we approach our end.

He approaches Harvey. 'Hopeyou pulls throughsh, Harvish; I'm utterlish donsh up, utterlish; shall go Fransch, and betsch. So greensch there; canspefrench.' He here added, we give the words not as he pronounced them—'*Donnez-moi les étrangers vieux égal contre Rataplan, en bidets ou en singes.*'

Harvey here went up to Morton, and said, 'Morton, are you really ruined?'

He answered 'Yes.'

'What will become of Lucy?' said Harvey, with great feeling; 'oh, what will become of Lucy? Have you made no provision for her? does she go with you to France? will her father take her back?'

Her father take her back! This was the last thing that could be counted on, and well the poor girl knew it. Could she even be brought to revisit the scenes of her childhood with the tainted name she bore, she well knew how little chance she had of being received under her father's roof. He was an excellent, chapel-going person, always acknowledging himself a miserable sinner, but only as far as regarded original sin—he had nothing to do with subsequent ones.

What mischief may a scoffer do in a parish! There was one dwelling close to Lucy's father, who would persist in dealing with a miller some miles off because he said he got better weight there than from his neighbour, 'though Abraham Barton is so pious, and Jem Smith du damn and swear so dreadful.'

Morton had just sense enough left to be persuaded by Harvey not to let Lucy know the position he was in until the following day.

Yes; for a few hours more let her believe she is with one who will do as he said he would—watch over and protect her as long as

he had life ; and then the reality, her first knowing that he must leave her, and what it led to—the actual parting—the swoon—the prayer unanswered that she might die—the slow recovery—the tempting offer which leaves her to choose betwixt dwelling on the memory of one she loved and loves, or the selling herself, from stern necessity's sake, to one she loves not.

'Tis done, Lucy ; you have deeply, fondly loved. Henceforth a tomb shall be your breast, and there shall your young love lie buried, an early death for love so newly bloomed to die, and you an early mourner. But I would have you weep : such tears do good—so let them flow, poor injured girl, easing at once your troubled mind and throwing a shield around your virtue.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

IN our last Number we gave the names and weights of the two University crews about to contend for the blue ribbon of the river, and it remained to be decided after we had gone to press how fortune would dispose her favours ; whether ' true blue ' was to carry the day, or whether the more delicate tint of the Cambridge colours was to be in the ascendant.

Following upon the remarks of our April notice of this grand aquatic festival, we shall commence this article by stating that we were early in our attendance at Putney on Friday, the 30th March, the day prior to the grand event, in the hope that one final peep might be obtained of either crew in their last trial row. And well were we repaid ; for at 9 o'clock A.M. the Oxford crew left the boat-house of the London Rowing Club, and made some first-rate starts both with and against the tide, remaining out about half an hour. One start, round Craven Cottage point, with tide, was indeed a brilliant affair. The pace of the boat was not great at first ; but by the time half a score of strokes had been rowed, the speed attained was astonishing. The style and uniformity of the crew was all that could be desired. Not that Mr. Risley seemed to us to be rowing quite up to his best form : he appeared to hang somewhat over his oar : but a finer crew, take it all in all, the Isis has seldom sent to represent her at Putney. About 10, or half-past 10 o'clock, the Cambridge men assembled at Searle's boat-house, and started for some practice spurts against stream, which were far from satisfactory ; but the crew, having proceeded above Hammersmith Bridge, turned round, and prepared for a two-mile spin at speed. The crew rowed with their usual long, steady stroke, and, notwithstanding a sharpish breeze blew up the river, rowed the distance in 9 mins. 13 secs.—a trial, considering the circumstance of wind, tide, &c., very favourable to their chance of success on the following day. It would indeed have puzzled the best judges, after seeing this day's work of both

crews, to decide on which colour to invest ; though we cannot help saying that we consider the odds of five to four, which we believe existed, were very properly in favour of the Oxford crew.

We now come to the great day itself, Saturday, the 31st of March, 1860 ; and long will that day be held in high estimation by all true oarsmen. Again an early start was necessary. Before 7 A.M. the river at London Bridge was all life and bustle ; above a dozen steamers were taking in cargoes, and by that hour nearly all of them were on the way to Putney. The last to leave (7.20) was the 'Venus,' with the members of the London Rowing Club, and her passengers only just arrived at Putney in time to witness the start. At 8.15 the two crews got into their boats, and shortly afterwards rowed down to the Water Bridge. The scene at this time was truly astonishing. At an hour when half London is expected to be in bed, thousands had arrived ; indeed, many Haymarket parties might be seen in cabs, who evidently determined to make the boat-race the last thing at night. Above two thousand were conveyed by the South Western Railway alone ; a score of steam-boats waited the start, crammed with spectators ; the bridge, the Putney tow-path, the Bishop's grounds at Fulham, and every available space wherefrom a glimpse of the race could be obtained, being occupied. Great was the excitement and interest displayed as the two crews approached the starting-place, various were the opinions expressed ; the chief bias, we believe, being the influence of party feeling, the crews being really so even that judges looked on and held their peace. Oxford won the choice of station, and took the inside, that is, the Fulham side of the river—a right selection enough, had the race been started at 8 A.M. instead of half an hour later, when the tide had made its mark, and was actually running down on the Middlesex shore, though just holding up where the course of the Cambridge of necessity pointed.

One false start, and then the word was given by Mr. Edward Searle. At that moment a strong puff of wind threw the Cambridge boat down on one side ; but still away she went, and had cleared half her length before her adversary had advanced a foot. But now both were under weigh, and Oxford, to make up for the slow start they had made, put on a wonderful spurt, rowing some forty-three or forty-four strokes per minute, the result of which was that, before the Star and Garter was reached, they were nearly level with the Cantabs, and off the London Boat-house led by a few feet. And be it remembered they had rowed thus far with a slight tide making down against them. Both boats now got further away from the shore, Cambridge swerving out very suddenly, the rudder being put so hard up, that the Oxford seemed to gain rapidly in a couple of strokes. Round Craven Cottage, Oxford got nearly three-quarters of their boat's length in advance. The rowing now on both sides was very fine, Oxford holding their lead until the Crab Tree, when their extraordinarily quick stroke began to tell on them, and they seemed unable to change it into a more lasting style, such as Cam-

bridge rowed; and the latter now came up, rowing some hundred yards dead level; and so close were the boats together, that the oars came in contact twice. The second time this occurred the stroke of the Oxford had his oar knocked out of his grasp; but the excitement of the race was too great to notice trifles, and the two crews passed under Hammersmith Bridge, time 9 m. 26 s., all but level, Cambridge having an advantage of a few feet, a lead that their excellent condition, and the quiet, determined stroke of Mr. Hall enabled them to maintain, and even improve in the next half mile, and which it seemed next to impossible that any exertion on the part of the Oxford crew could endanger; but to the surprise of all, at Chiswick Eyott the boats again seemed to overlap, after which Cambridge again drew away, passing under the Railway Bridge at Barnes, with half a clear length between the boats, the Oxonians, notwithstanding the short, quick stroke they were now rowing, rather lessening the distance before the Ship at Mortlake was passed, though the Cambridge ultimately won by the distance named, or by about fifteen seconds of time; rowing the whole distance in twenty-six minutes, great part of it being against tide.

Thus ended one of the most gallant contests that it has ever been our good fortune to witness between the rival crews of our two great seats of learning; and while we hailed with all enthusiasm the victorious Cantabs, we felt equally bound to give a hearty cheer for the vanquished Oxonians.

It would be worse than presumption to hint that had Oxford taken the outside station, and thus got the advantage of what tide remained, and had they not got into such a hurried style, the fortune of the day might have been otherwise; but still they rowed under these disadvantages, and it is only fair to allude to the fact.

It was also the subject of remark, that the 'dark blues' had not pitted themselves against any crew for a trial over the course, while Cambridge had not only had a spin against the London Rowing Club, who kindly manned their new twelve-oared outrigger on the Tuesday previous, but on the Thursday had an eight-oared crew of watermen to row against; and there can be no question that both these races, stern wagers as they were from the commencement, must have been of much benefit to them.

The Cambridge crew speedily recovered the effect of the race, and actually followed their usual practice of at once rowing back to Putney. The Oxford crew left their boat at Mortlake. Both crews met about two hours afterwards, to lunch at Mr. Phillips's, the Cedars, Barnes; and to keep up the friendly feeling that always exists between the representatives of the two Universities for the Easter race, dined together at the Albion Hotel the same evening.

The first eight-oared race of the season of the LONDON ROWING CLUB came off on the 11th inst., when the following crews contended.

The Club steamer 'Venus' followed the race, freighted with a large party of ladies and members of the Club, thus adding both beauty and interest to the contest, while numbers of pedestrians and equestrians thronged the tow-path and Hammersmith Bridge. The course was from Putney to Chiswick Eyott:—

Mr. Casamajor's Crew.

1. Maltby.	4. A. Schlotel.	7. G. Finlaison.
2. Lister.	5. Sherman.	Foster (stroke).
3. Holman.	6. Belfour.	Casamajor (cox.).

Mr. Ireland's Crew.

1. J. Owen.	4. Mossendew.	7. Head.
2. Mortimer.	5. Henly.	Coventry (stroke).
3. D. H. Owen.	6. Custance.	Ireland (cox.).

Mr. Potter's Crew.

1. A. Finlaison.	4. Wright.	7. Burgess.
2. Cosser.	5. Freeman.	C. Schlotel (stroke).
3. Holt.	6. G. Shirreff.	Potter (cox.).

Mr. Playford's Crew.

1. Jeffryes.	4. Catty.	7. Morley.
2. Harding.	5. Robins.	Woodbridge (stroke).
3. Chapman.	6. Noble.	H. H. Playford (cox.).

Mr. Ireland had the best station on the Middlesex side, Mr. Playford next, then Mr. Casamajor, and Mr. Potter the worst on the Putney side. The captain of the Club gave the word that set the four crews to work, Mr. Casamajor's being the quickest to obey: Indeed, they may be said to have won gradually from the first, their good style of stroke taking them nearly clear of everything in the race, at the Boat-house, from which point they kept widening the gap, and won by five lengths. Meanwhile a splendid race for second honours was going on between Mr. Ireland's and Mr. Playford's, the latter suffering from a foul of Mr. Potter's, after which an oar broke, and his bow-man became a passenger, thus losing their chance of any place save the rear. The time of the winners was 13 m. 31 s.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

The Fight for the Championship—Newmarket Craven and Epsom—Market Harborough Steeple Chases—The Two Thousand Guineas—Hunting—Aquatics—Cricket.

THE chivalry of the prize ring has been revived. Muscle has proved its pre-dominance over mind, and the manly Art of Self Defence is likely to be again recognized as a necessary element of a schoolboy's education. The Balacava charge, the storming of the heights at Inkerman, or the siege of Sebastopol, were not chronicled with more minuteness than the recent battle between two brawny men, which took place in the dank atmosphere of a cold grey morning within forty miles of London. The extraordinary interest which the encounter has excited, has induced us to follow the example of 'The Times' and 'Saturday Review,' and in another portion of our Magazine our readers will find a description of the scene at Farnborough, divested of the vulgarity and slang which usually attach to accounts of the prize ring. The best proof of the immense interest which the international combat has excited, is evidenced from the fact that 'Bell's Life' disposed of 90,000 copies of their special edition, published on the following morning; and it is said that the circulation of their popular and juvenile rival, 'The Sporting Life,' reached the immense number of 362,000. For this reason, and no other, have we dedicated a portion of our pages to the hostile meeting between Tom Sayers and J. C. Heenan.

The fact admits of no disguise. The fight, and nothing but the fight, has been the most prominent feature of the past month. Still the Craven Meeting met with more than its usual meed of success, as the programme presented a far more attractive appearance than it had in former years. The defeat of Fravola by Thunderbolt, on the first day, proved the correctness of the public running of last year; but the winner was not fancied by the *cognoscenti*, who expressed their doubts of his ability to stay, and his price for the Derby remained the same as before the race. His subsequent defeat by Trovatore on the Friday apparently settled the hopes of his Derby backers, although we expect to see him better that running, as his fretful state at the starting-post showed that his form was very different to that of Monday. The advent of Richmond, which was looked forward to with great interest, did not prove so successful as was anticipated, for he cut a very indifferent figure in his race with Sweetsauce and Paleface; although all people seemed gratified to witness the subsequent success of Lord Fitzwilliam for the Hurstbourne Stakes. The Biennial for three-year olds now forms one of the great features of the meeting, but destroys much of the interest which formerly attached to the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. On the present occasion, the running apparently settled the 'Two Thousand' chances of Brother to Rainbow, King of Diamonds, St. James, and one or two others of little notoriety, whilst the successful performance of Avalanche, a dark filly, by Wild Dayrell, from Mr. T. Parr's stable, again brought Lupellus prominently into the betting. Mr. Parr backed his filly for a hundred pounds, but it was chiefly attributable to Fordham's fine riding that she secured the verdict of the judge by a head. Confectioner, who was generally set down for 'a miler,' won the Newmarket Handicap so easily, that considerable support was awarded to him for the Derby at outside prices. The two heavy weights, Newcastle and Gamester, who were much fancied, never showed in the race; and it is an indubitable fact that the three-year olds of the present year are better than the old horses at weight for age. The Claret and

Port Stakes, which have at times produced brilliant contests between some of the leading cracks of their day, unfortunately fell to the ground, as Promised Land was allowed to walk over for the Claret, and the antagonism of Musjid and Gamester for the Port was prevented by the sudden lameness of the Derby winner, who was on the spot and intended.

The chief feature of the meeting was, however, the 'knocking out' of Buccaneer for the Two Thousand Guineas, the dealings in connection with which were at the time of a most suspicious character, although creative of considerable amusement to all uninterested bystanders. The scene in the rooms on Tuesday evening would require the pen of a Sheridan or a Dickens to depict it in all its phases. The gradually lengthening countenances of those who had invested on Buccaneer, and the little bits of comedy-acting which passed between certain leading operators, would have completed an excellent scene for a Haymarket comedy. Bookmakers are not easily dissatisfied. They bear losses with a philosophical indifference worthy of the ancient Stoics, but many certainly lost their temper when they discovered that Buccaneer had been quietly cast adrift, and in their haste they commented on the proceeding with what Mrs. Malaprop would term 'the most uproarious epitaphs.' The explanation which has been made relative to the scratching of the horse has been received with grumbling and dissatisfaction by those persons who allow their pocket to influence their partiality; but we readily acquit Lord Portsmouth of being actuated by any unworthy motive or personal pique in ordering the horse to be struck out. Buccaneer was unquestionably unfit to run, and the statement put forth by Admiral Rous has completely allayed the angry feeling which at first predominated. There is, however, every probability that we have not heard the last on the subject, as searching inquiries are being made to discover the parties who have been more deeply implicated in the transaction. A report was current at Newmarket last week that William Butler would give Buccaneer his finishing preparation for the Derby, and that he would be placed under the management of the Admiral; but before leaving Newmarket, we heard in the rooms that the arrangement would not be completed.

The Epsom Spring Meeting would have been a great success but for the unpropitious state of the weather, which frightened many of those away who usually take a day's holiday at Mr. Dorling's Meeting. The City and Suburban has been undoubtedly the most popular handicap of the present year, and the Admiral never made a happier effort than when he adjusted the weights for that race. The field was immense, and Mr. Hibburd had considerable trouble in managing the light weights at the post; and but for his wonderful display of patience, it would have been impossible to secure a fair start with so large a field. On the following day several of the boys had to appear before the stewards to answer for their conduct; and but for the lenity of Mr. Hibburd, who begged the stewards to overlook their conduct for the nonce, they would all have been suspended. We trust the jockeys will not overlook this kind act on the part of the starter, as it is evident that his only desire is to do his duty, and, if possible, to please and conciliate all parties. The conduct of several of the light weights of late at the starting-post has met with universal condemnation, and if they do not obey the starter with more promptitude they must ere long 'come to grief.' '*Revenons à nos moutons.*' The handicap itself justified the high encomiums which had been passed upon it, and resulted in a dead heat; and, most curiously, the old horses who were considered out of the race, ran first, second, and fourth. The three-year olds, which had proved invincible over the long-distance handicaps, were strangely enough defeated over a course which ought to be considered more advantageous to them. Time

and space will not permit us to advert at any length to the remainder of the racing, which by this time has become somewhat stale, and for a return of sport we refer our readers to our 'Racing Register.'

The palmy days of steeple-chasing were restored, at least for one day, at Market Harborough, and the success which attended the undertaking shows what gentlemen can accomplish when they work earnestly and with a cordial co-operation for the promotion of sport. The gathering afforded some first-class sport; and although the Londoners mustered in small numbers, we have no doubt it will become a great meeting in future years, if carried on in the same spirit.

The racing at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting has been of the usual stamp; but the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, and the Two-Year Old Plate, are the only events worth recording. The Two Thousand has been a most remarkable betting race, for the downfall of Buccaneer was followed by that of The Wizard, owing to his easy defeat by Tom Bowline in a private trial. Public running, however, often defeats private trials; and The Wizard carried off one of the easiest won Two Thousand's on record. The Whitewall stable cannot account for the running, as Tom was one of the last lot. The success of The Wizard has of course brought him into notoriety; but the friends of Umpire are ready and willing to back him for any money against the Two Thousand victor, who had a very moderate field to dispose of, if we are to judge from the position of the King of Diamonds at the finish. John Scott was again pre-eminent in the race for the One Thousand, which produced a fine race with four. Everybody was delighted to see Lord Derby's popular colours in front for one of the leading stakes of the year. In the Two-Year Old Plate, despite the formidable array of starters, the backers of Walloon had the temerity to lay odds on him; but were doomed to defeat by Big Ben, who, it will be recollected, was beaten some way by Lord Stamford's colt at Northampton. The public runners had it all to themselves, as Polyolbion and Morella were close up with the leaders.

By the time this is in the hands of our readers, the racing world will be on the move for Chester, and it is expected that an immense field will come to the post for the Cup. Tame Deer has been backed for so much good money, and is reported to be in such excellent form, that we expect to see the old horse in a prominent position at a finish.

After the termination of sports on the Roodee, a short fortnight will only elapse before making preparations for the great Derby, which appears to be one of the most open on record, as no opportunity has this year been given us of estimating the relative merits of Umpire, The Wizard, Thormanby, Nutbourne, Buccaneer, and Mainstone, to say nothing of the outside division, which appears likely to muster in great force. We shall leave a discussion of their chances to other pens, but may give it as our opinion that whatever beats Nutbourne will about win.

Our hunting readers will find a *résumé* of the principal features of the past season in another portion of our pages, from the well-known pen of 'Scrutator;' and the lovers of aquatic sports will perceive that we have given a special article describing the late University Boat Race.

There has been little doing in the yachting world during the past month, the strong northerly winds which have prevailed without intermission being such as to deter the most eager yachtsman from getting afloat. The Prince of Wales Yacht Club, however, had their opening trip at the Folly House, Blackwall, on the 5th of April. The Royal Thames Yacht Club will open at Blackwall on the 5th of the ensuing month, and have fixed their sailing-

match for second, third, and fourth class yachts, to take place from Erith to the Nore and back, on the 30th of May.

The sculling match between Drewitt of Chelsea, and the celebrated Harry Clasper of Newcastle-on-Tyne, came off at the latter place, for 100*l.* a side, on Tuesday, April 24th, about six o'clock in the evening, Drewitt winning by two lengths; the most remarkable feature in this race being, that the veteran Clasper is nearly twice the age of his opponent, and has contended in more rowing-matches than any other man in the world.

The London Rowing Club held their annual eight-oared race on Wednesday, April 11th, when four crews contended, steered by Messrs. Casamajor, Playford, Ireland, and Potter. The crew of the first-named gentlemen won rather easily, the other three being close together. The object of this race was to select the best oarsmen to contend for the Grand Challenge Cup at the forthcoming Henley Regatta. This Club are the present holders.

Cricket and Cricketers remain much 'as they were' when last we wrote, the state of the weather since having been of such decided anti-cricket character as to preclude all but the most earnest enthusiast from indulging in even a few hours' practice. The honourable Secretary of the Surrey Club published his annual exposition of the Club's receipts and expenditure for 1859, showing the expenses of the 'whole' of the matches played were 72*l.* 1*8s.*, and 'per contra,' the moneys received at the gate from the public to witness 'a portion' of those matches played amounted to 610*l.* 1*8s.* 6*d.* thus practically demonstrating the great interest taken by the public in the rare old game. The Club's annual dinner takes place on Friday next, the 4th of May, at the London Tavern; and the dinner of the Members of the Marylebone Club is set down on Wednesday next, at the Pavilion on Lord's Ground, when, as heretofore, the M. C.'s list of matches to come will no doubt be revised and receive additions.

John Lillywhite's temperate, kindly, and sensibly-written letter to American cricketers has met with general praise; and if our friends of the bat and ball, and 't'other side of the Jordan' do but study that letter in the spirit it is written, and take advantage of the sound practical advice contained therein, they will find themselves far more able to contend against 'Our Eleven' when next they meet at Philippi.

The All-England Eleven, it appears, have received a kind invite, and liberal pecuniary offer, to just step over to Australia at the end of this season, there to play a series of matches with 22's of that portion of our colonies. As an extra inducement to them to undertake this little voyage, it is intimated that they can leave after play is over in the country, will arrive at their destination in the very cream of the Australian season, play all their matches, and be enabled to voyage and arrive home in time to play in the annual contest between the All-England Eleven and the United Eleven in 1861. The following are the May engagements of a few of our professionals:—

George Parr	at Harrow.	Bell	at Eton.
Jackson	„ Oxford.	Atkinson	„ Birkenhead Park.
H. H. Stephenson	„ Manchester.	Stubberfield	„ Brighton College.
Julius Cæsar	„ Oxford.	E. Stephenson (York)	„ Oxford.
Caffyn	„ Winchester.	Slinn (Sheffield)	„ Oxford.

The publication of Lillywhite's 'Guide to Cricketers' is anxiously expected by cricketers throughout the country; and as we are informed the popular little shilling volume will this year contain several improvements, there can be no doubt of its insuring an unprecedented sale. 'The English Cricketers' Trip 'to the States' also promises to have a rare innings, if we are to judge from the

announced orders already received for that work: the publication of both works is promised on the 1st of May. The seventh and conquering meeting of 'The Two Elevens' at Lord's, on the 28th inst., is the all-absorbing topic at present. The All England Eleven will, we are assured, play the following: Parr, Jackson, Hayward, Daft, Diver, Clarke, Cæsar, Willsheer, R. C. Tinley, Anderson, and Tarrant, a young and promising player from Cambridge. The 'United Eleven' we have been unable to ascertain, but should imagine they will differ but little from last year, when they played—Hearne, Carpenter, Wisden, Mortlock, Caffyn, Lockyer, Grundy, John Lillywhite, Griffith, Bell, and Atkinson. The old ground is rapidly getting into fine order, and with a fine fresh wicket and favourable weather, we are hopeful of one of the finest contests on record; and as this will be the inaugurative match of the London season, we anticipate a monster gathering of the admirers of the noble game; but among northern cricketers, 'The Champions' Match,' to be played at Manchester on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of June, reigns paramount, and bids fair to turn out in interest and attraction *the* match of the season. It is to be played on the ground belonging to the 'Manchester Club' at Stretford, one of the finest cricket arenas in the kingdom. Oval in form, and covering about seven acres and a half, no expense has been, or is being spared, in getting the ground into that condition alike worthy so very important a match and the fame and skill of the anticipated contenders. The names of 'The Champions' are household words, and need no repetition here. Who are to be selected to oppose them we are assured is not yet settled, and will perhaps much depend on the prior engagements of certain gentlemen cricketers. A careful and judicious selection will bring lookers-on from all parts of the country, and eventuate in what all cricketers throughout England must heartily wish, *i. e.*, a real benefit to The Champions.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

EASTER-TIME generally brings its round of theatrical novelties, less important certainly than they used to be in the good old time which young critics always describe as 'palmy,' but still sources of undeniable attraction to playgoers, the number of whom seem to me if anything increasing rather than decreasing. It is a favourite theory with writers on theatrical topics, that there is only a certain amount of money to be spent per annum in amusement, and that what flows into a new source is of necessity drawn from an old one, and there is some kind of reason in the argument; but lately so many new places of entertainment have sprung up, that I am beginning to waver in my belief in the soundness of this conclusion, and to imagine that the quantity of the circulating medium disposed of in such a fashion is of a decidedly expansible nature. All the dramatic and musical temples of the metropolis have been doing pretty well, except, I fancy, the two Italian Operas, the pecuniary success of which is, and under the circumstances must be always doubtful. Up to the present there has not been a single good house, either at Her Majesty's Theatre or at Covent Garden. It is true that the aristocratic *habitués* have been enjoying their Easter vacation; but independently of this and other adventitious causes, the public, upon which their prosperity depends, is not sufficiently numerous for both to thrive; bad houses at the two theatres would make a good one at either. Formerly people went to the Opera because it *was* the Opera; and men who had been abroad, or away from London for years, knew that if they dropped into the *foyers*, they were sure to find a host of their old friends pretty nearly

where they left them. All this kind of feeling is done away with ; the society is split up, and—apart from the art question altogether—the social unity of the thing is destroyed. Mr. E. T. Smith has nevertheless done all in his power to make Her Majesty's Theatre a very comfortable and attractive establishment. All the saloons and approaches have been splendidly furnished and carpeted, and certainly the *salle* and its environs are handsomer and more tastefully arranged in every respect now than they ever have been at any previous period. The orchestra he has assembled is passable, but by no means first-rate, and decidedly coarse in the brass instruments. It is led by Herr Molique, who is much too good a musician to play first violin under the direction of Benedict or Arditì. Being conducted by two *chefs* alternately, it is doubtful whether any amount of co-operation can ever make it approach in quality and vigour the splendid *corps* which obeys the *bâton* of M. Costa. Despite sundry shortcomings, however, the entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre have been indubitably better than was expected, and several of the operas presented have possessed a marked interest. Madame Borghi-Mamo has achieved a well-deserved triumph. She is a fine actress and a most accomplished singer ; and in the parts of Leonora, Azucena, and Desdemona, she has demonstrated her ability to the best advantage. Her vocalization is thoroughly tasteful and musicianly, and her histrionic efforts have a degree of nature and impulse about them that recommends itself at once to the attention and admiration of an appreciative audience. Madlle. Tietjens has fully sustained her great popularity and her excellent reputation : she is singing with even more than her usual vigour, and in the 'Trovatore' the combined efforts of this prima donna and of Signor Giuglini, have produced a very impressive effect. Mongini has been brought into more prominent notice than during the season of Italian opera at Drury Lane Theatre. He is an energetic tenor, with a good voice ; but his method is exaggerated, and he is not always artistic in his rendering of *morceaux* which demand anything beyond the most ordinary flexibility. Madlle. Piccolomini, who is shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar by an Italian count, is about bidding farewell to a stage where she has won a by no means legitimate success, and to a public, who have been captivated by her youth and *naïveté* rather than by her talent or experience. An advertisement is going the round of the papers, announcing the fact that a testimonial is to be presented to the little *cantatrice* ; but why she should have a testimonial is a fact which the most acute are not enabled to ascertain satisfactorily. She was puffed into notoriety by Mr. Lumley when she first arrived in this country, since which time she has been greatly overpaid for her services ; and her popularity has depended solely on the fictitious renown which attached itself to her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre. When she has gone she will be by no means missed ; and though I shall be delighted to hear of her favourable reception in the new *rôle* of wife, and in the proximate part of mother, I cannot chronicle her retirement as that of a valuable lyric artiste.

At the Royal Italian Opera the 'hit' of the first few weeks has been made by Madame Csállag, a very gifted prima donna from Vienna, possessing the attributes, in every department of the art, of a great and highly-endowed singer. She made her first appearance in 'Fidelio,' in which opera she exhibited such extraordinary accomplishments that she has been universally compared, and in no derogatory fashion, to Schroeder-Devrient, and the other greatest representatives of the part of *Leonora*. She is a most graceful person on the stage : her actions are all regulated by perfect taste and judgment, and her singing is distinguished by wonderful power, and by a passionate expression that at once wins the admiration of the listener. At present her *répertoire* is limited, for she

is not allowed to appear in any of Grist's characters until the 'twelve performances' of that time-honoured soprano have terminated. Public opinion, therefore, up to the present time has been formed only on the representation of Beethoven's work, which, however great and musicianly, is not sufficiently intelligible to the uninitiated to become really popular or universally admired. The 'Pardon de Ploërmel' inaugurated the season, and introduced for the first time in this country M. Faure in the part of *Hoel*. He is an admirable baritone of the purely French opéra-comique school, and he is a consummate artist both as singer and actor. He was received with as much enthusiasm as is generally considered due to a gentleman possessing this class of voice. Basses and baritones never can gain the popularity awarded to tenors—no more than contraltos can attain the fame achieved so often by sopranos, irrelative of country or language.

After Passion week the dramatic critic had a busy time of it, and the ardent labours of authors and translators underwent careful revision. There has been no great 'hit,' though a number of amusing items have been placed on the list of theatrical novelties. At the Haymarket Theatre, the enduring attraction of 'The Overland Route' was backed up by a neat extravaganza of Mr. J. H. Byron's, called 'The Pilgrim of Love,' and founded on one of Washington Irving's pretty 'Tales of the Alhambra.' Planché had already embodied the theme, which the young burlesque writer, nevertheless, did not hesitate to turn into pleasant and fluent verse, not overlaid with vulgar jokes or meaningless puns; but sufficiently smooth sometimes to prove tedious, and occasionally amusing. The acting and the scenery assisted the author to secure a favourable verdict, which will certainly not diminish, if it should not greatly increase his good repute for ingenuity of thought and cleverness of execution. Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss M. Ternan, and Mr. Compton sustained the chief weight of the piece; and a panorama by Mr. Fenton, of a journey from Granada to Toledo, through Seville and Cordova, was generally admired and applauded.—Madame Celeste having concluded for the present her lesseeship of the Lyceum, it has been opened for a season under the direction of Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edmund Falconer, and the chief 'card' has been the burlesque of 'The Forty Thieves,' written for the amateur performance of the Savage Club, which I described in my last communication. Miss Lydia Thompson was engaged to impersonate the character of *Abdallah*; and her dancing and activity have given great satisfaction to her admirers. She is undoubtedly a very intrepid young 'party,' abashed at nothing; and has the knack of seizing the favour of her spectators at the right moment and in the right place. It is almost needless to say that the speculation has been a mere flash in the pan of popular opinion, and that even the length of Sir William Don is not calculated—considerable though it be—to give vitality to the entertainments, which are, altogether, not likely to last for any lengthened period.—The engagement of Mr. Phelps at the Princess's has materially improved the business, and the reproduction of Mr. Tom Taylor's play of 'The Fool's 'Revenge' has certainly brought money to the treasury. His embodiment of *Bertuccio* is finely conceived, and is worked out with the most elaborate consideration of detail: demonstrations of intense passion are curiously intermixed with those of quaint and original humour, and altogether the portraiture is highly vigorous and artistic. Miss Heath and Miss Atkinson sustain the same parts in which they appeared on the occasion of the original production of the play at Sadler's Wells Theatre; and the manner in which it is here acted and placed upon the stage is creditable alike to the company and the management. The Easter piece, 'The Sylphide,' was furnished by Mr. William Brough, and

is written with more genuine humour and talent than are ordinarily exhibited in this class of productions. The jokes will bear reflection, and the story—that of ‘The Mountain Sylph’—is sufficiently popular to need little or no explanation at the present date. Miss Carlotta Leclercq is a charming *Eolia*, and Miss Louise Keeley is an admirable *Donald*, while Mr. Frank Matthews makes up into a very formidable Scotchman, *Sir Haggis M’Haggis*—a wonderful and exaggerated specimen of a school that still flourishes in Caledonia. ‘The Dead Heart,’ after the return of Mr. Webster from his provincial tour, again filled the Adelphi Theatre nightly, and the masterly acting of the manager in the part of *Robert Landry* has continued to excite unbounded enthusiasm and applause. Once more, however, the regular routine is interrupted by the departure of Mr. Webster to earn fresh laurels at Bath, Bristol, Manchester, and other centres of commercial industry, in consequence of which, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan are to return for a ‘starring’ engagement. On the anniversary of Shakspeare’s birthday, Mr. Webster laid at Maybury the first brick of the first of the twelve houses appertaining to the dramatic college. A number of theatrical celebrities were present, and the various ceremonies customary on these occasions were gone through with becoming pomp and circumstance. A pleasant luncheon and some apt and earnest speeches terminated the day, which is likely to form a marked epoch in the history of the Institution. The first stone is shortly to be laid by H.R.H. Prince Albert.—Planché’s ‘Fair One with the Golden Locks,’ of whilome Haymarket renown, was revived at the Adelphi at Easter, and is on the whole very well performed. Miss Woolgar, Miss Kate Kelly, Mr. J. L. Toole, and Mr. Paul Bedford are the energetic representatives of the principal characters.—At the Olympic, the chief novelty of late has been a translation, by Mr. Tom Taylor, of a one-act comedy, originally produced at the Gymnase, and called ‘*Je dine chez ma Mère.*’ It is literally done from the French, the names of the *dramatis persone* being changed, though the dialogue is stated to remain the same. In the French piece, Sophie Arnould is the heroine; in the English, Peg Woffington. The former was, we believe, a refined though vicious woman; the latter, a rough, hearty, vulgar beauty. The sentiment of the piece, it may therefore be readily believed, changes with the tongue and the locality, and there can be little doubt but that of the two the French author has the best of it. Mrs. Stirling considerably overacts the part of *Peg*. How common it is to find that actresses past a certain age are not content to exert naturally the great abilities they may possess, but will strive by too vivacious efforts for a youthful vigour and impulse which have been long past their grasp! Mr. Horace Wigan makes up very well for Hogarth—the heavy English substitute for a rattling, gay, half-sentimental, poor French painter, who sings a frivolous couplet where his British counterpart reads a sonnet of Shakspeare’s. The farce of ‘*B. B.*,’ and the clever comedy of ‘*Uncle Zachary*,’ complete an attractive evening’s entertainment.—The St. James’s Theatre is sinking slowly but pretty surely to the point at which it existed for years before the attempt was made to rescue it through the agency of ‘cheap prices.’ A very bad burlesque by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, entitled ‘*Lucrezia Borgia*,’ is the staple commodity of the bill, and a new comedy by Messrs. Sorrel and French has been called to the assistance of the waning fortunes of the establishment; but there does not seem much hope of recovery; the enterprise is altogether in a very weakly state, and the theory of ‘low prices,’ which at one time looked rather formidable, is sinking into the significance which theatrical protectionists always claimed for it.

Talfourd and Byron have succeeded in producing a very amusing burlesque

for the Strand Theatre, and have gained a renewed popularity for the time-honoured tradition of 'The Miller and his Men : ' as much, however, to the acting as to the writing may the laughter evoked nightly be with justice attributed. There certainly is no such company in London for the acting of this class of works ; each member seems thoroughly to understand the business, and they have all so long worked together, that they are able to produce an amount of associated fun that it is impossible to discover in any other theatre. Marie Wilton is inimitably pert and entertaining as a young English tiger attendant on a German 'swell,' and is dressed to a point of perfection that would make many an aristocratic juvenile groom tear his hair with envy, provided a sufficient amount had been left upon his head wherewith to gratify his revengeful predilections. Charlotte Saunders is a grand *Grindoff*, and acts as well as any two men I know of. There is a pluck and determination about this lady's conception and realization of a part that are very near if not quite akin to genius. She can do almost anything, and exhibits care, thoughtfulness, and experience in the smallest undertakings, a sure sign of genuine talent. Rogers plays the part of a neglected middle-aged lady resident in the robbers' cave, and his expression of despair, remorse, and blighted affection is one of the most comic and original efforts imaginable. The woe-begone aspect of his countenance is the signal for a shout of laughter which is generally continued during his presence on the stage ; and which is every now and then materially increased by the most extraordinary vocal and terpsichorean outbursts. Miss Bufton, Miss Simpson, Rosina Wright, and Messrs. Bland, Turner, and Poynter are all well engaged in the burlesque, which is full of quaintnesses and smart writing of the style for which Messrs. Byron and Talfourd are now equally renowned.—Mr. Cooke has disappeared from Astley's, and has been succeeded by the old proprietor, Mr. Batty, who has made sundry improvements in the amphitheatre, and has, like all the rest, turned his gaze across the Channel for dramatico-equestrian novelties. 'L'Histoire d'un Drapeau,' once celebrated at the Cirque Impériale, becomes 'The History of a Flag' at the Westminster temple of horse fame, and all its battles are fought afresh on English ground. I do not think, however, that Mr. Batty, even, will make Astley's a remunerative speculation, without he undertakes the entire business on a different scale to any hitherto attempted in London. Go into the Paris equestrian establishments—go to the Cirque de Berlin—go to the amphitheatre of almost any capital on the Continent, and then see what a miserable way we have of managing these matters at home. The horse-drama has not kept up with the progress of the times we live in ; let it be looked to, and I really think the improver will in the end be amply repaid for his trouble.—There has been a nasty little operatic episode at Drury Lane Theatre, connected with a certain Dr. Pech, who opened the establishment for performances of English opera, and shut it after a week, without attending to those little treasury details which are anxiously looked for as a kind of reciprocal duty between manager and *employés*. The result was, that the latter, finding the former so very remiss in his notions of reciprocity, proceeded to Bow Street to ask the magistrate what they were to do under the sorrowful circumstances, and the magistrate not knowing how to advise them, they all had to go their way with very heavy hearts and remarkably light pockets. Is it not time that this kind of transaction should come to an end ? Men take theatres with just enough money to pay the rent, and all the rest is left to the chance of a die. Poor supers, choristers, and instrumentalists are left to do as best they can, without the money on which they depend for their actual subsistence, and the *grand seigneur*, the *entrepreneur*, is *non est* when he is most wanted.

BETTING ON THE DERBY, ETC.

THE DERBY betting has undergone considerable changes, consequent upon the running at NEWMARKET, THE WIZARD naturally being in great demand from the consummate ease with which he won the Two THOUSAND. Immediately after that race 90 to 20 was offered on the field, and in the course of the day that price was taken about UMPIRE as well as THE WIZARD. Indeed the Newmarket people seem very confident about UMPIRE, and considerable sums of money have been betted between him and the Two THOUSAND winner. Which of the two will be favourite on the day it is impossible to divine, but the immense stake which has been invested on UMPIRE would incline us to the belief that he will hold that position. THORMANEY has improved his place since the success of his stable companion Trovatore in the Craven Meeting, and anything over 9 to 1 is booked. BUCCANEER has shown symptoms of revival; but MAINSTONE is very quiet, and we did not hear his name mentioned at Newmarket. NUTBOURNE is firm at 11 to 1, and that is all we can say about him. HIGH TREASON is supported for good money, and has lately been backed for large sums. Indeed he has more of a coming appearance than anything in the race. His backers would take 100 to 6 if offered, to any money. The DRONE is also quietly in demand, and although quoted in the papers at 100 to 3, we doubt whether anything like that price can be obtainable about him. Of the other outsiders there is nothing in any demand; but HORROR has been heavily backed and will be heard of again.

We have heard no betting on the OAKS, which is now a perfect dead letter in the market.

There has been a great deal of betting on the CHESTER CUP; but as we are on the eve of the race it is useless to make any comment, and we need only refer our readers to the following quotations, to ascertain the correct market odds this (Friday) afternoon.

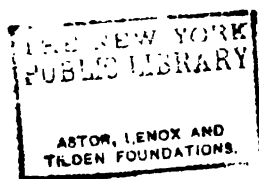
CHESTER CUP.

9 to 1 ST. ALBANS (t.)
 11 to 1 PETRA (12 to 1 t. f.)
 100 to 8 SATELLITE (t.)
 14 to 1 LONGRANGE (t.)
 100 to 6 APOLLYON (t.)
 100 to 6 BLUE RUIN (20 to 1 t.)
 20 to 1 TAME DEER.
 20 to 1 GASPARD.
 20 to 1 MAN AT ARMS.
 25 to 1 INDEPENDENCE.
 25 to 1 WEATHERBOUND.
 25 to 1 THE BREWER.
 25 to 1 VIATKA (off.)

33 to 1 SQUIRE.
 50 to 1 HERNE (off.)

DERBY.

9 to 2 THE WIZARD (t.)
 9 to 2 UMPIRE (5 to 1 t.)
 9 to 1 THORMANEY (10 to 1 t. f.)
 10 to 1 NUTBOURNE (11 to 1 t.)
 11 to 1 MAINSTONE (t. and off.)
 13 to 1 BUCCANEER.
 15 to 1 HIGH TREASON (100 to 6 t.)
 25 to 1 THE DRONE (t. and off.)
 33 to 1 CRAMOND (off.)





Portrait of George Payson

Portrait of George Payson

George Payson

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE.

WE have hitherto confined our Gallery of Sportsmen to the nobles of the land, but there is another class equally deserving of having their names perpetuated in the annals of the turf. We allude to 'the Squirearchy of England,' a body unique in themselves, and of which no other country in the world can show the like. Conspicuous among these is Mr. George Payne, who for very many years has been regarded and pointed out as the *beau-idéal* of an English sportsman, equally well known in the hunting-field, as on the race-course, the drawing-room, or the Club; investing all his actions with that chivalrous honour which has created for him not only an English but a European reputation. The Payne family is one of the oldest in Northamptonshire, a county which, like Yorkshire, may be said to be pregnant with sportsmen; and the subject of this notice is the eldest son of Mr. George Payne of Sulby Abbey, and a nephew of the Mr. Payne who won the Derby in 1817 with Azor. Mr. Payne was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to Oxford, where he graduated at Christ Church. Having the misfortune to lose his father at an early age, when he came into his estates he had the benefit of a long minority; and the event was celebrated by a series of festivities at Sulby, which will never be forgotten in the county; as, on the first night, a ball was given to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood; on the second night one to the tradesmen and tenantry; and on the third a similar entertainment to the servants. With the means at his disposal it was unlikely he would fail in gratifying his taste for the sports of the field, or the amusements of those Clubs which, although extinct at the present time, have left behind them an undying prestige in the chronicles of St. James's. In 1826, Mr. Payne served the office of High Sheriff, when the magnificence of his *cortège* surpassed that of all his predecessors—his tenantry forming his javelin-men, and being treated with the same hospitality he accorded to the Judges of the land. From his position, his accepting the mastership of the Pytchley, which was pressed on him, was almost a national duty; and

the style in which he did them, on each occasion of his management, was never surpassed even in Lord Chesterfield's day ; and, in recognition, he received two magnificent testimonials from the county. One of these consisted of a gold epergne, representing a master of hounds running into a fox at the foot of the tree, the figure being an excellent likeness of himself. The height of this piece of art was three feet six inches, and its weight six hundred ounces ; and bore on its base the following inscription : ' Presented to George Payne, Esq., of Sulby Hall, by ' upwards of Six Hundred Farmers, Tradesmen, and others of Northamptonshire, as a Testimonial of their high esteem for him, and ' gratitude for his unceasing efforts to promote the manly and healthy ' sports of the County.' This tribute was paid to him at a grand banquet at Northampton, when the attendance of upwards of five hundred was worthy of the occasion. Not a charity or even an amusement in the county, but had in Mr. Payne a warm patron, and he was one of the getters up, with Sir Robert Gunning, Messrs. Musters, Hungerford, and Bentfield, of the Memorable Fox-Hunters' Fête, which took place at the George Assembly Rooms, Northampton, on the 11th Feb. 1825, to five hundred people, including the *élite* of England, and which for magnificence of detail, and gorgeous luxury, has never since been equalled. Jarrin, of New Bond Street, was then the great confectioner of the day, and he presented each lady with a box of sweetmeats, ' Dediée Aux ' Dames Ball du 11 Fevrier, 1825,' the inside of the lid having the motto :—

Jaloux de votre estime,

Je brûle de m'en rendre digne.

As upwards of thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Payne saw his first Derby and St. Leger, it may well be imagined to be a hopeless task to trace his career on ' the turf, the chase, and the road,' so we must fain content ourselves with a bird's-eye view of his doings, and rendering that justice to his social qualities and sporting attributes which a long acquaintance with the subject enables us to fulfil. In his enthusiasm for the turf, we believe him never to have been surpassed, even by that nobleman who has been fittingly styled its ' Napoleon.' And there is scarcely a common in England, where a judge's box, and weights and scales have been fixed, at which he has not been present, betting with equal excitement on a hunter's stake as on a Cæsarewitch or a Cambridgeshire. Indeed, no meeting seems complete without him, and the ring invariably complain of his absence, for with him there is certain to be some betting. For many years Mr. Payne trained with the Dillys at Lyttleton, near Winchester, in connection with Mr. Greville and the present Marquis of Aylesbury ; and in that quiet and well-arranged stable, although he had his fair share of luck, and ran second with Welfare to Crucifix for the Oaks, he never brought off either of the three great races, which hand a man down to posterity in the pages of Weatherby. Subsequently, when the Dillys gave up, and retired into private life with

a competency and reputation that many of their brethren might envy, Mr. Payne transferred his horses to George Dockeray at Epsom, and at his death he went to Alec Taylor at Fyfield, and has remained with him ever since, having also a stall or two at Godding's, at Newmarket. Confederate with Mr. Greville, the Talleyrand of racing, he had the first call of Nat, who expresses for him the same kind of devotion that Wells does for Sir Joseph Hawley; and during the connection of five-and-twenty years that subsisted between them, the veteran jockey gives out, he never asked him a question relative to another man's horse, or spoke an unkind word to him, although he might have been a little excitable if he thought he had not come along soon enough on a race, or finished quite as he ought to have done. Testimony like this is a far better criterion of a man's character than the flattery of friends or the paid paragraphs of reporters; and as such we have pleasure in recording it. But if not so fortunate with his own team, still, as having the active management of the stables with which he has been connected, he has had his 'good day' with Knight of the Shire, Adine, Bribery, Muscovite, and others of his confederates' horses; and there is no report so welcomed on a stand, as that 'Payne's won a good stake.' Into the hunting-field Mr. Payne, at the end of the racing season, carried his popularity with equal effect, as Melton and Leicester will vouch; and born a horseman, by his knowledge of 'the noble science,' afterwards testified in his Mastership of the Pytchley, to use a somewhat common phrase, it was 'good for sore eyes to see him go.' Nor was he a less agreeable companion after dinner, in those days when the old Club at Melton could really boast of the best wits and conversationists of the age. But that we may not seem to have overrated his character and the way he was regarded in Northamptonshire, we may record that, on the accession of the late Lord Althorp to the earldom of Spencer, which rendered vacant the southern division of the county, a deputation from the noblemen and country gentlemen of the neighbourhood waited upon him and offered to return him free of the slightest expense, even to the payment of the toll-gates. So noble an offer he took two days to consider about, and although admirably fitted by education and natural abilities for a parliamentary career, as evinced by the splendid speech he made in proposing Mr. Maunsell in his contest with Mr. Hanbury, he declined the offer from a conscientious feeling of being unable to do his duty to his constituents, in consequence of his time being entirely taken up by other occupations. In preserves and stubbles, Mr. Payne can take his own part: while there is not a capital in Europe but will bear testimony to him as a whist-player. In short, Nature appears to have endowed him with every attribute of a sportsman and a polished man of the world. As a speculator, there is nothing that he won't touch; and if he has been unsuccessful in some of his ventures, we think it will be accorded he has lost neither his temper nor his honour. In such a furnace as the turf, which has swallowed up

vast numbers of his contemporaries, both of the latter qualities to which we refer have been sorely tried; but like Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, he has come through unharmed, and given an example to the world, that a thorough English gentleman, although engaged in a questionable pursuit (according to the estimation of some people), cannot do wrong. Nimrod stated many years ago, when it was debated at Melton who was the most popular man in England, the resolution of the Club was unanimously in favour of the late Duke of Beaufort; and at the present period, were the same question raised in the sporting world, we have little fear of any opposition being made to the claim of the subject of this sketch, which we hope has not exceeded the just bounds of criticism upon so public a character as Mr. George Payne.

The portrait is engraved after a photograph by Mr. Kilburn, of Regent Street.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER IV.

THE races over, the multitude began to disperse. Here and there a horn might be heard to bring back those who had strayed, and who, without its guidance, might have in vain endeavoured to find their carriage among the countless numbers which were collected together on the Downs. The gipsies were trying their last chance at telling the 'pretty lady's' fortune, and assuring all kinds of good in store if you would only cross their hands with a small piece of silver. The thimble-riggers had shouldered their tables, and were already on the tramp to some convenient place where they might be in readiness for the Thursday and Friday's racing. Poles were being pulled out from under carriages; horses backed; empty bottles flung to importunate seekers of them; and every one was adding to the natural bustle and confusion by trying to get away as fast as they could, and finding out the old saying, 'The more haste the worse speed,' fully exemplified. The offerers of return lists were treated with much the same contumely as a person would have been who had announced to you privately, and solemnly, that Henry VIII. married Catherine Parr; who, by the way, I believe is not an ancestress of the gentleman residing near Wantage, as celebrated for his training of horses as bluff Hal was for his training of wives.

A little difficulty was experienced in getting some persons away. One man mooted an opinion that there had been a dispute, and that the Derby must be run over again in consequence. Another confidently asserted that Qui Vive, having only won a heat, must win a second: a third expressed his determination of sleeping on the Downs, giving, as a reason, that, as he certainly intended being present at the Oaks, it was not worth while to go all the way back to town and return for that event.

Our party—consisting of Roberts, myself, and Cabby—was soon got together: the last-named was evidently screwed; but as that, and

gross impertinence, formed the normal state of his class some years ago (so much so that if you did not get violently insulted, in a drunken voice, for only giving a shilling more than his fare to a member of it, you were led to believe he wasn't well), I took very little notice of the matter, thinking he was still sober enough to tool us back to London.

For myself, I must report that I was happy : I had a general impression that times were rosy ; and had the idea of a settling day obtruded itself on my mind I should have scouted it as an ' unreal mockery.'

Roberts was very casky—there was no shadow of a doubt about that : he became excessively mawkish on the subject of the pretty girl he had left behind him—heaven knows what well-favoured youthful female he was alluding to, though I am inclined to believe it was an organ grinder who had accompanied her instrumental performance by warbling cerulean canticles on the course, and looking in a sleepy way at me, with his head on one side, exclaimed—

‘ Methinks I see her now ;’

to which a voice replied,

‘ Poor old buffer, with a small tin pot
In the mouth of her bow wow !’

This displeased him ; and finding that the above pretty couplet proceeded from the mouth of a gentleman driving a Whitechapel, he indignantly told him he'd punch his head if he were his own size. Such a proviso was really prudent on the part of Roberts, inasmuch as the driver of the Whitechapel would have made about two of him and a little one over, and seemed born to give knock-down blows. It might have been this conviction dawning on his mind which subsequently induced him to offer the man a cigar, which was politely received with ‘ All growed in your own garding, hey, Guvner ?’ ‘ Do you know, I think I recollect your mother ; didn't she break her leg when very young, while doing the stilt business, by putting one of her timber feet in a fire-plug ? Lor ! what a light-comedy cock of the leg she had when making a bow after copping the coppers !’ ‘ and what a clever man your father was : you'll never be able to open fifty dozen of oysters, and shave yourself with the same knife within the hour.’

I am bound to own that the generality of the remarks, as regarded myself, were not of an encouraging nature, and that I was not pleased with the intimate acquaintance some of the passers-by professed to have with my family, one of them asserting, with what amount of truth I need not inform the reader, that my ‘ sister was a lop-sided gal, rather warped in the back, with carrotty air and one hi,’ who formerly sold ‘ Calais oysters in the New Cut, and made her family's fortune by finding no end of a great big pearl in one of them one fine day :’ still the chief amount of persiflage seemed to be hurled at the devoted Roberts ; and although many of the shafts flew by him harmless, from his not in the least perceiving their drift,

one or two which came within his comprehension rendered him perfectly furious.

Before we had proceeded more than two miles, we found that a sad bitter pill was in store for us. We had been going at a pace not quite compatible with safety, considering the condition of the driver and crowded state of the road, when our horse was suddenly brought to a stand-still, and before we could make any inquiries as to the meaning of it, Cabby presented himself before us, and placing a finger across his lip, while looking as serious as his drunken eyes and a smashed hat stuck considerably on one side would allow him, said he wanted to speak to us on business of importance. My surprise may be imagined, as, not being aware he was so very drunk, I thought the present a strange occasion for confiding a matter of importance to us, and he a strange person to have the imparting of it. Having pulled the reins over the butterfly on to the horse's back, he told us if we were not contented with his driving we might drive ourselves. Now our having manifested any discontent on that score was so purely an assumption on his part, that I replied, 'My good man, we're perfectly contented with your driving, but let's get on, or we shall be late for Vauxhall, where we want to go.'

'Want to go to Woxall, do you? perhaps I wants to go to Grasinroad, but that's neither here nor there; and wot I ses is quite 'between ourselves, yinnow.' He here folded his arms, and putting his face close to mine said, 'I knowed Qui Wiwe was a-going to do 'the trick weeks ago, and I'll tell you all about how I knowed it; 'but honour among thieves, old cock,' he added, chucking Roberts under the chin, who was beginning to get drowsy and nod his head, and who could just hiccup out he thought it 'an infernal liberty.' Here Cabby looked at the mare, and then deliberately sat down on a bank close by.

This was certainly a deuced pleasant position to be placed in. Here were we half way down a hill, with vehicles pelting around us, and the person to whom the cab and its freight were intrusted calmly sitting on a bank, the reins thrown across the mare's back. I jumped out, intending to lay hold of them and get up behind, but Cabby had divined my purpose, and in a moment had them in his hand, saying, 'No, no, that cock won't fight!' and then, as if he were talking to a couple of children, added, 'If either of you try to 'come that game again, I'll run right away and never come back no 'more.' I saw my only chance was in humouring him, and therefore said, 'Well, what is it you've got to tell us?' 'You go back 'to the cab,' he replied, 'and I'll let you know; but don't you try for 'to come that game again of getting out of it, or you may be run 'over, and then think of my feelings, all sorrow and no sufferins. 'I tell you,' he added, familiarly, and digging me in the ribs, 'I 'knowed he'd win.'

Several of the passers-by discovering the fix in which we were, evinced great satisfaction; and having found out that there existed a difficulty between Cabby and ourselves—the former wishing to

remain where he was, while we were anxiously desiring to make a move—declared they were of opinion that he was in the right, and urged him, unless he was prepared to take the whole responsibility of such a step, not to stir an inch; advising him, at the same time, if he met with any further interruption, to give us in charge. I at last got so bewildered that I began seriously to doubt whether Cabby was not justified in what he was doing, and I myself was not endeavouring to break some law, and by so doing likely to get into difficulties.

‘No, no, Cabby!’ exclaimed one of the passers-by, ‘stick to your rights, you ain’t a-going to give in, I know; they ought to be ashamed of themselves. Gentlemen, too! If that’s the way gentlemen behave, I should like to know how t’others act. You ought to blush, you two, that’s what you’d a ought to do, a poor man with seven children and another expected on the hoax day.’

‘But,’ said I, at the top of my voice.

‘Oh, don’t pretend to justify yourself! I know you of old, my kiddy cove, although your hair is a little longer than it used to was. What business have you here? you ought to be doing a match against time at Clerkenwell—weal’s always in season there, though you don’t get such stuffing as you’ve had to-day.’

‘What!’ exclaimed the cabman, imitating the action of a man on the treadmill, ‘is that the last move up? why what a flat I’ve been! When I took the fare in St. John Street Road, they looked for all the world as if they’d come over a wall. Now then, burglary with violence, tell us how you managed to slip the darbies.’

‘That’s right, Cabby,’ exclaimed another voice, ‘don’t you give in.’

‘Give in! not if I’m made aware of it by private hand or post. I’m not going to knock under, no, not in a month of Sundays. Why, the governor up at the Well must be made fly to this little business. He’d stand a quid or two, I fancy, to get ’em back; and I’ve no doubt the old bloke up at the Sessions House would say, “Cabman, your conduct deflects great credit on you; officer, give him a handful of bulls out of the poor-box.”’

Roberts, who had been gradually waking up from the time he received the chuck under the chin, and was at length becoming alive to the fact that we were the objects of contumely, and for some reason or other were not going at the same pace as others, asked him why he didn’t go faster, and immediately got for answer, ‘Mind your own business, conwic; you and your pal musn’t talk, you know, the silent system’s the kick now-a-days, so hold your tongue.’ This dashing his temper, he got out with the intention of inflicting condign punishment on the cabman, but when he approached within hitting distance, and made a feeble attempt with his right, he fell flat on his face.

The cabman immediately picked him up, saying, ‘I haven’t ticketed him “Keep this side upwards,” as it don’t matter which end is a-top and which at the bottom.’

Happily for us, at that moment a drag passed, and the occupants hearing the plight we were in, pretty soon settled the matter by telling the cabman that unless he immediately got up and drove on he should have an infernal thrashing then and there. Thus admonished, he jumped up with greater alacrity than I should have supposed possible.

No further *contretemps* occurred to us until we reached the Cock at Sutton; here the world, or that portion of it which was there present, seemed to be going mad, such was the bustle, noise, and confusion. Ladies in carts were eating hunchy sandwiches and drinking porter; ladies in vans were vying with their two-wheeled neighbours both as to quantity and quality, and their lords were rushing to that famous hostelry to have some soda-water bottles filled with brandy. Gentlemen with veils tucked round their hats, content that dust should now do its worst, were ordering servants to search hampers for that last one or two bottles of champagne; those disappointed of their prey, sweetly smiling, remembered that brandy still obtained; and where an undrawn bottle was produced, which was rarely, and a corkscrew was not forthcoming, which was always the case, a knife was brought into requisition, and the neck of the bottle knocked off with more or less success. Some were gathered together in knots, smoking their pipes, and bearing the impress of men who had had a pleasant holiday, must not look forward to another until next Derby, and were now arrived at their destination, from which no force, however combined, should drive them. One lady who had been importunate in her anxiety for sixpences while on the course, and had represented herself as a native of France, who could only speak a few words of English, now came out in the vernacular of an excited and irreligious full-blown Briton. She had doubtless a facility for acquiring foreign languages, and a good opportunity offering, had studied ours, on returning home, to such advantage, that, had I not known the contrary, I should have sworn she was an Englishwoman. The manner in which she stigmatised Roberts as a — counterfeit, and boldly asserted his skin didn't fit him, on his declining to accommodate her with the loan of half a crown until the next year's Derby, was a matter of surprise, regard being had, not only to the excessive purity of her accent, but also the fidelity with which she preserved our idiom.

The talking, singing, shouting and hallooing here baffle description. In doors and out of doors the unfortunate waiters were continually being called for, and where all the drink that was consumed came from remains to this moment a sealed mystery to me. The practical jokes, which in the shape of knock-me-downs were hurled at one, I found more unpleasant here than at any other part of the road, inasmuch, as what compliments I received in that way while standing at the Cock were generally flush ones, and before retaliation could ensue the assailant was out of harm's way.

Mercy on us! what a tousled appearance had the nicely-dressed syrens of the morning now, and how flushed in the face were some

of them ! Was this attributable to excitement, which also prompted a slight incoherence of speech, so as to leave the waiters in doubt as to their requirements, had not expressive language, which rolled out plainly enough, caused these unfortunate men to become intelligent ? I can only say, if the servants at the Cock at Sutton have an eye left among them after a Derby day it proves that wicked people's wishes are not attended to.

I was now beginning to cool down into the reflection that I had lost an inconveniently large sum of money, and to regret both that I had been to the Derby, and had had a bet on it. How far pleasanter, thought I, would it have been to have spent the day in strolling among the fern at Gorrington with my gentle cousin ; but I had sufficient presence of mind to say to myself, 'Halloa, young man, 'you're not in a fit state for a Derby day ; however, brandy and water 'will set that all right, and therefore brandy and water it was.'

I don't dislike brandy and water at any time, but I am inclined to think if ever that beverage may be said to be more peculiarly grateful at one period than another, it is after having ministered early in the day at the altar of Bacchus, and allowed his sweet influence to wear off, and nothing but lassitude and general seediness to remain ; then if you would forge afresh those silken chains which so lightly, so pleasantly held you captive in the morning (and a fresh rivet you will require, that I as a poor, sinful, suffering fellow-mortal can avouch), let me gently insinuate cold brandy and water. Get it good and mix as you like : I prefer it stiff and cold, and shall continue to do so till I am both myself.

The brandy and water went down gratefully, though I think I have tasted some I liked quite as well as what I got at the Cock. While discussing it, I noticed Roberts talking to a very seedy-looking individual, with whom he was apparently on the most familiar terms. They were imbibing the same fluid as myself, and the conversation evidently riveted Roberts's attention, if I might form a judgment from the remarks which he frequently uttered, such as— 'No ! Really ! Did you indeed ? By George, what luck ! fancy twenty thousand pounds ! Well, some men are lucky.' After a few moments, seeing Roberts place some money in this person's hand, I thought I would go up and join them, as I didn't like the appearance of matters, and knew my friend was fool enough to be done out of anything. I therefore approached them, but the seedy lot was off before I could get quite up, and joined a party more seedy than himself who was standing near, and I fancied I detected a smile on each of their countenances as they moved away.

I had not to wait long before I had an explanation as to the money I had seen pass, for Roberts was so proud of the feat he had just achieved that he immediately began telling it to a crowd of bystanders. It would seem his first introduction to the shabby-genteel was on the occasion of the latter's requiring a glass of brandy and water a few minutes before, and not having change for a hundred-pound note, on which Roberts kindly offered to pay for it. This

offer accepted, a conversation arose as to the merits of the winner of that day's Derby, when the man stated he had pulled through pretty well, having landed over twenty thousand pounds. Roberts, after expressing his admiration at this feat, asked him what they were laying against *Qui Vive* for the Leger (he afterwards told me this was to ascertain whether he had caught a flat, as he knew the odds were three to one), and received for answer, 'I haven't heard a bet laid yet, but I shall offer four to one if any one wants to back him.' This my friend offered to take to twenty-five pounds. 'Oh!' said his newly-formed acquaintance, 'you're so eager, I'm afraid I shall be in for a bad thing; however, I can't go from my word, but I must ask you, as a total stranger to me, to deposit the twenty-five pounds in my hands. You have only to ask for Mr. Sharp, of Grosvenor Square, at Tattersall's, and you will be sure to find me. Ah!' concluded Roberts, 'a fool is born every minute.'

'Yes,' said a bystander, 'and if that fool and yourself were born the same time, there were twin fools once that week at any rate, and I know which could give lumps of weight to the other.'

Poor Roberts! He little calculated on the playful remarks he had exposed himself to. He was told if he had taken the odds from a good man, that his shabby friend had two or three peas in his pocket, he might have won his bet, as he was seen on the Downs with a table and some thimbles, which the police had seized, and had nearly nabbed him. One person asked whether Sharp settled in Grosvenor Square or Tattersall's. Another inquired if he, Roberts, had any more money to give away, saying, 'I am the Duke of Chislem, and will give you the call of any horse at any odds, even after he has won a race, if you're game to stand a pony.' 'I say, old fellow,' exclaimed another, 'any one who had the washing and getting-up of you deserves credit. If there were more of you, there'd be a blaze sight more gaols, and a precious sight less work-houses. How I should like some chicken along with you!'

'Come along, then, old fidd,' said Roberts, 'and we'll see what's to be got; will pigeon pie suit you as well?'

Despite of all I could say, off he went, accompanied by the gentleman who had just manifested a predilection for chicken; and I missed them in the crowd. It was some time before I found them again, and when I did so, I discovered they were playing a peculiar little game, which had the effect of bringing sovereigns out of Roberts's pocket and placing them in his antagonist's. The game appeared so manifestly fair that I did not like to interrupt it, more especially as my friend got so much annoyed at any remark I made as to its being time for us to get off, if we wanted to visit Vauxhall that night. The little sport or pastime in which they, or rather the chicken-fancier was engaged in—for Roberts had nothing to do but pay over sovereigns—consisted in the performer's placing a fourpenny bit on a table, over which he put his thumb, his opponent calling heads or tails as best tallied with his fancy. If he called heads, off came the thumb, and a tail was exposed to view; if, on the contrary,

his mood was for tails, the thumb removed enabled the spectator clearly to discern the obverse of the small coin. It was only on Roberts saying, 'Well, I'll have one more shy, and if I lose will be off,' that fate became more propitious, and his call of head was successful. Thus encouraged, he went on, but Fortune's smiles were but for a moment, and he didn't leave off until cleaned out of every sixpence.

We had now a better chance of getting off, and accordingly made for our cab, when we found Cabby in about the same state of liquor in which we left him, though I thought somewhat more alive to his own interest, as he exclaimed, 'It's all werry well taking gents down 'to the Derby, and bringing 'em back again, and I knows that osses 'must have their mouths washed out, but I'm not a-going to be kep 'two mortal hours at the Cock at Sutton, no! nor at any other 'Cock without being extra paid; not if I knows it I ain't.' On Roberts, as is usual with men who haven't a penny in their pockets, saying, 'How much do you want, old boy?' Cabby, who seemed not to have quite made up his mind whether this was asked in banter or from a wish to make things agreeable, and meet him as far as might be, replied, 'Well, if half a sovereign a piece was to break your 'backs, I should say you'd better have stopped at home, but I knows 'such ain't it, as I can tell gen'l'men when I sees 'em. Give us an 'extra sovereign, and I'll stop till the middle of next winter, if you 'like:' he added, for he foresaw ready acquiescence on the part of Roberts, and no doubt considered he had made too easy a bargain with us: 'Mind, you gents stands drains wherever we pulls up.' 'Done, along with you butcher,' said Roberts, who was not at all the better for his brandy and water, 'and I think it verereasable,' meaning very reasonable.

What could I do? here we were actually giving a man, who had behaved so grossly badly, twenty shillings more than the stipulated fare: drunk as he was, there was the pleasant prospect of his becoming drunker still; for although I intended to do all I could to prevent another stoppage before we got to Vauxhall, I knew Roberts would never assent to this. I longed to see him get into that listless sleepy state he was in when we left the course, but, alas! there was no such luck in store for me: he became merry, sang songs, and opening the trapdoor every now and then, asked the cabman why he didn't join in chorus, adding, 'You know you ought to make no 'excuse, as you've a beautiful bass voice.' On our drunken driver's replying that he never sang without being paid, my friend immediately borrowed five shillings of me, and giving the cabman half a crown earnest money, told him he should have the remaining one if he kept the game up. Thus prompted, he commenced a very husky ditty, each stanza of which concluded with the refrain of—'Says I to my 'love, says I;' my companion accompanying him with the song of 'My little pint bottle of beer,' and every now and then shaking the cabman's hand across the butterfly, to the intense amusement of the spectators, especially of a school of young ladies, which was drawn

up to see the people returning from the Derby, and to whom both Roberts and Cabby bowed, placing their hands on their hearts. It was in vain I stood up all the time, and threatened the latter: he only replied, 'Tain't my fault, it's his'n.'

I was beginning to despair of our ever getting home, when Roberts feeling preternaturally excited, began singing

'Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?'

and getting beyond his compass of voice, endeavoured to essay a most painful falsetto when he came to the words

'Where thou wert fairest of the fair;'

and was taken ill on the spot.

This necessitated our halting at Tooting for a glass of brandy and water, as he exclaimed he felt too faint to proceed without it. Having no money in his pocket, he asked me for the loan of four sovereigns; all my representations to the effect of a shilling being sufficient, proving of no avail, as he replied, 'Well, but there's the cabman!' To my rejoinder—'Two shillings will suffice at any rate,' I was met with 'You must know, Thornton, that things are always dear on a Derby day.'

Finding remonstrance was useless, I gave him the four sovereigns, and waited by the side of the cab until he re-appeared, which he did minus his watch, and with nearly a pound's worth of bad silver, although this latter circumstance was not discovered until we got to Vauxhall.

It was evident my friend was now as far gone as he could be, although the cabman seemed to get neither better nor worse. I was telling him to make haste, or we should be late for Vauxhall (there was scarcely anything on the road now), when the former exclaimed (pointing to the cabman), 'This gentleman and myself are about to sing a little melody, taken from the French, and called "A solemn spell came o'er us."' Having managed to croak through one or two bars, he tumbled under the mare; gave her several spats; was helped up by the cabman; embraced the mare tenderly, exclaiming, 'All right, old girl, I believe it was as much my fault as yours;' and on my saying, 'Come, Roberts, get in, there's a good fellow!' turned round to our driver, and remarked, 'Familiar, ain't he? will want to borrow money of me next,' and then tumbled into the cab, feebly breathing out, 'nearest chemist's.'

I was glad he had sufficient sense left out of the homœopathic quantity furnished him by Nature to make this request, and we accordingly stopped at the first chemist's we came to, who gave him a draught which certainly calmed him; for after a quarter of an hour he was not only prepared to proceed quietly, but on my telling him of the absurdities he had committed, having among other things asked the cabman to be present at his sister's wedding, which was to take place the following month, and give her away, he expressed his regret at having done so, although, he added, he didn't see how he could call off with honour, and that the only thing left was for his

sister to break off the match. However, he subsequently altered his opinion on the subject, as I discovered on our arriving at Vauxhall, for I there overheard him telling the cabman he greatly regretted being obliged to put off his (Cabby's) attending the wedding, and giving Miss Roberts away; but that, on reflection, he must see that their different positions in life would render such a thing impossible, adding that perhaps a sovereign might meet the peculiar delicacy of the case, and concluding by assuring him that he, Roberts, would feel an interest in him which would only cease with life itself.

To all of which our Jehu replied, 'All right, guvner; when one gets a bit screwed, mistakes comes as nat'ral as brandy and water. 'This sufferin will suit me much better than giving your sister away,' and added, *setto voce*, as he drove off, 'If she's like him, she's extra-vagant dear at a gift, for he's a tile off, if ever I see a cove without 'one.'

Of Vauxhall's capabilities of furnishing a million extra lamps on the slightest provocation I need not inform my readers, as though its glories have departed, it was too recently a thing of life for them to have forgotten its illimitable power in this respect. Historians of the next century may differ as to whom the property belonged in 18—; for while I have heard it boldly asserted that the freehold was vested in the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, Mr. Sampson, who certainly should be an authority in such matters, distinctly claimed for it the right of being considered a fief of the Crown, and as *arbitrarius*, would herald your appearance with 'Welcome to the royal property.'

It is supposed by some that Hahnemann first became a convert to infinitesimal quantities on visiting these gardens during a sojourn in England, and partaking of some sandwiches and punch, from one or both of which he found serious effects the next morning; while others as confidently assert that such is but an invention of the enemy. Be that as it may, I must in candour state my own impression on the subject, which is, that you would see the worse if you placed a Vauxhall sandwich in one eye, and wet the other with Vauxhall punch, although at the same time, in raising either one or the other to your lips, you were not likely to be open to the remark that you were lifting weights beyond your strength.

The *empressement* with which *ce cher Sampson* received one in bygone days, led you to suppose that the payment on entering was an unnecessary formula, and that he was not himself aware of the extortion, or would instantly have set matters right on that score. On the night in question he was *comme toujours*, ever beaming, ever smiling. He entered gracefully into our discourse about the Derby, informing us that he himself was not present, as, having to superintend the hanging of ten hundred thousand extra lamps, it was necessary to forego the Isthmian for Oil's games. While chatting with him a stately lady passed, with 'Well, Sampson, how are you to-night?' He bowed to the ground, and in answer to a look of inquiry from us, said, 'Mrs. Reynolds, born in Buckinghamshire, daughter of a book-

'seller at —; left her home with Mr. —, who was killed out hunting three weeks afterwards. She bewailed bitterly, but never having much cared for him, succumbed to circumstances; within a month of his death was stricken with the charms of a shawl at Lewis and Allenby's; audibly exclaimed, "I wish it were mine!" Coincidence; mail phaeton pulls up while she was contemplating it; occupant alights, and hears her wish; enters into conversation; offers to give her the shawl. It is discovered that he is cousin to the gentleman who persuaded her not to waste her sweetness in Buckinghamshire, and it is mutually agreed between them that a more delicate compliment cannot be paid to the aforesaid defunct than by the owner of mail phaeton shielding her from the world's cold blasts.

'Owner of mail phaeton having kept up appearances for some time, and tried to make both ends meet by spending six thousand a year out of an income of three, wishes to judge for himself how a Catholic people may live under a Protestant sovereign, and leaving five pounds on Mrs. Reynolds's dressing-table to pay household expenses while absent, goes to Brussels to try.

'He is so satisfied that both king and people may be *d'accord* despite their difference of religion, and remains away so long a time, that on her five pounds being offered as an instalment to the milkman on pressure from without on his part, the proposal is treated by him as a studied insult; and fearing she may not only have forgotten her genealogy, but be mistaken as to her own individual identity, he kindly volunteers information on both points, without considering it in his bill. Presuming the milkman's summing up to be correct, we are led to the belief that Mrs. Reynolds is "no lady," and does not come of one. At length, the erst proprietor of mail phaeton writes to the effect that he intends remaining abroad, and entreats her not to allow any mistaken notions she may have on the subject to prevent her from finding another client. She obeys his wishes, and after several changes of her lord high protector, becomes a conciliatory though somewhat stately votary of Vauxhall.'

This little bit of history settled, Sampson bows and retires to delight a fresh audience.

Million lamps extra or not, all were apparently satisfied on the evening in question; and considering the state of many present, I should be inclined to say that five hundred thousand would have produced the effect of just twice that number.

The sandwiches appeared to be of the usual dimensions, as if cut by the same steady unerring hand guiltless of having raised a glass of champagne to its mouth on Epsom Downs. The punch, doubtless, contained its usual proportion of arrack, though to have laid a racking headache to its account on the following day, would have been scarcely fair, regard being had to the previous libations.

Dancing was going on, but not to its usual extent, attributable, no doubt, to the fairer sex being somewhat fatigued, and the rougher

somewhat fluffy. It appeared to be generally accepted by all that the destiny of that part of the creation which was at Vauxhall was to drink champagne, and no one seemed prepared to fight against such preordination. One pretty girl was sitting in a box, listening to a description of the Derby, ever and anon exclaiming, 'Dear! how beautiful; I'd have given anything to have been there.' Close by might be observed a pallid-looking individual who had been among the most uproarious on the road home, and who, it was currently reported, had lost a cracker on the race. He was now suffering from the reaction consequent on the excitement he had gone through, and, as if aware that it would never do to go to bed in his present state, was calling for 'two shillings' worth of brandy and water, all in the 'same tumbler, and ready money down.'

Waiters were running to and fro with the best Vauxhall champagne, which, as I have already stated, was the drink of the evening, although I descried one individual who was plaintively calling for claret. 'Same sort as usual, sir,' said the waiter, who appeared to know him. 'Confound you, yes,' he answered, 'I never drink any here but the 37.' Wine being placed before him, he is personal to the waiter; vows it isn't the 37; that he knows what's what, and will have Vauxhall shut up. Forthwith waiter disappears, and in a second or two returns with a bottle in his hand, which, to save time, he has already uncorked, and is met with the remark, 'Ah! that's something like: don't you try any of your hankey-pankey games on me again, for I won't have them.'

'Keep the ball going,' calls out a small man, whose eyes are twinkling, partly with humour partly with wine; 'here, waiter, give my compliments to Mr. Woodell, and say the company would take it as a favour if he would dance the Truandaise in a low dress;' Mr. Biddlecombe having himself consented to assist: suddenly espying the latter, he jumps up, and carries him, waistcoats and all, round the garden, placing him at length on a table in the raised gallery.

In one part of the gardens is a little knot of men and women who are discussing their winnings and bewailing their losses; and this party is joined by the pretty girl already alluded to. Great commiseration is felt by them for one or two men who are pronounced irretrievably gone. 'Is Morton ruined?' some one inquires. 'Utterly done up,' is the reply; 'he'll leave England at once, I expect; I'm sorry for poor Lucy, it will be a death-blow to her, for she did love him if ever a woman loved.' 'Poor thing,' said two or three women, with a sigh, 'who is she? we've never heard her history.' 'Oh, you know,' lisped a man who was standing by; 'she'll be all right. Lord — is tremendously spooney in that quarter, and he'll turn her out much better than Morton ever did.'

'Who first took her from her home?' said the young girl who had been bewailing her not having been at the Derby.

'Why, Morton,' replied a man named Spencer.

'Then it won't be so easy a matter, Spencer,' she added, with a sneer, 'as you seem to think. Wait till she leaves her second, if she ever has one, before you can say that.'

Spencer looked foolish, as he was the last speaker's second, and had reason to know her whole affection was centred on her first.

'Does Grey go this time?' is asked.

'Oh my—I hope not!' exclaimed a woman; 'he is a good fellow if you like. No man behaves more kindly to a woman than he does. Here, Harford, won't you stand a bottle of champagne?'

'Waiter,' said the person addressed, 'bring a couple of bottles of champagne.'

'Why, Harford,' the woman continued, 'how liberal we are: it's easy to see *Qui Vive* was your horse to-day.'

'More true, he was my worst; it's my whim to spend money when I lose, and to hold hard when I gain. I believe I'm not peculiar in this respect. Why what the devil's that?'

This ejaculation was elicited by one or two kicks which the last speaker had received from under the table, and it was answered by a voice proceeding from thence, which stated that its owner had heard his name mentioned, and therefore notified his presence. But I will use the speaker's own words: 'I'm *Qui Vive*, reposing after the fatigues of the race, and having heard my name mentioned, I thought I would let you know I was here or hereabouts. You must excuse my apparent laziness, but it's not to be wondered at after carrying eight stone seven pounds over a mile and a half, to say nothing of the preliminary gallop.'

Harford put his head under the table, and discovered a friend of his, Somerton by name, who, if report were to be credited, had lost everything he had in the world. 'Holloa, Somerton, old fellow,' said he, 'how did they use you to-day?'

'Infernally badly; I've lost everything *hors l'honneur*, and you can't put that away at your uncle's, despite the saying of "honour among thieves." I should have to whistle for money. If I wanted to pop such an article, to say nothing of having the pawnbroker's dog set at me. I've just heard you ordering champagne. I'm in that swim, ain't I? Excuse my rising: if you'll pass it to me I'll drink your healths under Woodell's deal.'—Here he pinched a female leg, and asked its owner what she thought of him for a three-year old.

'I think you'd better hook it off to your peaceful,' she replied; 'you looked much more like a thoroughbred, when I saw you in your stall last night, than you do now—there, take that and get up.'

'I say, Phyllis, you little rosy rake, mind what you're about, and don't kick.'

'Get up then,' continued the woman, 'and don't be lying there like a fool.'

'Well, here I am,' said Somerton, emerging from under the table, 'mark my noble eye, sparkling with conscious pride at having won this day's Derby stakes at Epsom. Rather drooping hind quarters but great power of arm,' (uncorking champagne which the waiter had just brought, and pouring out some of its contents). 'I must see whether this is the correct article before I permit these Hebes to imbibe. Holloa, my boy, how are you getting on?'

The last remark was to Morton, who had approached the alcove where Somerton was.

'How am I?' said he addressed; 'remarkably nicely, thank you kindly, sir, and come perfectly under the description of game, as far as drinking champagne is concerned. Here, you sir,' to a waiter, 'be continually bringing fizz, that maketh glad the heart of man, or I shall baptize you with Vauxhall oil to make you of a cheerful phiz, you lugubrious-looking seven-months' old child of an undertaker out of a stomachache.'

Morton had passed the colophon of inebriety, and was now stale drunk. He was likely to suffer no more that night from his pottle-deep potations, and, unheeded, Nemesis might whisper, 'Take care of your head in the morning.'

'I say, Morton,' exclaimed Somerton, 'don't you know I'm Qui Vive?'

'Don't I know you're Qui Vive?' replied Morton, 'I rather think I ought to know the horse on whom I won that little Selling Plate, the Derby, to-day. I hear you're to be objected to on the ground of being a four-year old; but if you run it again it will be all right, I believe. The rule is three miles for a four-year old, four and a-half for a five, and so on; but it must come off the same day, so I'd better weigh at once.' He here sat down on a lady's lap, exclaimed 'right!' jumped on to the table and then to Somerton's back, the latter endeavouring to imitate the neighing of a horse, which he very indifferently succeeded in doing.

They take a preliminary gallop, and Spencer going up with them to the dancing platform, drops a handkerchief, and off goes Somerton with Morton up in very fair style considering the liquor each had to carry.

Folly reigns triumphant on the night in question, but wait for the morrow. How many who are disporting themselves in a way to make angels weep will find out their sad mistake when that morrow comes!

Step in, ladies. Step in, ladies and gentlemen, and see these live lions; they are rampant to-night, but you will find them stuffed with straw on the morrow.

Come, all of you! behold the masquerade; believe in it, if you must, for the time, but spare a few minutes to see the motley doffed. You've but a short time to wait, the dawn will bring the morrow.

Oh, you who were present at this great orgy, and saw the hereafter of Somerton and Morton, if experience is of any avail, this lesson has been taken home to your hearts: you have seen to what selfishness and recklessness may lead; you have learnt to mistrust the present hour—to school yourselves to think more seriously of the time to come—never to sacrifice a lasting good for the pleasure of the moment, and having done this hopefully to await the morrow.

Poor outcasts! clad in dress which both proclaims your misery and your shame, may not your virtuous sisters learn from you? Seeing

the dreadful fate awaiting so many of you, may not they know how to mistrust the promises of the moment, to endeavour to love wisely—to feel there is a day of reckoning—there is a morrow?

And, if I may venture to say a word to the great cushion-thumpers of the age, it is this—Play on men's fears if you will, but try to touch the chord of their affections likewise. When you tell your hearers to sin no more, for that they may never see to-morrow, and before the rising of the next day's sun their world may have for ever ceased, you tell them true; but tell them, also, there is a morrow in this world which they may live to see, and that, in taking no thought of it, they not only harm themselves, but those also to whom they are dear, nay, not those alone, but society at large.

ABD-EL-KADER ON THE ARAB.

The following letter, written by ABD-EL-KADER to General DAUMAS, was given by the late gallant member for Berkshire to Mr. LEDIARD of Reading.

'Praise to the only God: His sole reign is eternal.' 'To him whom we esteem. To him who knows how to simplify the most intricate business. To General Daumas! May health be yours and your family's, also the mercy and the blessing of God!'

And now I will tell you I have received your valued letter. It contains important questions about the horse. I will endeavour to reply point by point to the best of my ability.

First question.—'Do the qualities and perfections of the dam preponderate in the foal over those of the sire?'

This is my reply. It is true that the foal proceeds from the sire and from the dam, but the experience of ages has proved that the essential parts of the body—such as the bones, the tendons, the nerves, and the veins—proceed always from the sire. This is beyond all doubt. The meanest Arab knows now that any malady specially belonging to the bones, under which the sire may be suffering at the time of covering, will be perpetuated in his produce, such as splints, bone and blood spavins, the shape of the bones, and all diseases of the vertebral column. The dam may give to her produce colour, and a certain amount of resemblance in form, the foal naturally partaking of some of the qualities of the animal which had so long borne it; but it is an incontestable fact, that it is the sire who gives strength to the bones, substance to the tendons, vigour to the nerves, rapidity of pace, in short, all the principal qualities. He also communicates what may be called moral qualities, and if he be unquestionably of high blood the foal is preserved from vice. Our fathers have said, 'El aônd pôr ma audouche hielâ'—'A horse of noble race has no vices.' An Arab will lend his stud horse gratuitously: he never accepts payment for his services. To hire out a stud horse for money is in the eyes of an Arab an unworthy action, and is contrary to the generosity for which he is renowned, and although the

law allows it, I have never known an instance of it. But though the Arab lends his stud horse gratuitously, he does not do so to the first comer, nor for any mare. No; the suppliant is often obliged to make use of the intercession of persons of great interest, or even of his wives, if he would not see his request refused. On the other hand, the Arabs are very difficult in their choice of a stud horse, and if they cannot find one of pure blood, they prefer leaving their mares unproductive rather than put them to a common horse. To procure a good sire they do not hesitate to travel any distance. The preceding has already intimated to you my conclusion, that the sire has more to do with the foal than the dam. And my conclusion is identical with the universal opinion of the Arabs. They say, 'El hór ilebal el fabal'—'The foal follows the sire.'

Second question.—'If it should happen that either the sire or the dam must be of an inferior breed, is it better that it should be the sire, or would it be of less consequence that it should be the dam?'

This is my reply. Know that these questions have long occupied our fathers. After great experience, they have divided the equine race into four great families, distinguished under the following heads—El Horr, El Hadjim, El Mekueréf, and El Berdoune. El Horr is that in which sire and dam are both of noble race that takes the lead. El Hadjim is that in which the sire is noble, and the dam of common race: it is considered less than El Horr, its name Hadjim, 'defective,' being derived from the word 'hurdjiss,' which signifies faulty. El Mekueréf is that in which the dam is high bred and the sire is half bred. Although this approaches the Hadjim, it is of much less value. The name of this class is derived from 'haraf,' 'mixed.' El Hadjim is superior in quality, on the same principle that a man whose father is white and whose mother is a negress is superior to him whose mother is white and whose father is a negro. El Berdoune is that class in which both sire and dam are badly bred. This animal is a stranger to our country. The value of a horse is in its breeding.

Third question.—'I am told that the Arabs set a greater value on their mares than on their horses. Whence arises this preference? Is it from the profit arising out of the sale of the produce, or because the foal partakes more of the dam than of the sire, or because the services of the mare are more available than those of the horse?'

This is my reply. It is true that Arabs prefer mares to horses, but only for the following reasons: the first is, that they look at the profit that may arise from a mare as very considerable. Some Arabs have realized as much as 20,000 dollars from the produce of one mare. They have a proverb that 'the fountain head of riches is a mare that produces a mare.' This is corroborated by the Prophet Mahomet, who says: 'Let mares be preferred, their bellies are a treasure, their backs the seat of honour.' 'The greatest blessing is an intelligent wife, or a mare that produces plenty of foals.'

These words are thus explained by commentators. Their bellies are a treasure because the mare by her produce increases the riches of her master; and their backs are the seat of honour because the pace of a mare is easier than that of a horse; and there be those that say it is sufficiently so as in time to render a horseman effeminate. The second reason is, that a mare does not neigh in war; that she bears hunger, thirst, and heat better than a horse; and that, therefore, she is more useful to people whose riches consist in camels and sheep. Now all the world knows that our camels and sheep thrive only in the Desert, where the soil is so arid that Arabs, drinking chiefly milk, find water seldom oftener than every eight or ten days, in consequence of the distances between the pasturages, which are only to be found in the neighbourhood of wells. The mare is like the serpent, their powers increase in hot weather, and in arid countries. Serpents which live in cold or watery countries have little venom or courage, so that their bite is seldom mortal; whereas those that live in hot countries are more irritable, and the virulence of their poison is increased. Whilst the horse can less easily bear the heat of the sun, the mare, doubtless from constitutional causes, finds her energies increase with the greatest heat. The third reason is, that the mare requires less care and less nourishment. The owner can lead or turn her out to graze with the sheep and camels, and he is not obliged to have a person constantly watching her; whereas a horse cannot do without being highly fed, and he cannot be turned out without an attendant for obvious reasons. These are the true reasons of an Arab's preference for mares. It does not arise from the foal inheriting the qualities of the dam rather than those of the sire. It does not proceed from its being better, at all times and under all circumstances, to ride a mare rather than a horse; but it is based upon material interests, and on the necessities imposed by the description of life which Arabs must lead. It must, however, be admitted, that a horse is more noble than a mare: he is stronger, more courageous, and faster. That a horse is stronger than a mare is thus proved. If both were struck by the same mortal wound, a mare would fall at once, but a horse would seldom drop until he had carried his rider into safety. I saw a mare struck by a ball on the leg, the bone was broken. Unable to bear the pain, she fell immediately. A horse was hit in the same manner: the broken limb hung only by the skin. He continued his course, supporting himself on his sound leg until he had borne his rider from the battle field, and then fell.

Fourth question.—‘If it be an established fact, received by the Arabs, that the foal participates more largely in the qualities of the sire, why do they part with their horses readily, whilst they never sell their mares except under the most pressing necessity?’

This is my reply. The Arabs prefer mares to horses for the reasons I have given, and those reasons are sufficient to show why amongst us the value attached to the possession of a mare is greater than that we attach to the possession of a horse, even though the

breeding of each were the same; for whilst, on the one hand, the foal takes more after the sire than the dam, on the other, the proprietor of a horse cannot gain in many years as much as the proprietor of a mare can gain in one year if she throw a foal. However, when a horse has displayed any extraordinary qualities, it often happens that he will not be parted with, probably producing to his master, in the way of booty or otherwise, as much as the most valuable mare. I saw amongst the Annazas, a tribe extending from Bagdad to Syria, horses so beyond all price, that it was almost impossible to purchase them, and certainly impossible to pay ready money for them. These animals of a fabulous value are sold only to the highest personages, or to rich merchants, who pay for them by thirty or forty instalments, or by a perpetual rent settled on the vendor, or his descendants.

Fifth question.—‘The proof, I am told, why an Arab classes a mare before a horse is, that the birth of a colt is looked upon as a family misfortune however good the blood; whilst the foaling of a filly is a cause of great rejoicing. They say “This filly is destined to perpetuate a race; our Lord Mahomet has entered into our tent; he has brought us a benediction.”’

This is my reply. The birth of a horse can never be considered a misfortune by an Arab, however much he may prefer a mare, for the material advantages which they procure. Mares almost always produce, and it is on that account principally they are preferred. I repeat it, the birth of an animal that guarantees its master against humiliation can never be considered a misfortune. A poet says: ‘My brothers reproached me with my debts, yet I never contracted one but for an honourable purpose—in giving the bread of heaven to all, in purchasing a horse of noble race, and buying a slave to attend upon me.’

Sixth question.—‘Arabs have been seen to weep on parting with their mares, which they have sold at enormous prices, but no Arab has ever wept at parting with his horse. When a remarkable animal is spoken of, you never hear it is Sheik So-and-so’s famous horse, but you always hear of the celebrated mare of Sheik Such-and-one. Why is that?’

This is my reply. It is a mistake. An Arab loves his horse as a man loves his child. The Arabs believe that none but themselves know either the powers or the perfections of a horse, and they have the most exalted opinion of the animal. He serves them alike for pursuit and for flight. From the earliest period it has been the habit of Arabs to make war on each other, and on their neighbours. The poor Arab requires a horse to enable him to fall upon the goods of an enemy, to seize them to enrich himself; equally the rich Arab requires a horse to protect his fortune and his head. The Arabs say, ‘The horse is the kite, and the camel his prey: the prey in the talons of the kite can only be saved by other kites.’ When a widow in the Desert is possessed of twenty camels, her tribe compel her to purchase a horse to defend them. If the enemy pounce on her

camels, it is the custom for the widow to give her horse to the warrior who rode it and saved her camels. Among the Arabs camels can belong only to those who know how to defend them. The Arabs love their horses as a father does his children, and, as is most just, he loves them better when they have rendered valuable service. The Arabs sell their horses when they obtain large prices, but they weep for them, on their own account, and for the services they are losing, as a father bewails the son from whom he is separating, although he admits the utility of such separation. The reason, then, why you hear more of the mare than of the horse of a certain sheik, is this: the Arabs habitually sell their horses, and not their mares, therefore they have more mares than horses. And if they take more care of their mares than of their horses, it is that the fountain of their honours and riches may not be dried up. God in his Koran, says: 'El kheil kheil'—'Horses are wealth.' This expression implies to the Arab all that is useful to man. The Prophet Mahomet adds: 'Happiness, eternal recompense, and rich booty are fastened to the forelock of your horses, to the day of resurrection.'

This is all that I have to say to you. It is, as far as I know, the exact truth, but God knows best. May God be with you! Health!

Written by

SID EL HADJI ABD-EL-KADER, BEN MOTBY ELDIEN.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Eso.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF NANNIE.

VERY indisposed for another turn at the grouse on the succeeding day was Mr. Yahoo, owing to a decided stiffness, the results of his unwonted exertion on the previous day, he not being broken in to mountain scrambling as yet; and as the major had business, and letters to attend to, and the laird some little magisterial matters to transact, Miss Cameron and Mr. Yahoo were left to their own devices, and Ethel undertook to show Mr. Yahoo the cliffs which he had not hitherto seen. The view from the cliffs was very fine, and they sat down on the turf, looking over the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out below them like a sapphire-coloured mirror, and almost as calm. A lazy white sail or two far off, and apparently making little way in the summer zephyr, could be barely distinguished from the gulls that here and there turned up their silvery white under wings in the broad sunlight. Immediately below them, as they passed over the high rocks, they saw the herons winging their heavy flight, from perch to perch, where they took up their positions, and stood still and stiff as sentries on a post. From their resting-places oft the inky cormorant glided down into the distant waters in pursuit of its prey. A troop of noisy gulls

and kittiwakes kept clanging and clanging with a deafening clamour, as they fought over or discussed some moot point in their marine politics. To and fro, with marvellous rapidity and unceasing activity, sped the rock pigeons, which abounded, and over all, with noisy chattering scream, hovered the noble peregrine, sweeping now far out to seaward, now in towards the cliff in wide circles; now making an abortive stoop at some passing pigeon, anon rising spirally and beating the wind with rapid strokes with his long and powerful wings, which cut the air with a whistling noise, plainly distinguishable when the bird drew near them. Some distance out in the bay a few mackerel-boats could be seen plying their trade. To the left, high rocks ran out to sea, with an occasional break between them, forming dangerous and narrow channels, about and over which a heavy surf always ran, and which were not to be threaded without imminent risk, even in calm weather, by an unpractised hand. To the right, some three miles out, lay a large rocky islet, with some high land to the northern end of it, and other rocky islets of various sizes and shapes dotted the sea for a considerable distance; while the coast was indented and broken up into various coves and gravelly strands. Altogether it was a fair, peaceful, and enchanting scene to look on, though not one perhaps to encourage much conversation, and both Mr. Yahoo and Ethel were rather more silent than usual as an indefinable feeling crept over them, which neither felt inclined too closely to analyse. There is a mysterious something or other in Nature which sways us, and assimilates everything to herself; and a fine view, with all Nature in harmony, predisposes the mind, to a certain extent, to receive impressions it otherwise perhaps might not be open to. We are not going to say that there was any falling in love, or anything of that sort, precisely between our young people, but there was, if one can so explain it, a decided establishing of an aptitude for doing so; for there is even with strangers, in circumstances of this kind, a sort of feeling that we have seen something in common which has given us pleasure, and we are apt to connect one another with that pleasure; and with people not decidedly disagreeable to each other this may or may not in time lead to something further.

‘What a pretty little flower!’ said Miss Cameron, plucking a little golden treasure that grew thickly about.

‘The *Lotus corniculatus*,’ said Mr. Yahoo. ‘It is common, though it be one of Nature’s most chaste and beautiful gems.’

‘Really, Mr. Yahoo, for a person who isn’t—aw—aware—aw—of—aw—bees, you seem to know a good deal of the country,’ said Ethel, saucily.

Our hero turned as red as the crest of a turkey-cock, and stammered out something about ‘knowing the botanical names of a few of the commoner flowers,’ and turned the conversation by pointing to a ruin at some distance, and asking what it was.

‘That is the ruin of an old chapel; it stood much farther inland at one time, but an extensive slip took place in this part of the bay, though the greater part of the coast is rock-bound as you see. But

‘ that reminds me that I promised I would tell you old Nannie’s story, and if you are very good I will tell it you after dinner.’

Ethel, like a true woman, having given her little sting anent the bees, and seeing that Mr. Yahoo really winced (for he very seldom drawled, and never strove for great effects now), and that the recollection she had conjured up wasn’t pleasant, wished to rub out as she went on, and so promised the story as one promises a child a sugar-plum, if he’ll only swallow that nasty physic, and think no more of it. Truly it had its effect, for the patient visibly brightened; and having seen all they came out to see, they got them homewards again. Dinner came in due time, and after dinner the dominie looked in, prophesying a change of weather. The gentlemen went out under the verandah, and looked at the heavens; but though the air was warm, the sky was cloudless. At length, as usual, the elders fell to cigars and toddy; and our hero having arranged matters quite to his satisfaction, reminded Ethel of the promise she had made in the morning. And after a few preliminaries, she gave the story as follows:

In transcribing it, it will be seen that Mr. Yahoo took some slight liberties in *pointing* the original.

‘ Thirty years ago this neighbourhood, now apparently so peaceful and secluded, was the scene of many a rough and wild deed. The coves and rocky inlets along the coast afforded great facilities for illegal traffic, and smuggling was carried on to a very great extent. The excise was weak and ineffective, and the Government had other matters that required its more particular attention. Oftentimes by night and by day too, lines of mules might be seen picking their way along the mountain-sides, conveying large packages and consignments of contraband goods to the fastnesses and storehouses amongst the mountains, thence to be forwarded to their various destinations. Strange craft were always hovering off our shores, and turbulent scenes by torchlight took place upon the cliffs and strand. It is needless to point out how demoralizing this trade in time became. Farmers and small lairds engaged in the traffic and got money at it, and the wealthy merchants of Glasgow grew wealthier still, and much money and large interests were embarked in these illegal speculations: with the bands of men employed in it, money was easily got, and a life of debauchery in company with some of the vilest ruffians that ever disgraced humanity was the course they ran. About this time old Nannie, whom you saw with the idiot son the other day, and who is old, and, poor thing! hideous enough too now, was a young and handsome lassie, as merry and light-hearted as a spring morning. The daughter of a wealthy farmer, and said to be weel tochered, she did not lack for suitors for her favour: of all of them, however, Nannie but distinguished two, one the son of a poor but honest farmer, who kept himself aloof from the trade, Steenie Mackie: he was a good-looking youth, modest and retiring, and though she liked him well, it was with a sisterly regard, for he was hardly the man to gain her love. The other, Donald Rhue, a confident, red-whiskered,

‘blue-eyed rascal, with a tongue like the serpent’s that tempted Eve, and as unscrupulous likewise, had wheedled her young affections from her. He was called a fisherman, but was well known to be in the contraband trade, which was not looked upon amongst the natives here as in any way disgraceful. Donald had always plenty of money, and after a successful trip would bring poor Nannie handsome shawls and silken dresses, with gewgaw ornaments, which flattered her vanity and turned her head, and thus things stood.

‘Upon a fine evening in autumn, in 182—, in a secluded spot by a ruined chapel near the sea-shore, stood two people, a man and a woman. The man was standing with one hand leaning on a low stone wall, his head averted, his face deadly pale, with a fixed despair deepening on his features, his left arm hanging purposely and nervelessly by his side. The female, with her head bent down, scarce ventured to raise the long fair lashes that fringed her downcast eyes to her companion’s face. A painful scene had evidently taken place. It was Steenie Mackie and Nannie.

‘With his face still turned from her, he held out his hand and grasped hers convulsively.

‘“God bless ye, Nannie! God in heaven bless ye! May ye be happy wi’ him o’ yere choice, as happy as I wad fain hae made ye! My life should ha’ been gie’n to yours, lassie, had ye willed it, but sin it canna’ be, I’ll—I’ll try and be a mon and say farweel. I dinna ask ye to forget me, for I canna do th’ like by ye whiles ane fibre o’ my heart shall hold to t’ither. Na, na! that’s owre muckle to expect, but ye can think o’ me awa wi’out sin or shame as a dear brither, that ye can aye look to for protection and aid should ill fortune fare ye, and whose very life is yours whenever ye chose to ask it. Farweel, Nannie, a’ good angels befriend ye!”

‘“Farweel, Steenie! poor, poor Steenie! I grieve for ye, but it canna be otherwise; our hearts are no in our ain hands, and we canna pit them whar we will. Mayhap another may be to ye what I canna; the Lord kens I wish it heartily. Farweel! ’tis better sae. Time and distance may saften the blaw, lad. Farweel, brither!” and a tear of compassion stole down her cheek, for she had a feeling heart.

‘He took one short kiss and turned slowly away towards the cliff, almost brokenhearted.

‘“Farweel! Steenie, poor, poor Steenie! ha! ha!” said a mocking voice, and before him on the narrow path stood Donald Rhue, who had come up over the bluff unperceived, and had overheard the last few words. He was triumphing, as an ill-conditioned rival knows how to triumph.

‘Steenie started with anger, but controlled himself as suddenly. “Stand aside, Donald!” he said calmly, “I dinna want to hae words wi’ ye,” and he advanced quietly on his road towards the cliff.

‘“Stand aside, faith! It is a big word that to come from ‘poor, poor Steenie!’”

“ Mon, dinna tempt me. I want nae words wi’ ye ; enjoy yere triumph, and let me be gane.”

“ Dinna tempt ye ! and why not ? Let ye be gone ! By G—, there’s two words to that bargain, Mister Poor Steenie, and poor enough too. Why, ye beggar !”

But Steenie’s patience was exhausted : he had advanced close to Donald, endeavouring to pass him quietly, which he could not easily do, as the path was narrow. Donald stretched out his hand to push him back : scarce had the fingers touched his breast, however, when his arm was dashed violently aside, and in a second he was hurled backwards to the ground. “ Fool, wad ye tempt a desperate man ?” shouted Steenie, as he sprang over his antagonist’s prostrate form and hurried down the path. The next minute a pistol shot rang through the air, and Steenie felt as though a hot iron had seared his cheek, while the blood dripped slowly on his plaid as he continued his downward path unchecked.

Four years after this, things had got to such a pitch that the Government resolved to put down the contraband trade with a strong hand ; and two or three smart-sailing, well-armed revenue cruisers were ordered to this coast. Many a rough scene ensued, for the smugglers held their ground strongly, and could not be routed from their fastnesses, although small bodies of military were dispersed throughout the district, and many a conflict took place between the cruisers of the revenue, and the armed vessels of the smugglers. One cruiser, the Fox, was particularly active in the duty, and took many prizes, being unusually fast for a revenue vessel. Commanded by a thorough seaman too, and one who seemed to know the shores well, and all the inlets and hiding-places on the coast, she gave most efficient assistance to the revenue, and dealt the smugglers many a heavy blow. Lieutenant Westhope of the Fox, who was second in command upon the station, was incessant in his endeavours to break up the trade ; and to him, as the smugglers knew full well, was due many a shrewd device and many a surprise from which they had suffered and still continued to suffer heavily. Many conflicts took place, wounds were given freely and without stint, and lives were lost, but the contrabandists were gradually getting the worst of it.

Nannie, now the wife of Donald Rhue, had been married some months, and her old father was dead. Some time previous to her marriage, a promise had been extracted from Donald that he would give up the trade, and break with his dangerous associates ; and for some months he had kept up the guise of steadiness, and appeared to attend to farming matters. He always bore the air of wealth and prosperity about him, and all seemed to be going well.

In reality, however, he was only playing the hypocrite, and the mask was soon discarded. One or two seizures that had taken place lately had almost beggared him, and had rendered his affairs desperate ; and no sooner was he married, and in possession of his wife’s portion, than, regardless of his promise, which he had never kept, he plunged openly, and with more avidity than ever, into the illegal

‘ traffic. I need not trace his career. But a few months married, and his old debaucheries renewed more fully than ever; his wife neglected and left entirely by herself for days and weeks together; his home beggared; himself proscribed for bearing arms repeatedly against the king’s men; on which occasions more than one man had lost his life at his hands; a very desperado with a price upon his head; what, alas! had become poor Nannie’s fate? Often, perchance, her thoughts would turn upon him she had rejected, and memory hallowed, and it may be somewhat exaggerated, his virtues. She had been less than human, more than womankind, had not a sigh at times betrayed her consciousness of the contrast. And often, too, would her brutal husband taunt her with his name, and jeer and curse at his remembrance. “By ——,” he said, with an oath on one occasion, “it’s a pity you didn’t have your beggarly Steenie. Rot him and you too! you’re welcome enough to him now—wish he’d well rid me of you.”

‘ “Ah, dinna, dinna say that, Donald dear! Dear, dear, Donald!” she loved him still, clung to him as does that wonderful love of woman ever the baser and fouler her tyrant becomes. It is the memory of what he was to her she lives on, which she cannot crush out from her poor, bruised, aching bosom while life remains in it. “Dinna say it. He was good and kind—but ye were my luvie, my ain, my ainly luvie, Donald!”

‘ “Good and kind was he!” said the ruffian, in a blaze of passion. “Ay, faith, and he loved ye, didn’t he? Kissed ye before my face, didn’t he?” he roared, and with a bitter laugh—“But he carries my mark upon him—ha—ha!” and he shook his finger at her. “Let him ever cross my path again and my hand shall not mistake a second time. But now, ye’ve got to go over the hill to —— this night, so be stirring quickly. See the laird, and tell him that the Fox is off the coast again, and that hellbird (may all the fiends seize him!) Westhope is sending row-boats in all directions. Tell him—but, stay!—ye may meet some of the soldiers, and a woman’s tongue is the devil’s wages. See, give him that,” he concluded with many oaths. He had hastily snatched up a piece of cord, and tied sundry knots in it at irregular intervals. It conveyed certain intelligence.

‘ Nannie in mute obedience carefully concealed the cord, and wrapping a plaid around her, sallied forth into the cold night air to walk weary miles over the darkling hills, by dangerous and unfrequented paths ere morning, while her lord drank himself into a fit of furious madness, and, finally, into insensibility.

‘ Within a stone’s throw of her own door was a little shealing, in which dwelt an aged woman and her orphan grandson, a hale youth of some 15 or 16 years, who won as a shepherd lad a scanty support for his grandmother and himself. “Auld Effie,” as she was called, was a wild, strange old woman, said to be singularly gifted, and regarded almost in the light of a prophetess by the poor folk who lived around. Nannie held her in considerable veneration and no

‘ little dread, and was very much surprised, though perchance not over pleased, to see her standing at the entrance of her hut as she came up to it.

‘ “ Ye are come,” said the crone.

‘ “ Ay, mither, it is I—Nannie.”

‘ “ I ken ye weel. The Lord avised me o’ ye.”

‘ Nannie did not quite like this, and still less the announcement she continued with—“And bade me walk forth wi’ ye this nicht, wife
‘ “ o’ Donald Rhue.”

‘ Nannie felt sorely discomfited, but dared not demur for a moment, and with a short “In His name then, yere welcome, mither,” she waited patiently until the old woman came up with her. In her hand Nannie noticed a small bundle.

‘ “ Let me carry your parcel, mither.”

‘ “ Deed an’ it’s but Jock’s supper, puir lad ; he’s to the hills
‘ “ the night, an’ an empty whame ’s no good companionship,” and she croaked a feeble laugh as she hobbled along with Nannie. Far they walked until they reached one of the lower heights, and here the old woman, taking a small whistle from her bosom, blew one short note upon it. It was answered, and a young shepherd lad came bounding down to the spot. The old crone greeted him tenderly, and then turning to Nannie—

‘ “ Get ye on yere unhallowed errant ; ’tis vain to stop ye. I’ll
‘ “ bide ye here when ye come back,” she said, waving her onward.

‘ Two hours later in the night Nannie again stood on the spot where she had left old Effie. Looking about for her, the old woman, by the faint light of the moon, could be seen at a little distance sitting on a block of granite, her head bowed and wrapped in her plaid. As Nannie came near she stood up silently, and walked beside her on her way without answering or noticing the observations addressed to her ; and Nannie, seeing that she was inclined not to talk, was glad enough to be left with her own thoughts.

‘ They stood within the glen above the awful precipice over Loch Dhu.

‘ For some minutes previously, Nannie had noticed that her companion seemed strangely disturbed, and shook as though with palsy. When she reached this spot, however, she stopped and muttered to herself in an undertone—her voice, supplicatory and pleading, broke from her in a loud panting whisper—“ Lord, Lord ! Put it awa’ frae me ! put it awa’ ! an errin’ creature ! Oh, be marcifur’, be “ marcifur’ !” and with a heavy groan she dropped her plaid from her head and shoulders, and stood upright with upturned face, her eyes nearly closed, the orbs turned almost inwards towards the brain ; a few foam bubbles were upon her blue trembling lips, and her ghastly face, with every pallid feature unnaturally distorted, wavered and shimmered in the moonbeams. The muscles of her throat and her skinny breast were fearfully set and rigid like ropes. Her arm, mere bone, with a web of brown skin hanging loosely from it, was

extended toward the narrow path over the precipice—a Highland Pythoness.

As Nannie glanced fearfully in the direction of the pass, a light wreath of fog was slowly ascending from the abyss, and appeared to her excited imagination to roll itself into grisly spectral forms that changed momentarily, and then the moon was obscured for a moment. The voice of the old woman was now harsh and unearthly, like the voice of one who sleeps and struggles in a horrible dream. "There! there! I see them come, hurrying and raging frae the encounter. See the line o' pack-mules that wind roond Ben Gorm; and wha is yon thot leads them?—a mon of bluid—ay, ay! a mon of bluid: it is Donald Rhue. Mark ye the winding-sheet aroond his waist, as he stands aboon the gorge o' Loch Dhu. See, too, the sheet is rising—rising!"* she screamed in a paroxysm.

Nannie, her hands clasped, and horror-stricken, half started from her knees and made some ejaculation.

"Hist! what mair? Ah! an' yonder HE stands, too—the officer, wi' gilt and lace upon him; a band o' King's men at his back, and on their ribbons—I canna see it weel—noo I read it,—Fox!"

"Lieutenant Westhope," murmured Nannie, in an underbreath. "I hear o' him owre often."

"Na, na!—nae Westhope: there's a scar 'pin his cheek frae a murderer's hand—'Tis Steenie Mackie, an' there's a sheet aboon his waist, an' its risin' too—its risin'!" she screamed awfully.

"Na, na—dinna say't; Westhope and he canna be ane. Oh this is fearfu'! I canna, must na bear't. They munna meet—they munna meet."

"It is their weird and must be dreed. And noo! and noo!—the mules are gone, a' gone. The wraith is settling doon heavily bluid red. Ae lifeless corpse hings ower the brink, an' the eagles are scourin' and screamin' madly ower Loch Dhu. Wife o' Donald Rhue, dread to-morrow nicht! Leave me—go—get ye gane!" and she motioned her towards the pass; and without a word or a remonstrance, the heart-stricken, horror-stricken wretch hastened homeward, flying as though pursued by furies. What availed it for her to warn him not to seek the hills that night? a curse, and at length a savage blow, as she hung around him beseechingly, was his reply. "If 'twas his fate he'd go and meet it, though all the devils in hell conspired to stop him. Was he to be frightened from fortune by an old mad witch's dreaming nonsense? To the devil with old women. He'd burn the roof above her for a witch."

"Lieutenant Westhope, I have certain information that the Bon

* Tarstars, or those gifted with second sight, hold the vision of any person wrapped in a winding-sheet which rises above the waist to be indicative of the death of the person thus seen; if the sheet remains below the waist it portends some fearful accident or misfortune which does not necessarily involve loss of life.

"Camarade, from St. Malo, intends to run her cargo to-night," said Captain Stanley to his junior, as they stood in the cabin of the *Waterwitch*, a fast-sailing brig, in which Captain Stanley held the command of the district.

"I've been expecting her some time, sir," answered the lieutenant. "Have you any information as to the point where she intends to run?" he asked.

"Why, yes. I have a hint or intimation that the Crab Quay, that natural inlet inside of Deer Island, is her destination."

"I know it. There are two paths leading from it; one into the mountains, and one up over the cliff to the ruined chapel."

"I believe you are right," answered the captain, glancing for a moment at a chart and map that lay on the table, and at a memorandum beside them. "You seem to know this coast well," he continued, carelessly.

"I have reason to, sir," answered the lieutenant, his face flushing deeply save in one spot, and that was along a streak or scar, about a finger in length, extending across the right cheek, and that remained unnaturally white. "I have reason to"—and he traced a route on the map with his finger. "This path leads to the mountain fastnesses. I know a spot here above Loch Dhu which we can convert into a regular trap. With ten men you could stop an army there. Let me have a boat's crew and we will seize the whole venture there, if you attack them and follow them up, driving them towards the mountains from the seaward."

"It is well thought of, but it may be hazardous, for these scoundrels are getting desperate, and lives will be forfeited."

"Leave it to my discretion, sir; they will scarcely resist when they see how hopeless resistance must be."

The captain shook his head dubiously at this, but after a few moments' consideration he acquiesced, seeing no possible scheme so likely to succeed could be devised. "You had better take a sufficient force with you in case of resistance. Take half a dozen jollies with the first cutter's crew."

"A dozen blue jackets will be amply sufficient, sir. I shall do nothing rashly."

"So be it then; and now you had better keep away and get an offing at once, so as to lull suspicion, and let them fancy that the Fox has gone to some other part of the coast; and towards nightfall I will edge down to you and come on board, and take charge of the expedition which is to attack the scoundrels when landing; and the Fox can then take the night breeze, run in, and close with the coast. If she lays in that high cove to the northward of Deer Island, she can lay there concealed safely until the morning watch, and you can row in and land some distance up the coast, and so plant your men in the rear of the rascals without being suspected or seen. You will have plenty of time, as they won't attempt to run much before eight bells, for the moon doesn't show till then."

‘ After a short and unimportant conversation, the lieutenant made his obeisance, went over the side into his gig, and rowed away to the cutter.

‘ During the afternoon and evening small parties of men might have been seen upon the various mountain paths, all tending toward the same point on the coast, some leading two or three mountain ponies, and some a mule or two. An hour before midnight, the Bon Camarade, a large French Chasse-marée,* with all sails fully spread, stood straight in for the coast, with a gentle breeze, towards the point mentioned by Captain Stanley as the Crab Quay. This was a favourite landing-place for the smugglers, naturally presenting all the facilities afforded by a regular quay. The lugger was soon laid alongside the rocks, her deck almost level with the low landing-place. A busy scene then took place beneath the rising moon; a hundred men were soon engaged in unlading, handing, and passing the various packages of goods to the mules and ponies that stood patiently waiting to be laden.

‘ Amongst the most active of them all was Donald Rhue. The business went on briskly; it was one o’clock; nearly one-half the cargo was unladen, and much of it packed and strapped upon the beasts of burthen; and the first string of ponies was about to start, when there was a sudden noise of oars, and almost with the sound, before the smugglers had time to act on the alarm, a dozen boats dashed into the cove. “In the King’s name,” shouted a deep, stern voice. In an instant all was confusion. The coast-guardsmen sprang ashore, armed with their pistols and cutlasses. The smugglers, taken unawares, made but a feeble resistance; several of them fled; about a dozen of the most desperate, however, who were always armed, turned upon their foes, and fought savagely with terrific oaths and yells. Amongst them was Donald Rhue. At the first alarm, the line of pack-mules and ponies were set in motion for the mountains, and were soon out of sight, urged onward by their wild drovers. Donald Rhue marked this while fighting, and seeing the sails of the cutter, now creeping with the heel of the fast-dropping night wind, in with the shore, and more boats coming to the assistance of those already landed, he cut down a man who stood in his way, hurled a discharged pistol into the face of another, and sprang up the cliff path after the mules. The remainder were speedily either beaten down and taken prisoners, or they fled after their comrade.

‘ Raging with fury at his defeat, and constant losses, Donald Rhue pulling along by a halter which he had wound round his wrist the leading mule of the only file that got clear off, at a rapid pace entered the glen above Loch Dhu. From time to time a dropping shot from behind, and not very far in the rear either, told him that the pursuit was kept up with unusual pertinacity. Still he looked towards the dangerous path before them as a haven of safety, intending to leave a man or two upon the other side to guard it, as an effectual barrier

* A sort of powerful three-masted lugger—admirable sea boats, easy to handle, and very fast in a breeze.

‘ to his pursuit, in case they attempted to cross it, which he did not
‘ at all anticipate they would. What, then, was his surprise and
‘ discomfiture, when, on placing the first foot upon the narrow
‘ dangerous way, to see a man suddenly start up upon the further
‘ side, and barring the end some yards from the safe extended ground,
‘ and again to hear the hated “In the King’s name!”

‘ “Ha! caught by G—. Can the old witch have told the truth?
‘ “and is it so near? The voice, too,” and for a second he faltered.
‘ The moon shone out, and the young lieutenant’s face was plainly
‘ visible. “It is he, sure enough,” he muttered. “What fiend
‘ brought him here?”

‘ “In the King’s name! You are my prisoners. Lay down your
‘ arms, my men; resistance is useless.”

‘ “Big words! big words! Steenie Mackie. Ye must take us
‘ first. Stand aside, or it will be worse for you.”

‘ Steenie staggered at the voice, and almost stumbled on the shelf,
‘ but hastily recovering himself, he said, in a low voice, “You here,
‘ “Donald Rhue? and is that dream yet to be consummated? Go
‘ “back! go back! There is still time for you to escape by the
‘ “lower path. Let there be no blood between us. Leave the
‘ “mules and go back; it’s all I can do now. For her sake, go
‘ “back: here you cannot, shall not pass.”

‘ “Shall not! we’ll see that!” said Donald, between his clenched
‘ teeth, picking his way, and leading the first mule carefully on.

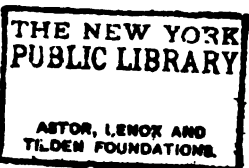
‘ “Hear me again!” implored Steenie, in agonized tones. “For
‘ “her sake, go back, or there is death and destruction for one or
‘ “both of us. I have seen it. Here are a dozen armed men
‘ “within fifty yards of where I stand. Judge what hope you have
‘ “of escape, even should you force a way over this track. Escape
‘ “while you may, and save yourself by the lower path. Ha! it is
‘ “too late!”

‘ At this moment a shot, followed by a hurrah, was heard, and
‘ there was a commotion among the mules and drivers in the rear,
‘ as the blue-coats who were in pursuit made their appearance on
‘ the scene. Donald continued to advance; he was within five yards
‘ of Steenie.

‘ “Back, I tell you! In the King’s name! You pass not here.”

‘ “In the devil’s name—take that then!” said the desperate
‘ ruffian, as he discharged his remaining pistol, which he had drawn
‘ from his belt, almost in Steenie’s face.

‘ With a low groan the murdered man sank backwards on the
‘ shelf, his head and arms hanging over the precipice. But the
‘ leading mule, who had hitherto picked its way with caution, reared
‘ and plunged at the sudden flash and report. Its hind legs slipped
‘ over the precipice. The packages shifted on to its quarters, and
‘ pulled it over. There was a momentary struggle, and with a
‘ scream of terror and despair, both mule and man disappeared into
‘ the fearful chasm. He had twisted the halter round his wrist and
‘ arm, and the mule had dragged him over. For near a minute, and





Lucy Parsons Digitized by Google

'what an awful minute!—what an age that was to the listeners!—there was a dead silence.

'Then a dull smothered sound on the still night came up the black gulf, and smote upon the ear——

'Poor Nannie lay at the point of death for some time, having prematurely brought that idiot son into the world.

'And I—ah!' and Ethel started. 'I—I thought! I—There!' and she pointed with her finger.

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Yahoo, noticing that she was suddenly and strangely agitated.

'I—I—it seems absurd—but I thought I saw his very face behind that bush. More than once, while we have been talking, I fancied I saw something move there.'

Mr. Yahoo sprang to the spot, but there was nothing there. He searched all round—there was nothing. He listened—all was still.

'It must have been fancy, Miss Cameron, acting upon overwrought feelings and imagination stirred by this fearful story,' said her companion, trying to reassure her.

'I don't know. That wretched creature thrills me with horror when I see him, and I have seen him more than once lately, dogging my steps from the distance, and I have a strange absorbing dread of him, for I believe he is mischievous and malicious beyond measure at times, with all his father's bad spirit about him, and it is as much as Nannie can do always to control him. I trust, however, it was fancy this time. But let us go in. It feels as if we were going to have a storm.'

Mr. Yahoo could see nothing that night, but he took the precaution to look closely about the spot on the ensuing morning: the heavy rain which fell subsequently, however, washed out all traces of any footsteps which might have been there if any there were.

GEORGE PARR.

GEORGE PARR, the celebrated Nottingham and All England cricketer, and the subject of this biography, was born on the 22nd of May, 1826, at Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottinghamshire. George is the third son of the late Mr. Samuel Parr, who, as a gentleman farmer, held considerable freehold property at Radcliffe. The truthfulness of the old axiom that 'blood will tell' is amply borne out in Parr's case, for so far back as the period (prior to 1775) when the wicket was formed by two stumps and one bail, and the ball passing through the stumps was 'out,' and was called 'Going through the Chapter House,' we find an 'Uncle Harry Parr' (an ancestor of George's), celebrated as a cricketer; so was our hero's grandfather, and so also was Parr's father, who was remarkable for his love of field sports, being noted as a fearless and straight rider across country—a crack shot—and at the wicket, against the underhand bowling of that day, more than one memorable match proved that a long summer's after-

noon was 'too short' to finish the innings of Mr. Samuel Parr : so with this kind of blood in his veins, that Parr should have attained his great cricketing celebrity is not to be wondered at.

George Parr, when a boy, excelled most of his compeers at leaping, throwing, running, and cricket ; and after bidding good-bye to birch and book, he intuitively took to the gun in winter, and the willow in summer. He played his first public match at cricket when fifteen years old, in a match between Bingham and Ratcliffe, contributing fifteen runs for Ratcliffe ; his (then) slim figure, easy attitude, and cool style of play, surprising many an old hand present. His local fame consequently spread, and Clarke (the renowned Nottingham slow bowler) went over to Bingham to see Parr play ; and was so impressed with his style, that then and there he selected the young batsman to play for his county in the approaching match of Nottingham *v.* Kent. This was a high honour to confer on so young a cricketer ; but notwithstanding the prominent and important position he was thus placed in, George's nerve never faltered, and he showed he was 'the right lad in the right place,' by scoring thirty-one and seventeen, not out in either innings ; this for a youth of nineteen against eleven of Kent was pretty fair. For his splendid play on this occasion, George was publicly thanked, and it was at once seen that the county that had turned out such cricketers as Dennis, Redgate, Barker, Clark, Guy, &c., had in George Parr another brilliant bat to uphold the honour of Notts. Later in the same year he played for his county against England, but with less success, five and seven being his contributions in this match.

Fuller Pilch, the great Kentish batter, had long and most worthily reigned without a rival as 'the premier batsman of England,' but about this period was a trifle on the wane, when the veteran Clarke, convinced of Parr's great batting capabilities, recommended the Committee of the Marylebone Club to give him a trial, saying, 'There is a young man at Nottingham, a brother of Sam Parr's, he'll be the Pilch ;' and accordingly young Parr was brought up to Lord's, made his *début* as a colt, and 'chipped his shell' in the Nottingham and M. C. C. match in 1845. The following year Parr was one of the twenty-two in the match played at Lord's for the benefit of Mr. Felix—when against the bowling of Lillywhite, sen. (the Nonpareil), Hillier, and other first-class men of that day, aided by the fielding of the choicest of England's cricketers, George Parr scored eleven and fifty-nine runs. The effect of this brilliant display of cool and finished batting from one so young (twenty) was electrical ; and good judges at once admitted him to that proud position he has so skilfully and worthily maintained ever since, now extending over a period of fourteen years. He was then selected to play in most of the great matches, and as he grew in years, so did he in fame. George Parr was one of the original members of Clarke's All England Eleven, and the only 'playing' member of that Eleven now left us. Upon the retirement of Clarke, Parr became the slow bowler of the All England Eleven, and at once evidenced he had not

studied under that master in vain. On the death of Clarke, Parr was unanimously elected captain, and the All England Eleven under his management shone in the cricket field with greater brilliancy than ever. In 1857 a request came for the All England Eleven to play the United at Lord's, for the benefit of Dean. 'Willingly,' answered Parr, 'provided we first play a match for the benefit of the 'Cricketers' Fund.' This was assented to; both matches were played, and a fine exhibition of attack and defence did Parr exhibit in each, scoring forty-eight and thirty-six in the first, and fifty-six and nineteen in the second: in this match carrying out his bat in both innings. The All England Eleven won both matches, and the other members of that Eleven were so delighted by their chief's magnificent play in the second match, that they honoured themselves and him, by presenting Parr with a very handsome watch as a memento of their gratification and esteem. Another match for the benefit of the Fund was played between the Two Elevens in 1858, Parr scoring seventeen and fifty-two, albeit the United won. The following month in the same year they again played, this time for the benefit of George Parr, to whom Mr. Dark most liberally granted the free use of the ground: this match the All England Eleven won in one innings, George Parr scoring twenty-eight. Although the weather was unfavourable, the assemblage of visitors on each day was great, evidencing the high and respected position held by Parr in the estimation of the public. The Elevens last year played two more matches, both of which were won by the United, and in each match was Parr singularly unfortunate, scoring respectively nought, one, three, and eleven, thus showing the glorious uncertainty of the noble old game, even with the best and most brilliant of batsmen.

We have not space to enumerate the whole of Parr's great scores, but may record that in 1848, at Leicester, he made a rare innings of exactly one hundred. In 1850 or 1851, at Brighton, in the match between eleven of England and sixteen of Sussex, he scored one hundred and eighteen runs in one innings; and at Redruth last year, he made one hundred and one in one innings. The gross number of runs he has made in some seasons are enormous, numbering in one year nine hundred and twenty-five, in another nine hundred and seventy, and in one other season, he made the extraordinary and, we believe, unparalleled number of one thousand two hundred and seventy-eight runs. Many times has he received the honour of a call up to the pavilion at Lord's and the Oval, there to receive the usual, and in some instances 'unusual' honours awarded for fine play. At Edinburgh, for his superb display of cricket, he was complimented with the present of a very handsome silver cigar-case; but many and various as have been the honours conferred on him, scientific and brilliant as have been his many exhibitions of cricket, all pale their brilliancy and fire before his grand and glorious innings of one hundred and thirty made on the Oval in 1859, in the match between the counties of Surrey and Notts, when against eleven of

the best cricketers in England, the picked might and strength of famous Surrey—who was there ‘strong in bowlers,’ ‘unsurpassed in ‘fielders,’ and ‘unapproached in wicket-keeper;’ there against all this mighty concentration of cricketing talent, did George Parr, with a maimed finger on his right hand, stand for five hours and a half; and, without giving one single chance, run up the longest score, and make the most plucky and brilliant innings throughout his long career, by contributing one hundred and thirty runs, when a sharp tip to the slip was there cleverly secured by Martingell; and then ensued a scene that conferred honour alike on Parr and the men of Surrey, whose lusty, hearty, generous cheers rang the welkin, as George, cap in left hand, and bat in right, panting with exertion, and a conscious pride illumining his countenance, slowly strode through the narrow lane of cheering spectators, up to the pavilion, and there received, amid the cheers of the three thousand visitors who thronged around, the highest possible praise from the honorary Secretary of the Surrey Club that a cricketer could possibly receive. That gentleman, in presenting him with 20*l.* collected for his superb batting, said, ‘George Parr, in this match you have made ‘one of the finest displays of batting ever witnessed on this or any ‘other ground, &c.’ This ovation over, Parr proceeded to the dressing-room, and on ascending the well-known steps thereto, a loud, hearty, ringing cheer greeted him from a little knot of men grouped on that old balcony. And well, indeed, might Grundy, Jackson, Alfred Clarke, Daft, and the other men of Notts, greet their chief with that hearty, thankful ‘hurrah’ that they did, for no doubt they bore in mind the many noble battles he had fought for their county, and were proud of the grand addition that had that day been made to the following list of the—

BATTING SCORES OF GEORGE PARR, FOR NOTTINGHAM.

When	and	where played.	Against.	Scores.
1845, July 17, 18	. .	at Nottingham	. . Kent	. . *31
„ Sept. 4, 5, 6	. .	at Nottingham	. . „	. . *17
„ „	. .	„	. . England	. . 5
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 7
1847, August 9, 10, 11	. .	at Nottingham	. . England	. . 0
1848, July 3, 4, 5	. .	at Sheffield	. . Sheffield	. . 2
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 0
„ July 13, 14	. .	at Brighton	. . Sussex	. . 52
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 8
„ August 17, 18.	. .	at Nottingham	. . Sheffield	. . 7
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 38
1851, July 17, 18, 19	. .	at Kennington Oval	. . Surrey	. . 1
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 23
1852, June 25, 26	. .	at Kennington Oval	. . Surrey	. . 45
„ Sept. 2, 3, 4	. .	at Nottingham	. . Surrey	. . 69
1853, May 16, 17, 18	. .	at Lord’s	. . England	. . 4
„ „	. .	„	. . „	. . 49
„ August 29, 30	. .	at Brighton	. . Sussex	. . 46

BATTING SCORES OF GEORGE PARR, FOR NOTTINGHAM—*continued.*

When	and	where played.	Against.	Scores.
1853, Sept. 5, 6, 7	.	at Nottingham	Sussex	36
"	"	"	"	28
Sept. 8, 9	.	at Kennington Oval	Surrey	*53
1854, June 4, 5	.	at Lord's	England	39
"	"	"	"	55
July 3, 4, 5	.	at Nottingham	Surrey	1
"	"	"	"	53
August 21, 22	.	at Nottingham	England	5
"	"	"	"	12
August 24, 25, 26	.	at Godalming	Surrey	4
"	"	"	"	17
1855, August 16, 17, 18	.	at Nottingham	England	19
"	"	"	"	29
1856, August 21, 22, 23	.	at Newark	England	13
"	"	"	"	20
1857, June 22, 23, 24	.	at Nottingham	16 of Sheffield	20
"	"	"	"	*32
1858, Sept. 20, 21, 22	.	at Stockton	Durham and Yorkshire.	7
1859, July 14, 15, 16	.	at Kennington Oval	Surrey	130
Total				977

22 Matches ; 37 Innings. Times not out, 4. Average per Innings, $26\frac{1}{3}$.

* Signifies 'not out.'

After this famous innings (in which the repeated blows from the ball on his wounded hand greatly increased the pain and protracted its healing), Parr did but little in 1859. He was elected captain of the celebrated 'Champion Twelve' that proceeded to Canada and the States at the latter end of '59. In these five celebrated matches Parr played but in two ; in the Montreal match scoring twenty-four in one innings, and in the New York seven. In the 'extra' matches played at these places, Parr (like the rest of 'The Twelve,' out of all condition, on account of their rough and unusual outward voyage), had four innings of nought, twenty-four, six, and thirty-six ; he was then unfortunately prostrated on a bed of sickness, and consequently played in no more of these famous matches. On the 9th of November, 'The North Briton' bearing our Twelve, steamed up the Mersey, and on that day 'The Champions' thankfully set foot again on the shores of Old England, and after the greeting with his many friends was over, Parr passed through one of his usual quiet and retired winters, and thus happily regained his general robust health.

Parr does not appear to possess any striking energy in the field, his very gait expressing listlessness and lassitude—so much so, that strangers to him would, and have, set him down as being 'half asleep,' but under that listlessness there exists an energy at times quite startling. During the past month of May he has located at Harrow, at which far-famed seat of learning and 'cricket,' Parr has

been engaged instilling the art and mysteries of the noble old game into the minds of the present Harrovians, to whose kind, courteous, and gentlemanly bearing George Parr bears the highest testimony. At the time this article is in the hands of the printer, Parr will have commenced his 1860 season; that it may be the brightest and best of his life we heartily wish, and we think we cannot bring this sketch to a better conclusion, than by publishing verbatim the following notes, kindly sent by an influential member of the Committee of the M. C. C., and one of the best judges of cricket extant, who says—

‘Every great player has some favourite hit: Parr’s name will always be identified with the square leg hit; but his great merit is his masterly defence. When the bowling is good, you will see him quietly playing the ball back to bowler, and mid wicket, biding his time until the loose ball comes, when no one uses his power with greater severity. In his earlier days Parr always stood out in the field, for which his wonderful gift of throwing eminently qualified him. He was once matched at Lord’s to throw against a soldier of the Foot Guards. Parr’s “winning” throw was 110½ yards. In addition to his qualifications as a player, we must add his merits as “a man.” Always civil and deferential to his superiors, his manner has gained him a host of friends among the members of the Marylebone Club, and no one ever walks to the wicket with more goodwill towards him from the pavilion than George Parr.’

THE PAST FOX-HUNTING SEASON.

(Concluded.)

ONE of the principal changes alluded to in my last article, and which had been spoken of in fox-hunting circles as about to occur, has, I am happy to state, not been realized. Lord Hawke still continues Master of the Badsworth country, which he has hunted for the unusually long period (in these changeable times) of thirty-three years; but Mr. Bowyer succeeds Lord Middleton with a guaranteed subscription. The result of Captain Percy Williams’ sale must have tended to soften down a little the bitter parting between their master and his favourites. The price of fox-hounds has of late years been in the ascendant, and two thousand guineas no longer considered an extravagant sum for a well-bred pack; and at this sale the receipts exceeded that sum by nearly seven hundred pounds, the average price, taking old and unentered hounds together, being over forty guineas per couple. In times past we have heard of individual fox-hounds fetching very high prices—such as Merkin, the property of Colonel Thornton, which run a trial of four miles in seven minutes and half a second, and was sold in 1795 for four hogsheads of claret, the seller reserving two couples of her whelps.

In 1826 I was supposed to have paid the exorbitant sum of two thousand guineas for Mr. Ward’s pack, purchased by private con-

tract; but my impression was, that if sold at Tattersall's, they would have gone far higher; and for individual hounds of this pack, I refused afterwards from sixty to one hundred guineas, it being then my established rule never to part with a good hound or a good horse for money.

At the Rufford sale, Lord Fitzwilliam became the purchaser of the greatest number of lots, having bought twenty-five couples of hunting hounds, besides others: so that he has at once the nucleus of a pack, sufficient to hunt two days a week: and if money paid is a criterion of value received, the *élite* of the Rufford kennels have passed into his lordship's possession, wherewith to commence hunting his new country about Wentworth. We shall then have the rare coincidence of two brothers in the same noble family being Masters of fox-hounds at the same time: significant facts these for the consideration of the 'Times,' that fox-hunting is not yet in its sere and yellow leaf, but sending forth from its vigorous stem, branches as fresh and green, and more luxuriant than ever.

In Devonshire, a new impetus has also been given to the 'noble science,' by Lord Poltimore and the Honourable Mr. Rolle having added their names to the already ennobled list of Masters of fox-hounds, the latter having bought three lots of hounds at the Rufford sale.

England boasts of her newly-formed rifle corps. She has reason to be proud of this national movement; it shows that the martial spirit which animated our forefathers, has not become extinct in their descendants—that we are not degraded yet into a nation of mere shopkeepers, or 'peace at any price' men. But what a sight would it be to behold our vast army of fox-hunters on their splendid horses, divided into light and heavy cavalry drawn up in battle array! In this body of men are to be found the most noble of our nobility—the flower of English chivalry—the bold, the daring, the brave, from nearly every class, inured to rough usage, and taught to look on dangers and difficulties as 'trifles light as air.' If the French regarded, with amazement at their audacity, that furious though ill-advised charge of cavalry at Balaclava, led by a gallant fox-hunter, they may form some idea of what a charge would be with a whole regiment composed of fox-hunters. What invading army of foreigners could resist this courageous force of mighty hunters, which could and would, I believe, be formed instantly in every county, to protect their common fatherland? They have the power, the seat, the nerve, the tact of handling their horses, beyond that even of our cavalry regiments: all they require would be a few days' drill to bring them into regular movements; for there are hundreds amongst them to whom the use of the sword and pistol is already familiar. I would ask those who sneer and jeer at fox-hunting, what they would have our nobility and country gentlemen do during the winter months. Are they to become either *battue* men, or coursers, or farmers, or billiard-players, bookworms and mollicoddles?

We have now to record the gratifying fact of the Heir to the

Throne having joined our phalanx ; although, from time immemorial, the sovereigns of these realms have patronized the chase of the stag down to our time, and the establishment of the Royal buck-hounds has been considered as one of the appendages to the crown. It is not our business or wish to interfere with this apparently superfluous expenditure, in the maintenance of a sport about which royalty has not for many years shown any interest or taken part ; but it would be much more consistent with the spirit of the age, to see a pack of fox-hounds drawing Windsor Park in search of a wild fox, than to witness a poor half-tamed deer bundled out of a cart. If my recollection serves me, it was during the reign of William IV., that Sir John Cope was invited to bring his fox-hounds to Windsor Park—with what result I do not remember, except that one or more foxes were found ; and I have no doubt a very fair hunting country might be established around the royal domain ; and we hope our anticipations may be realized, in beholding His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Master of the Windsor fox-hounds.

A friend in Yorkshire thus writes me of their sport with the York and Ainstey :—‘ The York and Ainstey, under the management of Sir Charles Slingsby, and hunted by him, are fast approaching to a very good pack ; and those who know the difficulty of getting together, and bringing to the covert side a first-rate pack of hounds, will appreciate Sir Charles’s efforts, who in five years, out of nothing to begin with, has achieved so much. The season has been a very poor one from weather, and the sport, on the whole, below the average. The frosts, which have been almost unprecedented in their continuance, have on most hunting mornings since Christmas made the fallows carry so much where the action of the sun came upon them, that scent was impossible ; and unless a good afternoon fox was found, the hounds could scarcely run over three fields. There have been several good and satisfactory days, and thirty brace of foxes have been killed by Sir Charles and his hounds. Sir Charles is splendidly mounted : he goes well, and does his best to show sport. His quiet way with his hounds shows the true sportsman, and his gentlemanly and courteous bearing to his field make his pack deservedly popular.’

The Bedale country, now under the management of the Honourable E. Duncombe, M.P. for the North division, is one of the best adapted for fox-hunting in the north of England ; the eastern and larger portion of it being flat, with large enclosures, plenty of grass, and fair, honest fencing ; a few more good coverts, and a few more good foxes, or rather men of the right sort to preserve them, being the only desideratum to render it first-rate amongst the provincials. This country rises gradually towards the west, where it merges into wild moorland, the confines of which afford the finest spring hunting possible, the enclosures being large, wet, and heathery, and always holding a good scent, when the low country is rendered almost unridable from continued drought and cutting winds. The Bedale have had several first-rate things during the past season ; their runs

on January 4th, at York Gate, February 25th, Skipton Bridge, and two on different days from Thornton Wathles, besides several others, having well deserved a place in sporting annals. This pack has now been strengthened by an additional ten couples from the Rufford sale.

The Bramham Moor fox-hounds are spoken of as being, both as to their appearance and performances in the field, one of the best packs in the kingdom; their owner, Mr. G. Lane Fox, the very *beau-ideal* of a country gentleman and Master of hounds, having brought all his experience and skill to bear upon the establishment, assisted by his huntsman, Charles Treadwell, who seldom allows a fox to escape him, when he can get away on even moderate terms with him: by his patience and perseverance on bad scenting days, and over greasy or dusty fallows, the desired result is accomplished—the *finis coronat opus*—of many a hardly-contested fight against wind and weather during the past season. It is of course gratifying to hear so good an account of one who for many years lived with me as first whipper-in, and first handled the horn in my service, when unable at times to hunt my own hounds; and I may add this just tribute to his merit, that in that capacity he stood quite at the head of his profession, being not less distinguished for his cleverness and zeal as a whipper-in than for his integrity and fidelity as a servant: the strongest proof of the latter having been displayed by his refusing a huntsman's situation, with four times the salary he received from myself.

In April I received a letter from a fox-hunter in Yorkshire, enclosing a prospectus of a 'Show of Fox-hounds' to take place during the ensuing meeting of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society at Pontefract, in August; and a Committee has already been appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, to carry out the proposed arrangements:—

The Honourable W. E. Duncombe, M.P.
G. Lane Fox, Esq., M.P.
John Greenwood, Esq., M.P., Swarcliffe, Hon. Sec.
James Hall, Esq., Scarborough.
Mr. John Hannam, Kirk Deighton.
Mr. Henry Hartley, Staveley.
Honourable George Lascelles, Harewood.
Lord Hawke, Womersley Park.
Francis D. Legard, Esq., Ganton.
Charles John Maynard, Esq., Harewood.
Mr. Bradby Nicholson, Stourton Grange, Hon. Sec.
Sir Charles Slingsby, Bart., Scriven Park.

It is calculated that about 200*l.* will be required for prizes, and to cover all necessary expenses, for which a subscription list has been opened at the banks of the Messrs. Swann, York, and Messrs. Williams and Co., Leeds.

Not having seen any notice of this proposed show of fox-hounds

in the sporting papers, I have been induced to give these particulars as another proof of the progress of the 'Noble Science,' and in the hope that the example set by such well-known and influential members of our profession may incite others to adopt like measures; in their own counties, the result of which may at last eventuate in one general and annual exhibition, supported by Masters of fox-hounds, throughout the kingdom. I need scarcely point out the advantages which, in a social point of view, would be derived from such a gathering, both to themselves and the cause generally; and I have before expressed my opinion, that if fixed to take place in London during the months of May or June, even for two days only, the show would prove highly attractive, and a small admission-fee realize a sum more than sufficient to cover all expenses. By experience, I know Masters of fox-hounds to be a very independent class of men, and as impatient of the semblance of dictation in such matters as in the hunting field. An exhibition of this kind must therefore emanate from their own body, and the opening which has now been made by these Yorkshire gentlemen, will, I trust, lead to such a desirable result.

The formation of a society for establishing a national exhibition of sporting and other dogs, has already been commenced at Birmingham under very favourable auspices; but I am inclined to think that the spectacle of one hundred couples of the handsomest fox-hounds in Great Britain, would prove far more attractive, and that even foreigners would be drawn to such an unusual exhibition. Whilst advocating this movement, in which, some twenty years ago, I took an especial interest, I am at the same time aware that it will be met with many objections on the part of those who do not choose to be put out of their way. With such men, arguments will avail but little, for their reply will be, 'I am quite satisfied with my own hounds—I don't wish to parade them before the public eye—neither shall I run the risk of sending two couples of my best hounds to London, were I assured of a prize valued at one hundred guineas.' There is also another objection. Beauty in a fox-hound is no proof of merit. The letter S. may be affixed to the name of the best-looking entered hound in the kennel which may be the reverse of really good in the field, and for the unentered, it is of course a mere chance how they may turn out in their third season. An experienced Master being wide awake on these points, although he may be gratified by the inspection of so many clever hounds, will say, 'I prefer seeing them at work—handsome he that does hand—somely there.' Bill Jones may subscribe his sovereign to the Birmingham dog show, with a view of getting more than his *quid pro quo* for a clever terrier or bull dog; and, from the same cause, poultry and other shows have succeeded; men exhibit their stock, and ladies too, more for emolument than for honour.

With Masters of fox-hounds, the case is widely different. Noblemen and gentlemen in these situations do not, and could not if they would, sell so many hounds every year without losing their credit or

spoiling their pack. There is a fixed price for the annual drafts, which are generally the huntsman's perquisite, or, rather, part of his salary; and there is also an established custom amongst Masters of fox-hounds to aid and assist each other by an exchange of blood; the youngest Master having the privilege of sending his bitches to any kennel he may select, free of charge, except the usual small fees to the huntsman and feeder. To themselves, therefore, individually or collectively, as breeders of fox-hounds, no benefit would result from exhibiting their hounds, beyond the honour of obtaining a prize cup, or piece of plate to adorn their sideboard; but they may be influenced by other considerations, for Masters of fox-hounds have their assailable points as well as other men.

The progress of 'Dryasdust's' project for the establishment of a benefit club for huntsmen and whippers-in, has, I fear, disappointed his expectations, although its failure has been in accordance with my own anticipations. There is an old and true saying that 'God helps those who help themselves,' and if the men for whose especial benefit this measure was intended have shown themselves so reluctant to come forward in their own cause, it is not surprising to find the Masters indifferent about it. There is, however, one consolatory reflection, that the widows and children of deserving men are seldom neglected by those who have participated in the sport their husbands and fathers have afforded; of which two gratifying instances have occurred during the past season, by the collections made for the families of Will Goodall and Jack Woodcock. The sudden check to the career of George Wells as huntsman to the old Warwickshire was very melancholy to contemplate, after he had given every promise of first-rate capabilities. I have reason to speak of him, when whipper-in to Sir Watkin Wynn's pack, as a most civil and obliging man, and from the conversation I held with him two years ago in the Wynnstay kennels, he appeared fully qualified to shine as a huntsman.

The month of March, during which, in many districts, it would have been difficult to collect a peck of dust said to be worth a king's ransom, was productive of good sport generally, and the closing days of the season in almost every hunt proved satisfactory; that with Mr. Meynell Ingram's pack terminating by treeing instead of earthing a fox, which, on being dislodged from his exalted position, was afterwards killed by the hounds. The admirer of fox-hound beauty will be fully gratified by a visit to the Hoar Cross kennels, which contain some of the best blood in the kingdom, many of the hounds being descended from the pack of the renowned father of the chase, Mr. Hugo Meynell, grandfather of the present Mr. Meynell Ingram, who has hunted this country about forty years, solely, I believe, at his own expense. An inspection of this pack afforded me by their Master, in the most courteous manner, gave me the highest gratification, and I have never seen any hounds more demonstrative of high breeding, with the united requisites of power and symmetry. There is a peculiar characteristic pervading the

whole pack, and the ladies especially, with their clean mould of form and limb, with length and strength combined, look the *ne plus ultra* of fox-hound perfection.

The Limerick drag hunt, about which half Ireland seemed to be going crazy, ended in the total discomfiture of the unlucky hounds employed in this ill-managed affair, which from first to last presented a regular *mêlée* of hounds and horsemen mixed together in inextricable confusion. How in the name of common sense could it be expected that six or seven couples of hounds, of all nations and languages—fox-hounds all were not, and strangers to each other—should be prevailed upon to run a drag at all, under such circumstances, much more to run it honestly,—with a lot of horsemen clattering at their heels, and riding in amongst them? One can scarcely suppose that in such a badly-arranged race any fair conclusion as to the comparative speed of horses and hounds could be arrived at; and I take it therefore as a mere attempt at a novel exhibition in the sporting line, or as an anticipated improvement in steeple-chasing, both, in my opinion, highly objectionable. The Cork drag hunt appears to have been conducted in a much better manner, although here the old story of ‘too many cooks spoiling the ‘broth of the boys’ occurred also, as the hounds are said to have been frequently at fault.

The match between thorough-bred race-horses and fox-hounds, expected to come off this autumn, and as to the result of which in sporting circles opinions appear to be nearly equally divided, will, we conceive, be conducted in a very different manner; and, as a fair trial of speed between horse and hound, excites great interest, not only amongst sporting men so called, but amongst fox-hunters generally; and, as a single and singular experiment of the kind, will settle this often canvassed point and another also, whether the fox-hound of the present day is superior in speed to that of the last century. This *vexata quæstio* will at last be set at rest, and I have not the shadow of a doubt that the pace advocates will find themselves ruefully disappointed in their anticipations of so great an increase of speed, as they expect to find in the *improved* breed of fox-hounds of the present generation. The great difficulty in this race, as it was in that at the close of the last century, will be to induce the hounds to run honestly. You may force horses to the top of their speed by whip and spur, but force is entirely out of the question with hounds; and if there is not a good scent before them, and one they enjoy, or a point to reach which they will use their utmost exertions, as a natural sequence, if both do not equally use their power of speed to the utmost it cannot be called a fair trial, or decisive of the point in dispute. The match of the last century was between Mr. Meynell’s and Mr. Barry’s fox-hounds—hound against hound only—and those who rode the race, rode with the hounds and not against them. Here the case will be different—the horses will start as against the hounds to beat them. This will so far alter the complexion of the race that the hounds must do their best from

first to last—they can expect no law and no favour. As an account of this match may prove acceptable to the sporting public at the present time I transcribe the particulars as collected from an old book on British sports.

‘Mr. Meynell matched two fox-hounds, *Richmond* and a *Bitch*, against two of Mr. Barry’s, *Bluecap* and *Wanton*, to run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket for five hundred guineas. Mr. Barry’s hounds were trained on Tip-tree Heath, Essex, by the well-known W. Crane, the huntsman, of Rivenhall Inn, in that neighbourhood. Their mode of training was to run a fox drag, three times a week, upon turf; length of the drag from eight to ten miles. They were kept to their exercise from August 1st to September the 28th, and fed upon oatmeal and milk and sheep’s trotters. On September 30th the match was run, by making the accustomed drag from the rubbing-house at Newmarket Town-end, to the rubbing-house at the starting-post of the Beacon Course, the four hounds being immediately laid on the scent. Mr. Barry’s *Bluecap* came in first, and *Wanton* very close to him, second; the Beacon Course, four miles, being run over by these hounds in a few seconds above eight minutes; the same time which an ordinary Plate horse will take to perform it in, with eight stone, or eight stone seven pounds on his back; and within which time *Eclipse* was said to have performed four miles at York, carrying twelve stone, which he probably might do, although it really was not ascertained. Mr. Meynell’s *Richmond* was beaten by upwards of one hundred yards, and the bitch did not run her course through. Threescore horsemen started with the hounds, of whom Cooper, Mr. Barry’s huntsman, was first at the ending-post, having rode the mare that carried him quite blind!—a stupid piece of cruelty, in all probability arising from the weight the mare carried, joined perhaps to want of blood in her. Speed after the rate of thirty miles per hour, continued for four miles, appertaining only to racers and racing weights, a fact of which sportsmen ought to have been aware. Twelve horses only out of the sixty were able to run in with the hounds, and indeed it is extraordinary that twelve were found able to do so; Wm. Crane, mounted upon a King’s Plate horse, called *Rib*, being the twelfth. The odds before starting were seven to four in favour of Mr. Meynell, whose hounds during their exercise for the match were fed entirely upon legs of mutton.’

By this account it appears that in the feeding of the hounds meal proved superior to mutton, and my impression has always been, that oatmeal gives more muscle and strength than meal of any other kind; and this, mixed with sheep’s trotters, sheep or bullocks’ paunches well boiled, would prove the safest food to train upon. In the pending match between horses and hounds, we have every reason to suppose that all that skill and money can effect will be done on both sides. The success of the hounds will depend on three things:—first, their judicious selection: secondly, their proper training: and thirdly, their honesty in running; and no doubt the best four-mile horses will be pitted against them.

It is rather a singular coincidence, that in the same kennel from which the hounds are to be selected there are several descended from Mr. Barry’s *Bluecap* (the winner of the match above related), through Mr. Ward’s sort, in whose stud-book of the pedigrees of his fox-hounds there are entered in one season three couples of hounds

by Mr. Barry's Bluecap—two dogs, and four bitches, the latter proving all brood bitches, and from which the most favourite blood in his kennel was derived; and on referring to the Badminton list of 1853, I see there were then marked by me about fifteen couples of this strain, bred from the pack I purchased of Mr. Ward.

As to the issue of the struggle, it would be absurd to give an opinion, without an inspection of the animals selected for the race, although the general impression seems rather in favour of the horses; but increase the distance one mile more, making it five good measure, or give me a choice of ground over four miles of turf, wherever I may choose to select it, with the privilege of picking the hounds and directing their running (for herein lies the secret of their winning), and I will back them against the three best race-horses of English growth.

OLD JOHN DAY.

THE death of such a person as old John Day is an event deserving of some more enduring record than a simple newspaper paragraph, although to the end of all time he will be identified as one of the greatest characters of the turf of the nineteenth century. It is to be regretted, however, that for the sake of those who are now alive, many incidents and anecdotes of his career, which would have clearly illustrated his character, and enlivened this paper, must necessarily be omitted. However, in our sketch of him, we trust to do that justice to his memory which his ability as a trainer, his skill as a jockey, his honesty as a servant, and kindness of heart in all the relations of life have earned for him. John Day, we maintain, was no ordinary man. Endowed by nature with a frame which enabled him to pursue the duties of his calling in the saddle until an unusually late period of life, and with faculties kept unimpaired by his steady and temperate mode of living, this patriarch of the south was enabled to preserve to the last that influence among the nobility and gentlemen of England which had never before been exercised by one of his profession. The son of one of the greatest trainers in Hampshire, a man whose reputation stood scarcely second to his own, and with a mother whose mind was a perfect pharmacopœia, ample opportunities were given him of developing those qualities which may be said to be hereditary in the family. When no taller than a bucket, from the nursery his transition to the stable took place; and his initiation into the mysteries of horse-flesh and horsemanship commenced. How the seed that was then sown flourished the racing calendars will best show; and how the child became the father of the man, and reached the zenith of his ambition, it will be for us to trace. Few facts of his boyhood have been preserved; but he used to dilate with glee on the number of horses he was made to dress over before breakfast; the exercise gallops he had to ride; and upon the fact of his falling off the first

time he ever got on an animal in public, which was in a pony race in Wales. Although the discipline he had to endure was severe, he had the good sense to see its value, for it formed his character and habits of life, which were a model of temperance, soberness, and chastity. Of the early-closing moment, not even Mr. Lilwall himself was a more devoted advocate; and by it he not only preserved his health, but was enabled to attend to his duties far better than some of his brethren who are content to lounge out at eight o'clock in the morning; whereas with old John, the first streak in the heavens was sufficient to arouse him from his slumbers. In fact, he may be said to have gone up and down with the sun. Habits like these did not go unobserved. Those who trained in his father's stable spoke up for him, and by the time he had emerged from his boyhood, and begun to think of doing something for himself, he was not wholly unknown to the southern sportsmen. Holding the marriage state in the highest estimation, it was not long before he entered into it; and the selection of his wife proved he was as good a judge of the female sex as he was of a yearling. 'Never was there a better,' was his remark to us one day, when speaking of her; 'in fact she was the very best I ever knew in my life,' although to her successor's virtues he paid every credit. His father knowing he should lose the value of his services, resolutely opposed the match, as a Lincoln's Inn solicitor would do that of a ward with an Irish adventurer. But all to no purpose; and although five hundred pounds—a perfectly fabulous sum to him in those times—was offered him to break off the engagement, he would run it off, and with a ten-pound note of his own earning, and in a stable jacket, he began the battle of life, which he fought as long and earnestly as Lord Eldon did, when he brought his wife to a garret in Chancery Lane, and could afford her no better meal than a mutton-chop. 'For two years I never had a coat to my back, and never had a glass of wine in my house.' He continued, 'But they tells me now there are jockeys who give seventy-five shillings a dozen for their sherry; and if they can afford it honestly, all I can say is, I don't grudge it them.' With a wife on his hands, and the prospect of a family to support, he was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. He wasted hard, worked hard, saved all he could, and in twelve months had the satisfaction of putting beyond all doubt that he was able to maintain his position and keep himself independent. Those were the days when jockeys had to work for their living; when express trains were unknown; when the circuit was made on ponies with saddle-bags, and a portmanteau was a myth. That was the age, also, when four-mile heats were in vogue, and when a jockey never looked to more than 'three or five' for his mount, and when a 'tenner' was a present that was talked of throughout the season. Now a recent St. Leger winner, who never bets half a crown, hardly got a touch of the hat for a fifty-pound note. John's first reception at Newmarket was a cold one, for somehow or another they had got an idea he could ride, and they thought he

would bother them. Seven stone seven was his lowest weight, and it often assisted him in getting a good mount. But as many a junior barrister has been made by being obliged to take his senior's brief, so by an accident did John first gain that position which afterwards nothing could shake. Buckle was then the Rogers of Newmarket, and for a youngster to beat him was like a Middleham stable lad having the best of Fordham, Wells, or Alfred Day in a finish. The race in question was the Two Thousand, then as important as now. Buckle was on the favourite, and John on Dervise. Here was a field for him. Keeping his eye on the crack horse and jockey, he saw the latter getting his horse ready to go, and at that moment Providence impressed on him the idea, if he 'went' first, he might do him. He did so—won—went home; and like Kean, after his performance of Richard, 'woke up and found himself famous.' Two fresh masters were instantly added to his list. And after he had followed up his luck with the One Thousand on the Problem, the future burst upon him in all its radiance. It was then that the Duke of Portland sent for him, to say he wished particularly to speak to him; and tremblingly obeying the summons, John waited on him. Standing on the mat with hat in hand, and frightened out of his life, he was thus addressed: 'Come in, John Day.' Having done so, the duke resumed. 'John Day, I am about to make you a handsome present for the way you have ridden my horses this week.' 'Thank you, my lord duke,' interpolated our hero. 'I am about to give you two ten-pound notes of the Bank of Messrs. So and So, Bury St. Edmunds, highly respectable bankers.' With this he went to a large dressing-case, and taking out the notes, handed them to him, and he expressed his thanks as well as he was able on so trying an occasion. Another time, his Grace frightened him out of his life by calling to him, and telling him he never knew he was a thief before. 'What! my lord duke,' he cried; 'I don't understand you. I never did anything wrong in my life.' 'Yes, you did, John, you stole that race for me this afternoon.' For an instant he was nonplussed, but gradually a light broke upon him, and the value of the compliment was perceived and estimated. Other employers, in the shape of the Duke of Grafton, Lord Berners, Mr. Batson, and Mr. Biggs were booked in his list, which put him on a par with the cracks of the age. In 1828 he began his Oaks career, for with the outsider Turquoise he won that race for him, although her chance was so forlorn that any odds in the world might have been had about his mount. As the playbills in transpontine dramas say, an interval of three years elapses, and again he appears in the same character for the Duke with Oxygen, and a more finished performance was never witnessed throughout his riding career; and adding the Leger to it afterwards with Chorister, his fame rose higher and higher, and the southern jockey had established himself, not only as a public favourite in the pigskin, but as a trainer who would sustain the family name in all its original brilliancy. Volumes would not contain his doings in the provinces with Red Rover,

Lussborough, &c., so we must travel on till we find him getting through the Oaks again for Captain Cosby with Pussy, and for Fulwar Craven with Deception, and for Lord George Bentinck with Crucifix, which last race he designated, when he pulled up, 'As a good thing well over.' It was in this race, which a retired trainer will persist in stating that no jockey would start until Lord George's mare had got off, and then they would only 'follow,' that he was very much excited by a young jockey speaking to him while they were descending the hill, which he thought a great liberty, and desired should never be repeated. Those who knew his emphatic mode of speaking may well imagine the style in which he read the riot act. His engagement with Lord George Bentinck; his successes for him and his friend Lord Lichfield, for whom he won the St. Leger on Elis, after having suggested the idea of running him to Doncaster; and lastly, their final grand quarrel, when he refused to comply with a request which not even the Napoleon of the Turf could expect him to acquiesce in, are all matters of history, for which we have not space to spare. The Gaper business he admitted was wrong, and the fault of temper, which he would never allow to get the better of him again; still, with that obstinate conviction of the righteousness of his own judgment, he would persist in maintaining he knew he could not stay.

The meeting of the two Johns at Epsom, on Cotherstone's Derby, must have been a fine sight, the one full of hope, the other of despair; and a Frith or a Grant might have immortalised himself by it. All this time the establishment at Danebury was going on; and if there were not so many horses in the stalls as there are now, the old employers stuck to the ship, and by the aid of Pyrrhus the First she was assisted over the shallow water into which she had got, and, with the help of those tugs, Cossack, Mendicant, and Cymba, she was put straight before the wind, and has never had occasion to put back for repairs since. On going out of partnership with his eldest son, John Day, who is now at the head of Danebury, and as popular as he deserves, the veteran engaged himself to Mr. Howard, and shifted his residence to Findon. Here he burst out with renewed brilliancy, and his triumphs with Virago (the best mare he had seen broken since Crucifix's time), Scythian, Rataplan, Oulston, Little Harry, and others, enabled him to take leave of the turf with a degree of *télat* which has been permitted to few trainers. 'You will be glad to hear I have taken care of myself,' was his observation to us at Stockbridge, where we met him the first time after his resignation of Mr. Howard's horses; 'and if I had not done so,' he continued, 'I should like to know who would have done so?' After this he retired to Woodyeates, and took up his abode in a cottage close to his son William, who was his Benjamin; and although at first he would come about when the latter was going to win a Chester Cup, 'just,' as he said, 'to act as head lad,' he gradually trained off, and contented himself with standing what he liked on the horses, and amusing himself with seeing them gallop. At last disease, in the shape of softening

of the brain, set in, and, notwithstanding the best of medical aid, he gradually sank, at peace with all the world, within a few weeks of his friend and relative, the late Mr. Sadler, and leaving behind him an untarnished reputation to his family, and a name that will never die while the English race-horse is in being.

Having thus traced his career, a few remarks upon his character may not be out of place. John Day's great forte was in his knowledge of character. Few men could excel him in this respect, and he could foresee what would happen, and would endeavour to prevent its ill effects. For instance, when he gathered that he was going to lose Lord George Bentinck's and Mr. Howard's horses, he anticipated his fate in getting the first run, and tendering his resignation, thereby preventing them, as he said, being able to say they dismissed John Day. Simple as a child in his tastes and pursuits, in his intercourse with society he was a perfect man of the world, as respectful to the peer as courteous to the peasant. Courted and consulted on all sides, those who had real claims to his attention rarely had occasion to regret it; but so intolerably was he pestered at times, that he came to the resolution of agreeing with everybody, as it saved so much trouble. With the upper classes he was always an immense favourite, Lord Derby being as fond of him as Lord Palmerston; and the former was not a little amused at the receipt of a message from him, 'with his duty, and he hoped he would not give the Catholics any 'more privileges;' for John was as true a Protestant as Mr. Spooner, and as regular a church-goer. Moreover, the religious and secular education of the lads in his stable was regularly attended to, and swearing as strictly prohibited as smoking on a railway. Of the truth he was a great admirer, always maintaining what a great comfort it was for a man to be able to speak it. At Stockbridge Races, when clerk of the course, he was in great force; but never more so than on the last occasion, when he was dressed by his friends, Mr. Greville contributing the scarlet coat, Mr. Gratwicke the waistcoat, Mr. Villiers the breeches and boots, and 'Argus' the hat. Thus attired, he exhibited all the cheerfulness of youth, told some of his best stories, and was a living example of a temperate and active life. Hundreds of anecdotes are in existence of him, which we fain would relate; but they would involve other parties, so we must forbear. Still there are a few which we think ought to be preserved, and as such we give them. After he had won the Leger on Elis, he was obliged to return to Newmarket immediately to ride in a trial. Coming to the coach-office to secure his place by the mail, he was told there was no room. Returning again in a few minutes, and holding a sovereign between his fingers up to his eye, he inquired in a loud voice of the bookkeeper if there had been a place taken in the name of Day? 'Yes, sir,' instantly replied the official, 'it has been 'taken this fortnight.' And thus, by throwing gold dust in their eyes, as he said, he was enabled to proceed on his journey. For Lord Palmerston he entertained the profoundest respect, not only as a sportsman but as a politician, and it is only fair to state his lordship

fully reciprocated it, and gave him the *entree*, which many of the corps legislatif would like to have enjoyed.

Not two years back Honest John wanted an appointment for one of his sons which was in the gift of the Premier, or which, at least, he thought he could get him, and he accordingly came up to London to see him on the subject. At first he repaired to Carlton House Terrace, from whence he was referred to the House of Commons. Upon going through the passage, his further progress was arrested by a policeman, to whom he explained his desire to see Lord Palmerston. 'You can't see him,' said that functionary. 'But I am John Day,' continued the veteran, thinking, from the attention he had always received, that the name would be a passport anywhere. But the janitor not being a betting-man, regarded the inquirer as a rector of some parish who wanted ecclesiastical preferment; and John's appearance was certainly such as to deceive even better-informed persons than policemen; and anxious to spare the head of the Government the pain of a refusal, was wholly inaccessible to reason or explanation, and he was obliged to sit down in the lobby and take his chance of finding a friend to assist him. In this he was fortunate, for another noble Lord coming in shortly afterwards, and perceiving him, at once came to the rescue; and being told he wished to see Lord Palmerston, said he would go and see for him, and took him through the hitherto locked-up door into another lobby, to his great delight, as he had thus got the better of the policeman. In a few minutes the noble Lord returned with the assurance that the Premier would see him directly. This he did do, and shaking him cordially by the hand, asked him what he could do for him. John explained his wishes briefly, adding, he had had the young 'un well tried, and that he had won his trial. This appointment under the Poor Law Medical Bill was, as might be imagined, instantly promised by the good-natured Premier, who seemed disposed to enter into other topics, when John cut him short by telling him to go. 'You go, my 'Lord, you've plenty to do, I know.' And as he was going on he rushed back to him, saying, 'One word more, my Lord; mind you 'write to the right man. Last time you wrote to the wrong one.' Thus, having gained his point, he returned home, not a little elated with the success of his exertions, and puzzling the crowd of persons as to who he was, and what preferment he held. As a trainer, his great art consisted in getting his horses to stay, and if they could not do that, he had a very poor opinion of them. In his preparation he was sometimes a little too severe; but he said he always liked to know the worst. His best Cup horses were Venison and The Hero, and the former was perhaps the greatest pet he ever had, and was doing well at the stud when he died. As a judge of a yearling he had few superiors, and distance was no object to him if he thought he should see one he liked. His friends, however, would perhaps have preferred his paying them a visit a little later in the day than the hour he usually selected for a visit. At Doncaster he was a regular visitor, and for nineteen years occupied the same lodgings, where it was a fine sight,

on the St. Leger morning, to hear him at the head of the table, laying down the law with the wisdom and emphasis of a Lyndhurst. Tremendous trials of horses he would never believe in, observing, he could never get them to do such things with him, and used to dismiss their trainers with the curt remark, they were 'stones out.' No man betted more gallantly or complained less if his good things did not come off. Charitable to a fault, he yet acquired in his latter days a comfortable competency, and died as he lived, a Christian. May others of his calling follow his example, and they will insure for themselves a similar amount of respect!

OUR PORTFOLIO.

ANOTHER Derby has been lost and won, and racing men, with that elasticity of temperament which is one of their distinguishing qualities as a body, are beginning to calculate the probabilities of the coming events at Ascot, where the racing promises to be of its usual brilliant character, as the winners of the Derby and Oaks are both engaged in the Cup against Promised Land, and the flying Brown Duchess is amongst those engaged in the New Stakes.

The racing of the past month at Chester, Bath, and Epsom has afforded many features of interest, but York and Doncaster have not improved by their change of fixture, and we should certainly advise the promoters of the sport again to adopt an earlier day for the racing on the Town Moor and on old Ebor. Salisbury kept up to its usual standard, being principally supported by the Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire stables, and Mr. Parr's colours were, as usual, victorious in two of the principal stakes. Racing at Chester was very dull, with the exception of the Cup, which is chiefly remarkable for having been run without the interference of any material accident. The success of the favourite, St. Albans, proved comparatively easy to the ring, as the horse was not backed for a penny until after his Epsom victory, prior to which the stable had a very mean opinion of his merits. Had either the second (Petra) or the third (Tame Deer) contrived to secure the verdict of the judge, it would have been a severe blow to several of the large bookmakers, as both had been in the betting from the commencement. The attendance on the Cup day was larger than ever, and the roars of the immense crowd, as the horses came round for the last time, were perfectly deafening; and the effect created by the whole scene has but one parallel—the Derby day. Chester is undoubtedly deficient in first-class weight for age stakes, and it is greatly to be regretted, for the interests of the turf, that the Stewards' Cup should have been altered from its original conditions into a handicap, as the Cup on Wednesday invariably spoils the betting and reduces the field to very small limits. On the first year of its establishment as a weight for age stake, it produced a most exciting race between Fisherman, Hepatica, Saunterer, and others, and the interest of the racing would undoubtedly be greatly enhanced by reducing the stake to its original conditions.

The Bath Meeting had its usual aristocratic assemblage of visitors from the ducal halls of Badminton, and everybody was of course on the *qui vive* to ascertain the latest moves in the Derby betting. Those who expected to witness one or two 'knocks out' were not disappointed, for Mainstone, who had

been unsteady for some time, received his *quietus* by repeated offers of 25 to 1 against him; and the Chester winner, St. Albans, was also somewhat out of favour, although no sufficient demonstration was made against him to prepare his backers for his subsequent excision from the race. Mainstone's retrogression was, we believe, owing to his having hit his leg while at exercise on the morning, and St. Albans, we hear, failed to complete his preparation, as he could not recover from the effects of the hard ground at Chester. The racing at Bath, it must be confessed, was not up to its usual standard, and with the exception of the two Biennials and the Weston Stakes, there was nothing to which we need draw special attention. The double success of Big Ben in the Two-Year Old Biennial and the Weston Stakes, coupled with his easy victory at Chester, shows how much the horse improves each time that he runs; and if Mr. Saxon should not task his powers too severely as a two-year old, he will make a slashing Derby horse, and we anticipate a brilliant future for him. The Tadmor colt, who ran Big Ben to a head for the Biennial, will doubtless prove a useful horse during the season, but we doubt his ever having the best of Mr. Saxon's colt, as the latter had rather the worst of the start. The Three-Year Old Biennial again witnessed the success of Lord Derby's colours on Cape Flyaway, as brother to Rainbow failed to answer when Custance called upon him within the distance. Lupellus, the *ci-devant* Two Thousand favourite, was beaten several lengths in this race, but we should not be surprised to find him better this performance later in the year.

The Epsom Meeting was favoured with magnificent weather, and the glories of the Derby day have never been excelled, the immense assemblage of company being even greater than in the celebrated '51 year. The opening day, Tuesday, presented a strong card, and the Craven Stakes brought out a respectable field, although no recognized Derby trial horses were engaged; and the success of Gallus could scarcely affect the position of either of Sir Joseph's Derby horses, as they never appeared to have the slightest chance on public form. The Brighton Stakes had nothing of any class entered, although the race produced a fine finish between four, and it was not until the jockeys weighed for the Woodcote Stakes, that any real interest was taken in the proceedings of the day. Although the distance, three-quarters of a mile, was considered by many good judges to be somewhat too far for Walloon, the supporters of Lord Stamford's stable had the temerity to back his colt against the field; but although he ran in front for half a mile, he was in difficulties before reaching the Stand, and the moment Custance called upon Dundee, the race was over, as that slashing son of Lord of the Isles won easily by three lengths, and was thereupon backed for the Derby of 1861 at 20 to 1. Walloon was not even second, having to give way to Blisworth, the winner of the Harpenden two year old race on the previous Friday, although at Newmarket, Blisworth finished some lengths in the rear of Big Ben and Walloon. Dundee will, we have little doubt, prove one of the best two-year olds of the present season, especially over long courses, as he is a thorough game horse, and was fast catching the leaders at Liverpool, when he was defeated by Lady Clifden and Big Ben. The latter and Dundee are both engaged in the new weight for age plate at Stockbridge, and Brown Duchess is entered against Mr. Merry's colt on several occasions at Goodwood, York, Doncaster, &c., which meetings will be looked forward to with great interest. The Rous Stakes, like all free handicaps, was a comparative failure, and the class of animals contesting it call for no notice. Little Lady showed that she had lost none of her early speed, for she won the Heathcote Plate easily from a fairish field, including Miss

Julia, who appears to be invincible in half-mile handicaps, although she cannot quite get home in weight for age stakes.

The Derby day opened brilliantly, and from an early hour in the morning the road and the rail were crowded with pleasure folk bound for Epsom Downs. The scene on the course has never been equalled; and by noon, two hours before the time appointed for the first race, the Grand Stand and its approaches were crowded with masses of speculators on the great race, whilst the course was lined thickly on each side with vehicles of every description, which also gathered thickly on the hill opposite the Stand. The opening race was no sooner decided than a great rush was made to the paddock to inspect the several Derby favourites; and amongst those which particularly found favour in the eyes of the *cognoscenti* were the The Wizard, Nutbourne, Thormanby, and Horror, whereas Umpire went decidedly out of favour the moment he was seen, being light and haggard, and bearing evident symptoms of having gone through a hurried preparation. Indeed, if the race had been adjourned for another ten minutes, we think he would have been sent to a far longer price than that at which he was returned in the daily papers. Thormanby and Nutbourne, on the contrary, became favourites after they were seen, and those who stood badly against the Sussex horse had to get out at a short price. After the thirty starters had taken their preliminary canters, the public were kept but a very short time in suspense, as Mr. Hibburt got them off on very fair terms at the second attempt. The pace was slow for the first three-quarters of a mile, but on rounding Tattenham Corner, Nutbourne (pulling double) and Umpire went to the front, and the tailing commenced. Just after passing the road, Nutbourne broke down badly on both fore legs, and Umpire had shortly after shot his bolt, leaving The Wizard with the lead, which he retained until reaching the distance. Here Custance called upon Thormanby, who had always been lying well up on the whip hand, and giving him one or two strokes of the whip, the horse answered as gamely as in any of his two-year old races, and won easily at last by a length and a half from Scott's horse. Mr. Merry's success was hailed with long and loud acclamations; and there is certainly no man more deserving of success, as he is willing to give any price in reason for a good-looking yearling, although he himself keeps up two breeding establishments. He has in his time spent immense sums upon the turf; and there are but few race-courses of any pretensions where Mr. Merry's colours are not to be seen, and in all large stakes his name is sure to be down for two or three subscriptions. He invariably backs his horses for immense sums whenever he considers them to have a fair chance; and as he had tried the Derby winner so satisfactorily with Brother to Rainbow, it creates no surprise when we hear that he has won upwards of 70,000*l.* Mr. Ten Broeck, of course, loses heavily, as he backed his own horse for so large a stake and laid heavy sums between him and Thormanby. We understand that he made every horse a loser with the exception of Horror and his own horse, so confident was he in the pretensions of Umpire. However, on the present occasion the representative of France proved better than that of America, as Dangu, who had run fourth in the French Derby on the Sunday previous, occupied the self-same position in the return of the English race. This fact cannot speak much for the quality of the lot behind him at Epsom, or it will take a good one to beat Dangu for the Goodwood Cup, in which he will be entitled to the 14 lb. allowance. The various sporting prints, whose name is legion, have so fully entered into the details of the race, that we need not expend further space upon it, beyond remarking that

the general opinion of the jockeys who rode in the race, is, that Nutbourne would have been either first or second if he had not broken down, and David Hughes, who rode him, declares that he thought he was coming in alone, as he had never once called upon his horse, who was almost pulling him out of the saddle up to the time of his break down. The other racing of the day was not of sufficient importance to call for notice in the present article; and the sport of Thursday, the off-day, if we except the defeat of Walloon by Brown Duchess for the Two-Year Old Stakes, presented no particular feature of interest beyond that usually afforded by an ordinary day's racing. The success of Brown Duchess was no surprise to those who knew what the difference in weight existed between her and Big Ben; but as the filly was pulling double, we are inclined to believe that Walloon could be none the better for his two races at York, although from the very easy victory of Mr. Saxon's filly, she will no doubt be frequently heard of during the season.

The attendance on the Oaks Day seemed small in comparison with that of Wednesday, but quite came up to the average of the 'the ladies' day,' and as good fields mustered for every race there was plenty of sport. For the Oaks, thirteen fillies were mounted, the favouritism being almost equally divided between Rupee and Seclusion, although the former had the call just before the word 'go.' From the distance the race was confined to the three placed, and James Snowden, who rode Butterfly with all the ability and judgment of a Frank Butler, stalled off Wells's challenge on Avalanche, and won by half a length from Mr. Parr's filly, who defeated her late stable companion, Contadina, by a neck for second place. The winner had wonderfully improved since Chester, when she ran very big; but having been a little 'off' since her arrival at Epsom, the stable were not so partial to her chance as they had been previous to her departure from Middleham. Indeed, if Wells had known the day previous that he was to have had the mount on Avalanche, it is just probable that he might have been successful, as he could not quite get down to the weight, and rode on a two lb. saddle, in addition to which he received no instructions how to ride the filly, and waited with her instead of coming through, a course which would doubtless have been advantageous to so game a piece of horseflesh. John Scott's lot, although he ran three, were 'nowhere;' and the running of Sagitta demonstrated the inferior quality of the fillies which contested the One Thousand Guineas, a fact which seemed patent from the running of Golden Pippin at Chester. Rupee had grown but little since last year, although she seemed perfect in condition; and the running of Thormanby of course gave her friends additional confidence, as she, it will be recollected, defeated the Derby winner in the New Stakes at Ascot last year. Seclusion looked light and peacocky, and did not give one the impression of staying; and as she lost some lengths at the start, and had to make it up in rising the hill, it doubtless materially affected her chance. The Epsom Meeting, taking it in its entirety, has certainly been one of the most successful on record; and although the programme might be strengthened in some few respects, there is little enough to find fault with when placed in comparison with many other important race-gatherings.

Next month will afford plenty of variety at Ascot, Hampton, Newcastle and the Hampshire Meetings; and now that racing is in such full swing, the professional turfite has but few days of quiet, as the intermediate days between the racing are chiefly devoted to comparing and settling.

With regard to the aquatic world, we have no private matches of import-

ance to chronicle, the principal events of the past month having been confined to the opening matches of the different clubs, amongst which the scullers' race for the prizes given by Mr. Charles Clifford, of the London Rowing Club, must take precedence; the trophies being a splendid and massive silver cup for the first, and a highly-finished marble statuette of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for the second prize. The races took place over the usual short course, from Putney to Hammersmith, on the 9th and 10th of May. The eight entries included the formidable names of Burgess, Shirreff, Dunnage, and Woodbridge, Raphael, Lister, and Thompson, the first-mentioned three being the most experienced scullers, Mr. Burgess having won a prize sculling boat, given by Mr. H. Playford, two years ago, and Mr. Shirreff also having contended successfully in various sculling matches, while Mr. Dunnage was one of the victorious eight at Henley last year. These gentlemen engrossed the whole of the betting, each being backed to win, or to beat the other. Mr. Shirreff won the first heat rather easily, a capital race going on for a mile between Messrs. Woodbridge and Lister: the latter gentleman, though lacking the skill, evidently possessed the enduring powers, and defeated Mr. Woodbridge by a couple of lengths. Mr. Dunnage won the second heat, beating Mr. Burgess about a length and a half, Mr. Finlaison being about three lengths behind him, and Mr. Thompson tailed off. The first and second of those heats were entitled to row for the prizes, consequently Messrs. Burgess, Shirreff, Dunnage, and Lister had to contend. The two former soon singled themselves out, Mr. Shirreff leading Mr. Burgess a clear length soon after the start; the latter, however, rowing a long and powerful stroke, rapidly gained, and a foul took place: they, however, got clear again, only to foul a second time, when a scramble was the result, each refusing to give way. Mr. Burgess got clear, and reached the goal about four lengths ahead of Mr. Shirreff; Mr. Dunnage close up. Mr. Lister resigned the contest after they had rowed a mile. Mr. Shirreff appealed to the umpire and claimed the foul, which was allowed, and ordered Messrs. Burgess and Dunnage to row over for the second prize the following evening (Thursday). This was won easily by Mr. Burgess, he being far too powerful for his light-built opponent. The rowing was good throughout; and should Mr. Burgess enter for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, he will not be beaten easily by any other gentleman amateur than the present holder, Mr. Casamajor, the champion.

There have been several matches for large stakes at Newcastle during the past month, and the coally Tyne bids fair ere long to send forth another candidate for the championship of England, although it will take an expert sculler indeed to wrest that honour from the redoubtable Chambers.

Henley Regatta is fixed to take place on the 25th and 26th of the present month, and there is every probability that the entries will be more numerous than on any previous year, as, in addition to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the London Rowing Club, the Kingston Rowing Club are expected to send an eight, and the West London at least a four, both of which have commenced their preliminary preparations; the former club having so far progressed as to have rowed a match for silver cups on the 16th and 17th of the past month, in which no less than three eights started; and the latter also had a four-oared race on the 12th, in which four crews started; while it is not unlikely that the Tyne and the Irwell may both have representatives. Paris Regatta was announced to take place during the past month, the 17th and 20th being set apart for the sailing matches, and the 27th for the rowing, but our neighbours had it all to themselves this year, in consequence of the rowing

prizes being reduced to half the amount of last year, thus preventing an English crew from entering the lists

The Royal Thames Yacht Club opened the season on Saturday, May 7th, by a cruise to Gravesend, the rendezvous being Blackwall. The flag of the Vice-Commodore, Richard Green, Esq., was hoisted on board his yacht, the *Phoenix*, which vessel took the initiative to beat down against a strong easterly wind, followed by at least a dozen craft, amongst which was a new American centre-board boat named the *Transatlantic*, which showed some tall sailing on the return home.

The first match of the Royal London Yacht Club this season took place on the 15th of the past month, when prizes were given for third-class yachts not exceeding 10 tons, and extra prizes for yachts under 6 tons; one minute per ton being allowed in each match; the former prize, a silver salver, value 30 guineas, being won by Mr. Bartlett's *Haidee*, 8 tons, and the latter by Mr. Ridgway's *Blue Bell*, 6 tons. The *Haidee* was built by Hatcher, of Southampton, last year, and has won every prize she has started for, bar one (the chief prize at Folkestone Regatta last year), placing no less than five silver cups to her owner's credit. The *Blue Bell* has figured mostly in races above bridge.

The Championship of the Thames is again to be disputed. It will be remembered, that in 1849 Robert Chambers, the present champion, and Thos. White, rowed for 100*l.* a side at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the former fouled a barge, and White got about one hundred yards ahead. Chambers, however, got clear again, and succeeded in overhauling him, eventually beating him by about four lengths. This was a feat unprecedented in the annals of boat-racing, particularly between men who were aspiring to the championship of England; and significantly grave were the doubts expressed in regard to the honesty and straightforwardness of the London man. These imputations he indignantly denied, and there is little doubt that his ignominious defeat on that occasion was entirely owing to neglecting his training after he arrived at Newcastle. Chambers afterwards rowed Kelley, the Champion of the Thames, and defeated him easily. White has since challenged Kelley, who declined to row him, and he has recently issued a challenge in 'Bell's Life' of May 27th, to row Chambers from Putney to Mortlake in four months from the first deposit, for 200*l.* a side, and the Championship. This announcement will be hailed with delight by the lovers of aquatic sports, as there are still many judges who fancy White good enough to compete with the northern champion.

A correspondence has opened between Mr. Wilkes, the editor of the 'New York Spirit of the Times,' and Mr. Herbert Playford, the captain of the London Rowing Club, with regard to an international eight-oared match between England and America. Mr. Playford also proposes that France should join in the contest, and has written to the proper authorities on the subject; he also proposes that the competing crews from each country row in what sort of boat they choose, and that a fund be subscribed to defray their expenses to this country: the match to take place from the Aqueduct at Putney to the Ship at Mortlake, in the last week of August, 1860. The existing difficulties appear to be whether the American gentlemen could spare the time requisite to come over to England, and, in case that should be surmounted, whether the time proposed for the match to take place is not too short. There is no doubt, could such a match be brought about, it would cause the utmost excitement among all classes of the community.

The Royal Thames National Regatta, under the management of the Thames Subscription Club, is announced to take place on the 20th and 21st of July,

when prizes of 100*l.* will be given for four-oared boats, and a proportionate sum for pairs and scullers, with a coat and badge to be contended for by apprentices above and below bridge, the former to row in outriggers, and the latter in old-fashioned boats. The four-oared prize will command a good entry, as there will be one or more crews belonging to the Thames, Clasper's crew from the Tyne, and in all probability a crew from Manchester. The apprentices' coat and badge is also a move in the right direction, as it is likely to bring out some promising young scullers from the lower parts of the Thames who have not the opportunity of otherwise distinguishing themselves.

Cricket is now in full swing, all classes (literally) from the prince to the peasant being in active practice at the noble old game. At Oxford, the usual long scores have been run up in some of the practice matches: Mr. K. E. Digby making precisely 100 runs in one innings; Thos. R. Monro, 107; the Rev. Mr. Faber, 106, not out, &c. Two of the University matches were honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in one of which H. R. H. witnessed The First Eleven get a terrible dressing from The Next Seventeen, the latter winning in one innings and 41 runs. In the annual match between the University Eleven and eleven players, the gentlemen scored 126 and 105. The players made 117 and 51 with three wickets down, the match being drawn. A very fine innings of 50 runs was made on this occasion by Mr. F. Price, the late captain of the Cheltenham Eleven. This gentleman gives rare promise of excellence with the bat, and will no doubt be an acquisition to the dark blues, who, we imagine, will have to exert all their energies on the 25th of next month to enable them to secure their fourteenth victory over the Cantabs.

At Cambridge, the University team are this year much strengthened by the introduction of Mr. Lang and Mr. Bury, the former gentleman a bowler of great promise, whose feat in catching Hayward from his own bowling, was quite a brilliant affair in the V. E. Walker style. Mr. Bury is a promising bat, his innings of 41 obtained against The Players evidencing coolness, style, and power. Mr. F. Norman appears in his very best form this season, 'to wit,' his 51 and 46 made in The Players' Match, and 30 against the M. C. C.; and Mr. Fawcett's score of 57 and 53, and general success with the ball, exhibits a marked improvement on his last year's form: in fact, all the members of This Eleven, appear this season 'well up' in their cricket, having beaten Eleven Players by 81 runs; the County Eleven in one innings and 11 runs; and in turn, after an exciting struggle, were vanquished by The Town Eleven, but by one wicket only. The battle on the famous old arena at Lord's on the 25th, between the two Universities will be a fierce one, and no doubt will attract a right regal and aristocratic attendance. The play will be watched with much interest, as The Eleven Gentlemen of England will no doubt this year be recruited from the ranks of the Two University Eleven.

At Harrow, George Parr has been in constant attendance during the past month; John Lillywhite has also occasionally aided his *confrère* in expounding the mysteries of 'ye noble arte' to the Harrovians, who, no doubt, will largely profit by such first-class tutorship. At the commencement of the month, the two players selected sides, Lillywhite scoring 18 and 36, and Parr 0 and 34, not out; the latter winning by 8 wickets. Mr. Craig enjoyed the felicity of bowling Parr for the cypher.

At Marlborough, the lessons of Carpenter appear to have been effective, as in a match played there between The First Eleven, and 15 with Carpenter, we find one of the latter's pupils, Mr. T. E. Platten, scoring in one innings no

less than 134 runs. This, we apprehend, is the highest score yet made this season.

At Winchester, Caffyn must have been successful in teaching the young how to 'hit and bowl,' as we find The Wykehamist Eleven defeating Eleven of South Hants with 8 wickets to the good. This success was mainly owing to the effective bowling of Mr. Bryan, who took 8 of the Hampshire wickets in each innings, or 16 out of the 20. Mr. J. W. Haygarth, of the Winchester Eleven, shines with the bat, scoring 71 in one innings, against Caffyn's bowling, and 30 and 10 not out against Mr. H. Frere's bowling in the South Hants match altogether; this Eleven will, we think, give a good account of themselves this season should the School Matches take place. About these matches 'The Life' has published an excellent letter from a 'Wykehamist,' who concludes thus:—'Cannot old Harrow men do something towards the removal of these difficulties? or, are we to understand that although Winchester can find time to go to Eton and play one match, and to Lord's to play another, and *vice versa* as regards Eton, that Harrow boys, although within a quarter of an hour's ride of London, cannot come to Lord's to play two matches?' Could the revival of these matches be effected in their old form, they would be conferring a great boon to the young boys, and an equally great delight to the old boys. The Etonians are in excellent practice, but have had but little match playing as yet.

The Marylebone Club, as heretofore, commenced their *bonâ-fide* season at Cambridge with the time-honoured match of Club and Ground v. University, and some wondrous ball hitting was shown. For the University, Mr. Bagge, bagged 'The Leger' with his 81. Mr. Fawcett followed with a capital 53; and Mr. Norman exhibited a finished display of batting in his 30; the light blue total being 216, and quite a caution to Oxford. Nothing daunted, 'The Old Un's' set to work vigorously, Grundy carrying his bat out for 77; Mr. Johnson making 66; Brampton, 47; Wells, 25, and so on; the total for the Club making up 296, or 512 runs for 20 wickets; averaging 25—12 per wicket. The match was at this stage of the game unfortunately drawn.

The Surrey Club's opening match against the Southgate Club was closely contested, and elicited some fine play. The villagers (?) had the professional aid of two of the United Eleven, Hearne and John Lillywhite; and through the latter's fine play, both with the bat and ball, was the defeat of Surrey mainly attributable to; Lillywhite made 69 and 10 in fine style, and was fatal to 10 of Surrey's wickets. Mr. Haygarth showed a fine defence, and brilliant attack in contributing for Surrey 36 and 15; and Mr. V. E. Walker made a magnificent drive for 5 from Griffith. Southgate won by 26 runs.

The United Eleven buckled on their harness about the middle of May, and appeared in the field at Sheffield and Reigate; both matches eventuating in a draw, owing to the rain; in the hardware match, Lillywhite made 17 and a very fine 40, not out. Carpenter also did his work well, scoring 23 and 8, and with his slow bowling putting out of shape 19 of the Sheffield wickets out of the 30 that fell. On the Sheffield side, Slinn bowled so well that he was at once made a member of The United Eleven; two brothers, Waterfall by name, showed some capital cricket, and, as they have it on the turf, 'will be heard of again.' W. Waterfall made 14 and 23, and his slow round arm bowling was destructive to five of The United's in their second innings; this player would be a good selection as one of the Colts on the 16th of July. The Reigate match calls for no remarks.

The All-England Eleven, at the time we write (Saturday, May 26th), have

not yet showed fight. Their match with The United we will comment on in our next.

Sussex opened their season with a capital match between the young players of the two divisions of the county; and the result is, the County Committee find they have a very promising batsman in Reed, from Accrington, who scored 71; and an equally promising bowler and wicket-keeper in Bennett, from Rotherfield. Both are to play for the County against Surrey.

Kent has also adopted this commendable plan of finding out the rising talent of the county, by making their opening match one between the best eleven of the county and sixteen young players. The latter were beaten, but not until Armstrong and George Martin, jun., showed by their batting, and Newett, Dunk, and George Baker by their bowling, that the county yet had some very promising players. Armstrong's fine cool style of batting was most deservedly applauded. He was the most promising young batsman we came across last season, and would worthily fill a place in the forthcoming Colt match.

Cambridge at last appears in the field from home as a county, tackling Mr. John Walker's Southgate Eleven on the 14th of June. If Cambridge plays her full strength, it will be anything but an easy job for the men of Middlesex.

In the North, the most prominent and pleasing cricket feature of the past month has been the presentation of a superb testimonial to Mr. T. T. Bellhouse, Secretary to the Manchester Club, from the members thereof, as a slight token of their esteem and respect.

'Lillywhite's Guide for 1860' was very commendably published early this past month. It is truly, to cricketers, a valuable little work, treating of nought but cricket from page 1 to 114. The contents, from pages 11 to 20 inclusive, are invaluable, and ought to be deeply studied by all young and aspiring cricketers. In other respects the work is also much improved. The Trip to America has not come to hand.

Our cricketing readers will doubtless receive with much satisfaction the portrait of George Parr, which appears in our pages for the present month. We have selected him as our first pictorial representative of the cricket field, from his long and successful career at the wicket, and from the high estimation in which he is held by all lovers of the noble pastime. We hope, however, before many months have elapsed, to present to our readers a portrait of one of the most celebrated cricketers of the South; and if, as we have little doubt will be the case, the cricketers of England should think our Magazine worthy of their support, we shall furnish them at various periods with portraits of all the 'crack' men of the day.

With respect to our portraits of the leading supporters of the turf, we may add that Lords Glasgow, Zetland, Chesterfield, and Exeter have all consented to take a sitting with our photographer, and will all make their appearance in the Magazine in due course.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

THE Whitsuntide holidays have come and gone, and things theatrical have received no particular impulse of any kind. A glimpse of bright sunshine has shot people in a spasmodic fashion out of town and back again, has drawn them from the murky metropolis to the inviting retreats of suburban pleasure-gardens, whence they have been driven but too speedily by blasts of cold wind

and showers of sleet and rain. Yet folks at the west end of the town say that London has not been so crowded since the Great Exhibition year of 1851; and if anything were wanted to carry this conviction out to the fullest extent, it might be sought in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden on an opera night, when a tolerably attractive performance, under the auspices of Mr. F. Gye, summons a concourse of wealth and aristocracy, the vehicles appertaining to which stretch incalculable distances all round and about the Floral Hall and the renowned temple of Italian opera. The sturdy pedestrian who lives from hand to mouth, and does, perhaps, a good day's work for a good day's pay, actually looks with wonder on the be-wigged and be-powdered footmen and coachmen who loll about the afore-mentioned districts towards the small hours of the morning, and whose condescension in imbibing beer from the pewter, or in inhaling tobacco fumes from a clay pipe, seems something to be greatly admired, and in other circumstances of life and in other instances of social intercourse to be strenuously imitated. Certainly, however, in the height of our season the greatness and wealth of London city are remarkably exemplified in the sights to be seen round a well-frequented theatre at a late hour of the night. Who says that we are not an art-loving nation? Who says that we do not cherish music and the drama? Show us the genuine talent we have not appreciated; tell us of the genius we have wittingly let die. True that here and there a little dash of charlataniam has obscured our mental vision for a time, but we have generally found out the truth at last, and have made up for our shortcomings by better resolves for the future, and by the acquirement of an increased stock of experience. As moralizing, however, is not my purpose, and quite apart from my rightful duties, I will to my task of chronicler, and forsake reflection for history, surmise for solid fact. Before I enter into a technical detail of the past transactions of the month, I should like to record the sad impression produced in all artistic circles by the death of Albert Smith. After a few days of suffering from what is said to have been bronchitis, the esteemed and popular author and 'entertainer' breathed his last; and mourned for deeply and sincerely by a young and loving wife, and followed to his last resting-place by his brother, Mr. Arthur Smith, his father-in-law, Mr. Robert Keeley, and his executor, Mr. Arthur Barlow, his remains were interred in the cemetery at Brompton. Thus, at an early age, terminated a career that has no parallel in the annals of the literary profession. As a sincere friend, a charitable acquaintance, a staunch opponent of what may be unaffectedly termed 'humbug' of all denominations, Albert Smith earned a reputation that was entirely *per se*. He braved public opinion, in many of his earlier undertakings, with a pertinacity that defies description; and when he discovered the productive field in which his energies might be most advantageously displayed, he worked with incomparable zeal and industry. Excessive labour, in fact, added to free living and a want of sufficient exercise, brought on the attack from which he suffered a short period before his death; and there can be no doubt but that a too speedy return to work, after an illness of no light character, hurried forward his untimely end. He is said to have amassed a fortune of over twenty thousand pounds—a reward richly deserved, though unfortunately he did not live long enough to reap its richest and most pleasurable fruits. To the dramatic profession and its members Albert Smith was endeared by long acquaintance; and in many instances his attachment has been proved by actions of so liberal and considerate a nature that they will dwell long in the memory of those connected with them, and need little comment here to prove the genial and genuine motives of him whose worth they most convincingly demonstrated.

With the death of Albert Smith the entertainment which he originated will to a great extent die out. This class of work generally flourishes with the man who originates it, who brings it to perfection, and popularizes it by dint of his own energy; those who follow lack the advantages of novelty, and are unable to grasp the public mind in the only manner that really tends to profitable success.

About the beginning of May there were not many events of interest stirring in the theatrical world of London.—At the Adelphi, Mr. Webster having departed on a starring engagement in the provinces, Miss Julia Daly—a follower of Mrs. Barney Williams—appeared in a farce of transatlantic peculiarities, and demonstrated the possession of great vivacity and of much characteristic skill and grace. She made her *début* in a piece called ‘Our American Cousin,’ which has enjoyed a decidedly long and successful run.—Taking the incidents in their chronological order, I should next advert to the commencement of a French operatic season at the Lyceum Theatre, under the direction of M. Laurent, sen., whose name will be recollected in connection with the Italian Opera at Her Majesty’s Theatre in the bygone days of Laporte. From the *répertoire* of the Bouffes Parisiens, and the lighter works of the Opéra Comique school, a judicious selection was made, and a clever if not first-rate company exerted themselves energetically to secure the approval of English audiences; but the speculation—as most persons versed in these matters might have expected—has, we believe, not turned out of a very remunerative nature. Again we are forced to ask the question—Why will gentlemen engage in these enterprises without first carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons*, and studying the precedents upon which they found their hopes and anticipations? About this same time, Campana’s opera of ‘Almina’ was produced at Her Majesty’s Theatre, for the final performances of Madlle. Piccolomini; but as both the work and the prima donna, in her professional capacity, are by this time matters of the past, there is little occasion to dwell upon them now with anything like emphasis. The opera contained some pretty airs in the fashionable style, for which the instructor of vocal music is renowned, and the lady did all in her power to impart piquancy and grace to the impersonation and music of the heroine. The ‘*Favorita*,’ ‘*Fra Diavolo*,’ and ‘*Il Trovatore*,’ were the staple attractions of this date at the Royal Italian Opera, and were each distinguished by the completeness of effect that has generally been secured under the guidance of the experienced Signor Costa. A Mendelssohn Festival at the Crystal Palace, inaugurating a statue of the great composer, and comprising a splendid performance of ‘*Elijah*,’ was also a musical event that attracted some thousands to the grand crystal edifice at Sydenham. The last night of the first week in May was operatically remarkable for the representation of ‘*Don Giovanni*’ at Her Majesty’s, with a powerful cast, which included Madlle. Tietjens as *Donna Anna*, Madlle. Vaneri as *Elvira*, Madame Borghi-Mamo as *Zerlina*, Signor Vialetti as *Leporello*, Everardi as *Don Giovanni*, and Giuglini as *Don Ottavio*. It was, upon the whole, the best performance of Mr. E. T. Smith’s company up to that date.

A comedy by Mr. Edmund Falconer at the Haymarket, called ‘*The Family Secret*,’ produced chiefly for Miss Amy Sedgwick, was introduced to the public on the evening of the 9th, and certainly was not a success: it was extravagant in story, over-written in the dialogue, and its characters were by no means true to nature, or even to tradition. The effects were not of a legitimate school, and the results produced by the author were those which may be ascribed to the efforts of a certain amount of rude power uncontrolled by much practical knowledge, or nicety and delicacy of thought and expression. The comedy

was not particularly well played, a fact which is very likely to be the result of the author having provided a series of characters but ill suited, at the best, to the peculiarities of the artistes to whom their embodiment was intrusted. The whole strength of the company entered the lists; but the prizes for which they contended were most assuredly of limited value. At the Princess's a little comedietta, adapted by Mr. Howard Paul, under the title of 'Twice Married,' served to exhibit in a favourable light the talent and vivacity of Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Mr. J. F. Shore, who played the two chief parts with great volubility and ease. The plot of the piece was the same as that of a comedietta presented some years since by Mr. Leicester Buckingham at the Strand Theatre, under the title of 'The Phantom Wives.'—The return of the Wigans to the Adelphi was signalized by the production of a new drama, adapted by Mr. John Oxenford, under the title of 'It's an Ill Wind that blows Nobody Good,' from a French five-act drama called 'Le Savetier de la Rue Quincampoix,' a locality corresponding to our own Capel Court. The chief object of the story was to describe the mental struggles undergone by the hero, a man of low degree, who adopts a young girl, educates her as his daughter, and grows to love her only to discover, when he wishes to gain the right of protecting her as a husband, that her heart belongs to another, though she loves him as an affectionate daughter loves the father who has cherished her. Mr. Alfred Wigan played the part with a great deal of passion, pathos, and vigour, and it was in every way suited to his earnest and genuine style of acting. Altogether the character is one of the best he has had provided for him since the original production of Tom Taylor's 'Still Waters Run Deep.'—Samson's comedy of 'La Belle Mère et le Gendre,' a success of some years past at the Théâtre Français, has been adapted for the Olympic by Mr. Walter Gordon, under the title of 'Dearest Mamma.' At the Haymarket Theatre it was known some years since as 'My Wife's Mother,' Mrs. Glover and Mr. Farren appearing in the principal characters. The custom seems to be growing of not even seeking for pieces that have never before been translated; second and third hand they are eagerly seized upon, and, totally opposed to the adage that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' seems the principle of modern playwrights. There is a good deal of neat acting in the Olympic piece, which is toned down to the excellent level at which Messrs. Robson and Emden keep most of their productions.

A powerful representation of 'Don Giovanni' at Covent Garden, in the second week of the month, drew some wonderful houses, and brought out the full resources of the establishment in a manner of which the directors might justly be proud. The alterations of Signor Alary to suit the company assembled by Mr. F. Gye are, of course, always open to the animadversions of artistic critics; but notwithstanding these, the public like to see Mario in the rôle of the Spanish nobleman, and overlook the musical defects for the sake of the general effect obtained. On account of Madame Grisi's illness, Madame Lehrsdorff appeared as *Donna Anna*, and Madame Caillag created a veritable sensation by her rendering of the part of *Donna Elvira*. Madame Penoo was the *Lina*, and Ronconi the *Leporello*; both efforts being distinguished by a great deal of dramatic and vocal energy and tact. The fashionable connoisseurs of the metropolis have divided between the two houses, but the balance has certainly been in favour of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye's party is the conservative party, and though they have infinitely less intellect than the liberals, they certainly have, in the aggregate, more money, and probably more station.—The engagement of Mr. Phelps at the Princess's has not, we believe, been remunerative to the direction, nor has it been characterized by

many events calling for special remark. There has been a fair amount present of the legitimate drama, but perhaps the most attractive item of the program hitherto has been Tom Taylor's play of 'The Fool's Revenge,' which is very well acted, and which is sufficiently interesting always to arouse sympathy and create amusement. The quaint, hard, and eccentric mixture of comedy and tragedy which Mr. Phelps infuses into the portraiture of *Bertuccio* is quite different to anything else of the kind that has been seen, and is carried out from the point of its conception with remarkable distinctness and talent. Whit-Monday used to be a gay season for dramatic entertainment; but the novelties of the present year might be counted up on one hand, and even then are of a by no means important character. People concentrate their amusements a good deal now-a-days, and a strong orgie on a Derby Wednesday makes a very considerable hole, I apprehend, in a fortnight's means of delectation. Flat, stale, and unprofitable do most things appear after the delights of the Downs; and the jaded spirit that has sprung into new life at the long-looked-for reconciliation with the ill-used relation, Aunt Sally, has warmed into fresh life with the exertion of knock-em-downs, and that has reached its final exuberance in somewhat incoherent demonstrations at the Sutton Cock on the return home, terminating in the indistinct expression of a avowal to have its own brother given in charge to a station-house and locked up in a policeman—such a spirit as this wants a good deal of rest and subsequent refreshment before it recovers its ordinarily staid habits and sober methods of life. Whit-Monday, however, has not quite lost its significance. Vans, full of gushing humanity, of densely-packed mortals, decorated with superabundance of flowing ribbons and branches of lilac, stopping on the road at wonderfully numerous public-houses to drink wonderfully numerous pints of beer, still wend their way to Hampton Court and Greenwich Park; there yet kiss-in-the-ring and hide-and-seek, and the little delicate concomitant passages into which I for one would be very loth to pry. The gentle prattle about the greensward, and the occasionally expressive English of damsels and swains thus actively engaged, have nothing to do with Music and the Drama, and I have assuredly no right to discourse thereon; but my imagination wanders from the temples of the Drama, where there is little doing, to other localities consecrated to the amusement of the masses, and I fancy the balance of comfort lies outside the precincts of the theatres, but always the cold wind that has been blowing, and the occasional showers of rain that have damped the ardour of the pleasure-seekers. But to return to our own particular theme. On Monday last, the Haymarket gave us a new ballet called 'The Oddities of the Ohio,' springing from the fertile imagination of M. Leclercq, and about as difficult to understand as most ballets are. Nevertheless, Miss Louise Leclercq, Mr. Leclercq, and Mr. Arthur Leclercq accomplished with grace an amount of terpsichorean exertion that would have daunted many agile executants. On the same evening a pretty comedy was produced at the Strand Theatre, written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, under the title of 'Appearances,' the moral being to show the evils, the inconveniences, and the misery of the struggle which so many undergo for so little at the end. The comedietta was well played by the stock company, and altogether a well-deserved success.

J. V. P.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF GLASGOW.

HERE are few portraits, we conceive, which will be more welcome to the readers of a magazine purporting to illustrate our national sports and pastimes than that of the Earl of Glasgow, a nobleman of whom Scotland may well be proud, as a liberal supporter of her national institutions, as well as of those manly exercises which have rendered his countrymen as fierce in war as respected in peace. The Earl of Glasgow, better known for many years as Viscount Melbourne, was born in 1792, and is, consequently, verging on his fifty-ninth year. Like Lord Dundonald, he selected the navy for a profession; but not being under the same necessity as the gallant hero of the Basque Roads for pursuing it, he quitted the service, without seeking the rank and honours which his courage and his powerful interest would doubtless have procured for him. The navy, at the period to which we refer, was not the refined rose-water service it has since become, when midshipmen cannot do without their dressing-cases, or new bread every morning, and purchase their sherry by the hogshead, and grumble at a week's cruising in the Channel; but a hard-working, dangerous profession, whose members, with their pigtails and partiality for grog, have been added down to us by Smollett. In those days the crews were made up from press-gangs and gaols, and the cat and the boatswain's mate took the place of the schoolmaster. Men rose from before the mast, by the sheer force of their own merit, to important commands; and if an officer asked for leave more than once in two years, he was told he had better take a house on shore altogether. Hence there was no time for cultivating the graces, and the Continent being closed, foreign travel was out of the question. Consequently, original early impressions were difficult to eradicate, which will account, in a great measure, for much of the eccentricity of the nobleman who is the subject of this notice. Having laid himself up in ordinary, he devoted himself to hunting, racing, and shooting, which his enormous fortune permitted him to enjoy to the highest degree. And surrounded at Hawkhead by those

congenial spirits, the late Marquess of Queensberry, Lord Kennedy, Sir William and Sir John Heron Maxwell, and Sir James Boswell, the *noctes ambrosianæ* of Blackwood were put in the shade, and claret enough drank to exhaust a château. Many anecdotes of feats performed during these convivial moments, *à la Mytton*, are in circulation, and told with great gusto in the north; but with the exception of one, we shall not reproduce them here, as it is far from our wish to rake up the follies of youth, or recall scenes the recital of which might bring a blush on the actors or those connected with them. One night, after 'the magnum' had been in strong force, a warm dispute arose between him and Lord Kennedy as to the merits of their respective coachmanship. Of course a match for five hundred was the only means of testing the question. And although it was 'past twelve o'clock and a stormy night,' as the old Charlies would have said, two coaches and teams were ordered out from the neighbouring hotel, and the pair started on their errand. We have all of us read, in Mr. Apperly's famous sketch of 'The Road,' of the astonishment of the coach-passenger of the old school at finding himself in one of those modern highflyers which were introduced just prior to the railroads. If he was frightened at the oscillation of the vehicle in the daytime, with the crack coachman and guard of the age, and a thoroughbred team, what would he have said had he been an inside passenger in one of the drags of the above noblemen? Why, we fancy his senses would have taken leave of him; for the night being as dark as Erebus, the road barely wide enough for one waggon at a time, the clamour as to the start, the frequent cannons, the amiable colloquies, and the sharp turns, would last a man for the remainder of his life. As it was, Lord Glasgow was winning easily, when he arrived at the top of a hill where two roads met, one leading to the sea the other to the town of Ardrrossan, where the match terminated. Unfortunately, with that luck which has followed him through life, he chose the wrong road, lost his wager, and with difficulty stopped the coach and horses from being upset into the bay.

As the Master of the Renfrewshire Hounds, he distinguished himself for many years by his liberal management; and no man rode better or had better horses. But it is on the turf that the people of England are most familiar with Lord Glasgow; and therefore it is to him in his racing capacity that we shall devote the remainder of this paper, which we wish could contain a better record of his success. When he first came out, as Lord Kelburne, he employed James Smith of Middleham, who was formerly private trainer to the late Lord Strathmore and the Duke of Cleveland, to manage his horses; and he still retains possession of the house and stables which he took for him. Then he never came south; but there was not a meeting in Yorkshire and Scotland at which his figure, in the well-known green coat, steel buttons, and white trousers, was not visible. From James Smith he went next to Mr. Dawson, father of the present Messrs. Dawson, nearly all of whom have lived with him in

otation. Their successor was William Dilly, who got on admirably with him, and would not have quitted but for the marriage of his brother, Montgomery Dilly, which compelled him to come south, and take charge of Mr. Greville's and Mr. Payne's horses. Lord Glasgow then divided his team, some few of his animals remaining with R. I'Anson in the north, and the others going to Alec Taylor, at Fyfield. I'Anson's reign was of short duration, and then John Osborne came into office, but his tenure was a very little longer one; for when Toxophilite had spent a few weeks at Whitewall, the arrangements were so satisfactory to his lordship, that those who were at outquaters were of a sudden moved up to Malton, and one and all became members of 'Scott's lot,' with every prospect of remaining *en permanence*.

In reviewing Lord Glasgow as a racing man, we must say he evidences very strongly the truth of the old adage that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' for had he, in many instances, listened to the suggestions of his trainers, he would have saved himself thousands. But with his lordship it seems to be a point of propriety to run out an engagement he has made with a horse, notwithstanding that a change of circumstances would suggest a different course. And when urged to pay with 'Tox' last year to North Lincoln and Prioress, his reply, which was well known to every one at the time, is eminently suggestive of his character. Matching is his favourite pastime, and he is as partial to it now as he was a quarter of a century ago, when we find him matching Retriever with Priam, and Actæon with Memnon. Since then, he has filled up a great portion of the 'Racing Calendar' with his encounters with The Admiral, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Joseph Hawley; and no matter how moderate Lord Glasgow's animal may be, he always imagines, at a little weight, there is one in training much worse, to the great advantage of the prophets, who, in criticising one of his matches, care as little for the weights as 'Young England' does for the odds they are required to bet on his opponent, and which has got them out of many a bad day. His nerve in sustaining defeat after defeat is perfectly marvellous; and never, we believe, but once, was his spirit shaken, which was in the Houghton Meeting, three years back, when he sighed over the fact of having lost three thousand five hundred pounds in different engagements during the week, and declined any further overtures. The next morning, Fortune, tired, as it were, of persecuting him, veered round, and he won his four matches in succession, whereupon all his previous resolutions were scattered to the winds, and he embarked with a series of fresh ones for the Spring Meetings. Lord Glasgow's pertinacity for the Miss Whip blood is most extraordinary, as she must have been the most expensive animal ever foaled; and if any maliciously disposed person had put her out of the way, we really cannot see how he could hope to recover damages from a jury, for the loss would be a positive gain. But of his horses he is especially tender, and always prefers having them shot to giving them away, for fear they might meet

with ill treatment ; and whenever his trainers have had permission to lend a horse or a mare to a neighbouring farmer for gentle work, the loan is always accompanied with the strict proviso that the animal should be returned when done with, in order that an end may at once be put to his sufferings. Still, his sympathies are not solely reserved for his horses and dogs, inasmuch as a kinder-hearted being, or a more truthful and honourable man, does not exist among the English aristocracy. No racing subscription is ever got up but his name is to be found at the head of it, and his donations are in every instance worthy of his position. And, therefore, in concluding this sketch of his career, we think we cannot do so in a more appropriate manner than by requesting our readers to

‘ Be to his foibles somewhat blind,
And to his virtues very kind.’

Lord Glasgow was married, in 1821, to Miss Hay Mackenzie, daughter of the late Edward Hay Mackenzie, of New Hall and Cromarty.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER V.

WEDNESDAY, the — day of May, 18—, is over, and the Thursday has arrived. A brilliant day was that which succeeded *Qui Vive's* Derby ; and on that brilliant morn how many a head was aching, how many a heart was crushed ! Amidst the din and excitement of the previous one—if you excepted the screams of delight uttered by some, which clearly showed their money was won—it was rather difficult to find out who had been successful and who had lost, who had so largely gained as to enable them to live in a way which before this event was decided would have been impossible, and who were so utterly ruined that for the future they must be for ever dead to their friends.

Ah, fatal Thursday ! how many sleepers have you summoned to awake and know the reality ! to how many have you pointed to that still more fatal Tuesday, when all must be known, when rumours will become certainties, and when the headlong career, hitherto unchecked, or only receiving such check as to give additional zest to the love of the pursuit that at length has led to ruin, will now be brought to a close, and many will go forth bankrupt in money, bankrupt in name, bankrupt even in hope.

Yes, Thursday will show of what stuff some of the lions of the previous day were composed, for on Thursday the live asses will be able to claim superiority over them.

Somerton no longer fancied himself a three-year old on that dreadful day, but a remarkably worn out thirty-year old. His head was throbbing fearfully, and oh, how his heart was aching ! Here was the climax of his selfish career, and now he could think, not only of the ruin he had brought on himself, but of the wrong he had

done to others : for when a selfish man's resources are run dry, Nature bids him think of those who with himself he has punished.

Every hour that placed Wednesday and its excitement further from him brought the reflection that the sad reality of Tuesday was steadily though surely drawing near. It was in vain to cast over in his mind to find any possible course by which he could extricate himself from his sad position—in vain he vowed could he be saved for this one time a different career should be his ; he had promised this more than once before, and help had arrived, but now all the fountains of help were for ever closed to him.

Try his luck on the Oaks?—that wouldn't do ; his present position was pretty well understood. Shadrach wouldn't have advanced him a shaddock on all he possessed or expected.

For his unhappy heart no consolation was at hand ; for his head, a bottle of soda water suggested itself to him : that bottle by rights belonged to his creditors at Tattersall's, but I never yet heard of Schweppe being received in part payment at the Corner. Had it occurred to him that they would establish a precedent in his favour, I have no doubt he would have sent all he possessed, for he was anxious—most anxious—to pay his debts.

He drank the contents of the bottle, and tried to get a few minutes' sleep ; in vain he tried : thoughts were too busy within him, and, like Macbeth, they murdered sleep.

To his sad reflections I leave him, and turn to another scene some few miles distant.

'Tis in the country, and there one might enjoy in perfection the beautiful morning that was ushered in the day after Qui Vive won the Derby : it was one of those bright, clear, refreshing May days which prepare you for the settled weather of June, giving the last invigorating touch which enables you to resist the heats of summer. The foliage was of that bright rich moist green which one looks for so vainly after this charming month is gone ; this budding, blooming, fresh young time, which so soon, unperceived, has passed maturity, and too quickly fallen into decay. The birds were carolling their songs on trees whose thick foliage made invisible these minstrels of heaven. Beautiful were the horse-chestnuts, now in their full bloom ; beautiful, too, the lilac, the laburnum, the white thorn, and the pink. Yet still more beautiful, that most beautiful of Nature's works, a lovely girl, who might there be seen in a garden, watering some plants she had taken from a greenhouse close at hand. Her face was radiant with the blush of health, and her look as innocent as that of Earth's first mother ere the serpent beguiled her.

Poor girl ! like Eve she had been beguiled, like Eve she was to be driven forth ; but here the simile ceases. Eve was born and lived in her paradise pure until she listened to the tempter's words ; but Lucy had quitted what should have been her paradise, a life of innocence, and had fallen before she entered the beautiful place to which she must now bid adieu for ever.

She was, as I have said, engaged in watering plants ; her hair,

wet from its morning's bath, was hanging negligently down her back, and she was singing, in a clear, joyous voice—

'Oh! our hearts were weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine interspersing,
Scent the dewy way;—
Oh! our hearts were weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.'

'What a lovely morning!' she cried, moving down towards the river, 'how my spirits rise on a day like this, and how grateful I feel for so much happiness! All nature is this morning doing its utmost to make human nature happy; and were it not that I know she can never be exhausted, I should think she was giving all away; but no, Nature can never be bankrupt; draw on her as we will, again she comes and smilingly showers her bounteous gifts upon us. But should I, who have caused such unhappiness, should I, who have forfeited the untarnished name that was given me, feel happy? Oh no! not that I care for myself, for I feel for his dear sake, again I'd do what shuts the door of all virtuous people against me; but for the love of one should we bring disgrace upon others? Disgrace! oh, can there be any disgrace in loving as I have loved? and Harry will marry me, that he has promised, and he is the soul of honour. I can't, I can't be melancholy to-day.

'We'll drive dull care away,
We'll drive dull care away,
And fondly hope never
That aught can us sever,
We'll drive dull care away.'

'Lucy,' exclaimed a querulous voice from an upper window, 'what a tremendous noise you are making! you know I've hardly been in bed an hour, have scarcely had a wink of sleep, and am suffering from a most terrible headache, and yet there you are singing away as if all the world were before you.'

The voice was Morton's. Though Thursday had arrived he had not yet quite realized his position, nor as yet understood that all the world was before him.

Yes, and her too. As he had truly said, all the world was before her—a blank prospect for most of us, but oh, how desolate for a lovely girl of eighteen, in her situation! Trust not its smiles, Lucy; believe not in its flowers; look well where your footsteps lead you; though faint and weary eat not of that fruit, the upas tree produced it.

God help you! With a true friend by you now, your course in time might be clear and happy; but, alone, the world may prove a black ugly monster at the best, though here and there spread with flowers—too sparsely spread considering the underlying thorns.

'Oh, Harry, dear!' exclaimed the girl, 'I am very sorry I have

'disturbed you; how inconsiderate of me to forget you were suffering from headache!—but the fact is, the morning is so lovely that my spirits have quite carried me away, and made me selfish enough to forget for the moment that you were unwell; but I will be quiet, dear, and go in and make you a cup of tea, which will do your poor head good.'

Lucy accordingly went into the breakfast-room, and made tea, when a servant entered, saying that a person was waiting who wished to see Morton on very pressing business, and would be glad of an interview at once, as he must be some miles off by one o'clock.

'Your master is not up, Harris,' replied the girl; 'did you not tell him so?'

'I did, ma'am, but the answer was,—“Mr. Morton will see me, up or not up, if he knows I'm here. You tell him Dick's waiting to see him, and it will be all right;” and, added Harris, 'If you please, ma'am, the young man has been here several times before, and master has always seen him, however much engaged he might be at the moment.'

'Very well,' said his mistress, 'tell the person your master shall know he is here directly.'

Harris left the room; and Lucy, pouring out a cup of tea and putting one or two pieces of toast on a plate, went up stairs to take them to Morton. In a few minutes she returned and rang the bell. On Harris appearing she told him his master was not well enough to attend to any one that morning, but desired him to say that she could see the person who had called, and that anything he had to communicate might be told to her.

Harris disappeared, and in about a couple of minutes returned, ushering in Mr. Dick, the acquaintance I had made in the yard at Tattersall's.

'Beg your pardon, miss,' said the individual in question, 'but I have come express, partly on the pad and partly getting a cast in a market cart, to speak to the gov'nor on a matter of great importance, and if so be he can see me right off the reel I shall be glad, as I've to be at the *curse day shaveoh*, as I've heerd the French call it, by one o'clock to-day.'

'Mr. Morton, as I desired the servant to tell you, is unable to see you, and wishes anything you have to say may be told to me.'

'Well, miss,' said Dick, 'I ain't over partial to communicating my secrets to your sects, as they're the lot to ollar; I don't mean no offence, miss, but many's the time I've got into trouble along of 'em. I don't suppose they can't help it, that's about what I don't suppose; it's natur' with 'em, and I believe they was born ollaring; but still the mischief's all the same, and a stable secret with a woman's the devil and all. There was Krect Card Cary, whom I let in for a duffer they were taking six to four about, and she swore—she did—wild monkeys shouldn't tear the secret from her breast, and hooks it off, before you could say winkles, to Bill Wisdom, who touts for dozens of the nobs, and makes a split of it.'

'Bill got all the cream, in consequence, before I'd a ha'porth of the cat-lap. I always swore, I did, after that, I'd never trust a woman with a stable secret, no, not if they swore not to split as hard as steel; but as the guv'nor's given the word of command, why, here goes, only as this is rather a select special train bit of business, I ought to cut a fat slice for myself. I goes in for the reg'lars, eh, miss?'

'I've no doubt,' said Lucy, 'Mr. Morton will manifest no disinclination to your joining the army if you think fit.'

'What I means, miss, is, that I has my reg'lars out of the shofle; them's the terms that the guv'nor and me has always done business on, and which I can trust to his continuing, for a gentleman's about what he is, and he spells it with a G. Now, miss, to business: the fact is, I've got a dead 'un for Mister Morting. Miss Alice is as dead as if she was boiled.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Lucy, greatly alarmed.

'Don't be frightened, miss, it won't hurt the guv'nor, as I knows she ain't a favourite of his; but I can tell him something better than this,—they're going to pot Lucy. She's a great favourite, you know, miss, and as the public have been so sweet on her, why nat'rally some people would like to knock her clean out of the market; I know they've squared the boy who looks after her, and from what I've heerd, I specs the game is to lame her just below the ock by striking a currycomb into the leg with a stone wrapped up in a wipe. So you only tell the guv'nor to watch the talent, specially Bob Baffles, and if he sees him lay, to follow quick, for she'll be as dead as mutton before three on Friday, in that case: he'd better give it to Alice quick too, for they'll soon know she's a dead 'un.'

'Poor thing!' sighed Lucy, abstractedly, 'was she young?'

'Well, miss, they do say she's a four-year old, but Mr. Field, who's examined her mouth, declares she is only three.'

'Why did they send her to a dentist? surely her mother was the proper person to tell her age.'

'What, the old Lapwing mare, miss? Why, she died after dropping Miss Alice.'

'Poor young thing!' continued Lucy, 'to have lost her mother and been dropped so early in life; perhaps it's better as it is; but why bring her here?'

'Bring her here, miss?'

'Yes; you said you'd got a dead one for Mr. Morton.'

'Lord bless you, miss!' said Dick, 'I only meant I knowed of one as good as dead. I haven't brought her here; she's safe in her stable at Leatherhead.'

'A human being in a stable!' soliloquised Lucy, 'what shocking inhumanity!'

'Beg your pardon, miss, but if you'll allow me, I think I must be off. Pray beg the guv'nor to be early on the course; as it is, I spec he'll have a run to make his money.'

'You would, perhaps,' said Lucy, 'like to take a little refreshment before going.'

'Thank ye kindly, miss; no one ever regrets doing a good turn to Dick. I didn't intend saying what I now says, but you've won my heart, so here goes. If you happen to be at the Hoax, don't you be gammoned into laying the odds against The Sphinx. She carried a good lump of weight under each leather flap in her trial, in fact, she's always galloped with a weighted saddle of late. So if you hears them call out to-morrow, "I'll lay ten to one against "The Sphinx," "Done along with you, my Josey," says you, and mum to the guv'nor. Good day, miss, I'll go and get a snack before starting if you'll allow me, as you're so pressing.'

Lucy, after Dick's disappearance, began to realize the fact that his conversation had been about horses and not human beings. She could not, however, for the life of her, find out why the process of boiling or roasting should make anything so particularly safe: nor do I wonder at her not understanding this, for it is a well-known fact that the children of Israel have been in the habit of sweating sovereigns, whether by boiling or roasting I cannot say; but I am enabled to affirm on good authority that so far from making them safe it has precisely an opposite effect, as sovereigns so treated go much quicker than others. I feel convinced it is altogether a false expression, and will give another instance which proves it to be so—the boiling waves are continually washing our shores, but this is not now considered by competent authorities to render them safe.

She had finished breakfast, and was again engaged among her flowers, when Morton came down stairs, and entering the garden approached her. Hearing his step, she immediately desisted from what she was about, went up to him and inquired how his poor head was, and placing her hand on his forehead, asked whether that relieved it. Snatching it hastily away, as if he were hardly aware of what he was about, he replied mechanically that his head was all right, that he had something important to speak to her about, would she come and sit in the summer-house near the water's edge?

He moved slowly towards the spot indicated, and the young girl, laying down her trowel, followed him.

Lucy no sooner approached the summer-house, and took her seat by Morton's side, than she became aware that something had occurred to distress him, and fearing that he had lost a larger sum than he had owned to her on the race of the day before, she endeavoured to comfort him. Finding, despite all she could say, the cloud still darkening in his countenance, she tried to be merry, asking him whether his reason for potting her was because he was tired of her, and whether he didn't think char would be much better eating.

Bad news is doubly painful if it comes when all around is shining. We feel the more our isolated position, and seem to think we have nothing in common with what is around us, and that our very existence is a mistake.

'Harry,' said the young girl, perceiving her lover still remained

silent and was growing more serious, 'what a beautiful morning! 'this is the first day I ever saw the river look so bright and sparkling: 'how pure and lovely it looks: how clear, too, is the atmosphere! 'I never before observed that house in the distance. I have read, 'dear, that when you are able to see afar off objects which in 'general you cannot descry, a storm may be anticipated; is this 'true? Hark to St. Edith's bell tolling—one, two—one, two—one, two. Perhaps poor Jane has gone at last. Oh! it seems 'cruel to have to leave this earth, decked and jewelled as she now 'is in her spring attire—to leave it, too, after remaining all those 'dreary months of winter. But no, if Jane is gone, she's gone 'above; and what makes all down here so beautiful? the sun and 'sky, if bright below, how far more bright up there! Oh, Harry, 'dear! what a morn to wing one's flight above!' she sank her voice and eyes, and added, dejectedly, 'for those who are fit to fly there.'

'Fly, did you say, Lucy? Yes, though a dark and a bitter word 'to speak, it must not the less for that be spoken,—I must fly.'

'Whither, Harry?' she exclaimed, in a surprised tone.

'I know not,' continued Morton; 'all I can tell you is that these 'scenes can know me no more. All here that has cost such care 'must be as if never seen by you or me. I must leave England, 'leave it at once, and go abroad.'

'Harry, dear, why this sudden determination?' said Lucy, afrighted both at his manner and appearance.

'Necessity; I can no longer remain where I am. I should die 'with shame to be seen any more in my own country.'

'For the love of heaven, speak!' she cried, burying her face in her hands; 'tell me what has occurred.'

'You weep, dearest Lucy,' said Morton, greatly overcome; 'I 'will not endeavour to repress those tears, for heaven knows your 'cause for grief is strong. Yet would I rather see you in any other 'mood than this; rather, ten thousand times, would I see you with 'hands uplifted, calling down curses on my head. Yes, thus would 'I rather see you, Lucy.'

'Curse you!' almost screamed the girl; 'curse you! O Harry! 'you rave, you dream! Curse you, my darling! No! Love is 'what you want; true love, to soothe your cares. I cannot give 'you more, Harry; you've long had all I've got to give, and such as 'it is, you ever, and you alone, can have it.'

'Lucy, curse me! I repeat the words, for a bitter curse have 'I been to you. I have taken you away from a home to live with 'one who,' said Morton, rising and clasping his hands, 'stands 'before you ruined.'

Lucy sprang to her feet as by electricity, flung her arms round Morton's neck, and hung there sobbing as if her heart would break. In vain he endeavoured to put her gently away, the loving girl clung closer to him. At length, raising her head, her cheek crimson, and her eyes sparkling with love and animation, she exclaimed, while standing in a position which seemed to add height

to a figure which was below rather than above the middle stature, 'Ruined! these tears are rained for you, my dear; but for me that word hath no terrors; for now shall the world know why I dared its frowns to link myself for life with you? now shall it know it was not to gain your gold I rejected an offer of marriage, and fled my home with you? They shall know it was love—pure, disinterested love as any woman felt, that made me yours, Harry; for close to you in poverty, there shall be my place; by your bed in sickness, there shall be my place; and oh, that by your side in death may Lucy find her place!'

'Lucy, my own dear girl,' said Morton, turning away his face from her, 'all I shall have to live on must be supplied by the charity of my relations; and were it possible we could remain together, it would be cruel to ask you to leave your country and subsist on the pittance they might feel inclined to grant. But it is impossible, for I well know that they will stipulate as a condition of their bounty, not only that I should go abroad—a stipulation which my own inclination urges me to accept, as I cannot bear the shame of daily meeting friends with claims of honour against me which I am unable to satisfy—but they will also insist that I should leave you. However painful it is to utter the words, they must be spoken, I must leave you for ever.'

'They must be spoken! I must leave you for ever!' said Lucy to herself, stopping between each word, and sank motionless on the ground.

Morton hastily dipped his hand in a watering-pot which was standing close by, and sprinkled some of its contents in her face; then rushing into the house he called for her maid, and returning with her the two found Lucy fast recovering consciousness, and lifting her up, they placed her between them, her arms supported on their shoulders, and thus bore their light burden into the house and laid it on a sofa.

Morton ordered his horse and was off immediately to the nearest surgeon's, with whom he returned in about half an hour, and together they entered the breakfast-room where Lucy was.

They found her sitting up on the sofa, and to Mr. Guppledén, the surgeon's inquiry as to how she felt now, she replied she was a great deal better, indeed quite well; it was only a temporary feeling of faintness, induced, no doubt, by too much excitement at the races yesterday.

'Oh, indeed,' said Mr. Guppledén, 'my dear madam, allow me to feel your pulse;' and out came that great warming-pan gold watch which our sires so rejoiced in carrying, and which, when I had in my youthful days a long chalk for hardbake against me, I often longed—although, of course, I loved my father better than his brother—that he would make me a present of, in order that I might place it with my uncle.

'Yes—very well, ve-ry well; a rather quick pulse, but strong, and every beat steady: I think if we exhibited a slight soporific

'to-night, with an alternative to-morrow morning, all will be going on as nicely as usual. I will call again to see how we progress at twelve to-morrow. So you were at the races, Mrs. Morton, yesterday, and went in for the gloves I've no doubt. I hope you didn't lose; Mrs. Guppledén quite shocked me in Phosphorus' year by losing three dozen pair of gloves: she actually bet three dozen to one against the winner, and on my mildly remarking that I thought betting did not suit our profession, she jocularly observed, "It may be wrong for a clergyman to bet, but in this instance it was a lame 'un." Do you take, Mr. Morton?—Phosphorus was lame, lame 'un—layman. Not bad of Mrs. Guppledén, eh, sir?'

'Very good,' said Morton, endeavouring to force a smile; 'so Mrs. Guppledén had to pay three dozen pair of gloves?'

'Yes, sir, I didn't take it out in kind; indeed, I only attended the lady once after that; and as she wanted a depletant, and I am not aware of any medicine in the Pharmacopœia performing that function which would amount in value to three dozen pair of gloves, I was a loser by her, for I never saw such inferior stuff as the crape and hatband at her little ceremony. Mrs. Guppledén, I recollect, at the time, observed with much feeling, "As I didn't buy her three dozen of cleaned kids, she might have had the delicacy not to put you off with rusty black;" but she's gone, poor thing, where there are no electric telegraphs, and I suspect, if her executors were honest, those three dozen pair of gloves paid legacy duty, for she was too stingy to have had the heart to wear one of them.

'Depletants in general pay us doctors very badly,' continued Mr. Guppledén; 'the ordinary Epsom salts, as you are no doubt aware, my dear sir, may be procured at the chemists at one penny per ounce, and I don't think if we Latinize them we can charge more than half a crown for that quantity; perhaps the addition of *infusio sennæ* might warrant us in writing down three shillings and sixpence. By the way, Mr. Morton, I think the *Greeks* have more to do with Epsom salts than the Latins—those bitter salts which prove so marvellously depletant on a Derby day.

'So you were at the races, madam,' again struck in Mr. Guppledén. 'Now you must pardon my inquisitiveness, and let me ask what you took in the shape of refreshment; champagne, of course?'

Lucy looked assent.

'Champagne,' said Mr. Guppledén, 'is open to the objection of containing too much fixed air, but in other respects it may be pronounced a wholesome and exhilarating beverage. I look on it as more than ordinarily grateful on a Derby day, inasmuch as, by giving a gentle fillip to the system, it enables losers not only to bear up against their reverses, but even to look on things around with a favourable eye; and from the fact of its being consumed on that occasion in the open air, one is enabled to take with impunity a quantity which might prove inconvenient if imbibed in-doors. Did I catch the word prawns?'

'Yes,' said Lucy.

'I have no doubt that to the manducation of that crustaceous fish may be to a great degree attributed your illness of this morning. Even when deprived of its teguments I look upon it as an edible calculated to tax beyond their powers the digestive organs, and to afford little if any nutriment to the system; but people not unfrequently partake of the shells themselves, than which I cannot conceive any substance more inimical to the well-being of the lining membrane of the stomach; whereas should by any chance the *antennæ* be swallowed, serious consequences might supervene, rendering *laryngotomy* necessary. Did I hear plovers' eggs? well, well, they would hardly account for the symptoms; I am not friendly to the egg of any bird when hard boiled, but from the more pellucid character of the white of the egg of the plover I should be inclined to lean to its being converted into chyle with greater facility than the ovarious deposit of the domestic hen. But you were wrong, my dear madam, in partaking of salad; had you died to-day a postscript on your tomb would have described the cause of mortification. P.S. Do you take, Mrs. Morton, prawns and salad? I hold it as a rule, from which there are but slight if any deviations, that all uncooked vegetables are prejudicial to the human œconomy; and in your case the system must have received an extra shock from the salad dressing which no doubt accompanied the salad. You will pardon me if I leap too suddenly to an hypothesis, and suggest that perhaps an Italian warehouse supplied you with the article in question.'

Lucy assented.

'If, madam,' continued Mr. Guppledén, 'I ever were to join the Italian nation in an endeavour to free their lovely country from the brutal yoke of its oppressors, I should strive to bring my professional experience as well as my strong right arm to their assistance, and take care that any town they might have possessed themselves of and been unable to hold against their tyrants, should be amply supplied with salad dressing; that, madam, and that alone, I could calculate on being able to turn a mild diarrhœa into dysentery in its worst form. The cause of Italy would then be triumphant; the war-cry from the Alps to the Faro—Italy and Italian warehouses! I very nearly lost Mrs. Guppledén through salad dressing.'

Of course both Lucy and Morton were obliged to exclaim, 'Indeed, I'm sorry to hear it.'

'Yes, I assure you I nearly lost Mrs. Guppledén, after her confinement of twins, from salad dressing, all attributable to the incautious exhibition of that article on the part of the nurse instead of castor oil, which I had left directions should be administered. I regret to add the twins succumbed within eight-and-forty hours after their mother's partaking of it—and, poor little sufferers, such were their contortions—their heads being actually drawn down between their feet—that had I not ocularly been a witness, at the

'time of their birth, to their being sound wind and limb, I should have been inclined to have looked on them as the development of Nature in one of her freaks, and, as such, craved their acceptance at the hands of the curators of one of our museums, there to be conserved for the benefit of science. It was only through the constant use of cataplasms, aided by Mrs. Guppledén's strong constitution, that her life was spared. Her mind for several hours was, I assure you, quite off the balance, and during its aberration she continually referred to the loss of the three dozen pair of gloves, accusing herself as being the cause of my ruin, and adding, "Never mind, dear hubby, Amato will win next month." Curiously enough Amato did win, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her down stairs a few days after that event, partaking of a large Yorkshire pie which she had won of the wife of one of my patients.

'And now,' said Mr. Guppledén, rising, 'I must make my adieux, and apologize for the way I have been taking all the conversation to myself. I will send you the medicine, my dear madam, as soon as possible, the drops to be taken to-night and the draught in the morning. You may expect to see me again without fail to-morrow by twelve;' saying which Mr. Guppledén leaves the room attended by Morton, who returns in a minute or two.

'Hang the fellow,' he exclaimed, 'I thought he would never go; that's the worst of these confounded medical men, when once you get them in the house there's no getting rid of them; nay, they are so solicitous, that, not content with killing you, they attend your obsequies and sing their *vade in pace* over your funeral baked meats. Well, Lucy dear,' he said, going up and kissing her, 'how are you now? Don't be downcast, my love. We must hope for brighter times, and trust that after all we may not be separated for long.'

She told him she felt better; should presently be able to listen more calmly to what he had to say; hoped his circumstances were not so bad as he imagined; that if they must be separated, she must make up her mind to it, and hoped with him it would not be for long. She concluded by saying she thought the air would revive her, so if he would write what letters he had to answer (his usual morning's occupation) she would take a stroll in the garden.

'Very well, dear,' said Morton; and Lucy left the room by the garden window.

He was wondering at this sudden change in her, but it never occurred to him to look in her face, or he might have observed something strange in her eye; nor did he notice the unnatural calmness of her voice, so ill in keeping with it. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, then hastily rang the bell, and when Harris appeared, said, 'At half-past twelve o'clock to-night tell George to have the dog-cart ready in the lane. I shall want no one to go with me. See that my portmanteau is packed and in the cart by that time; and stay, Harris, business of importance calls me to town, and as your

'mistress is not well I shall not mention to her I'm going, so take care that no one but yourself and George know of my intentions. I may not be back until to-morrow evening.'

'Yes, sir,' said Harris.

'Where is my small dressing-case?'

'In the third drawer of the dressing-table; but one of the bottles is broken, sir, and the metal tops want cleaning; had you not better take the silver one?'

'No: put the silver one on my dressing-table, also my jewel-case; take the studs out of the waistcoat I wore on Tuesday evening and place them there too. Has Moorhouse paid for the hay he had of me last week? He said in case I was out he would leave the money with you.'

'There is a letter I put on your library table half an hour ago which he brought; shall I go and get it, sir?'

'Do so.'

Harris left the room and returned immediately with the letter, which proved to contain a cheque from Moorhouse for the hay in question.

'Now, Harris, see that what I have told you is done. Mind the dog-cart is in the lane by the two maple trees at half-past twelve to-night.'

Harris retired, rather anxious in his mind, for he guessed Morton's position, and began to feel nervous on the score of his wages. 'As far as I have been able to make out from his betting-book,' muttered he to himself, 'master's caught a stinger; however, my game clearly is to be quiet, as, if every one knows of it, good-bye to any money being forthcoming.'

Left alone, Morton throws himself on a sofa, gives way passionately to his grief; over and over again he declares to himself he cannot leave Lucy; over and over again he urges on himself the necessity for so doing. 'For her sake,' he cries, 'I must leave her; 'twere a poor return for all this love to ask her to link herself with a beggared outcast, and as his mistress too. I would marry her now,' he continued, 'and prove by the devotion of a life the deep sense of contrition I entertain; but then I should completely ruin any chance I might ever have of helping her: not one sixpence would my family allow me. Ah! what a strange world we live in! If my cousin knew I had married the woman I had seduced, good-bye to any chance of my ever becoming his heir. 'Tis a remote chance enough now, I grant, but all hope of such an event would then be totally destroyed. I musn't marry the girl who threw herself headlong from her innocent state, believing in and loving me, for the sake of my family and society: I may sin against God, but not against society; and I suppose for this most blackguard of all reason, you may traffic on God's generosity, for He only hates the sin and longs to receive the repentant sinner; but society goes ding dong against those who break through its rules, and they may look for no quarter there.'

Oh, Morton! true metal was shining in you in this your hour of trial. All that was ever good had long lain hidden, growing less and less through the world's corroding. Better for your peace that this adversity should come on you; a few more years spent as the last five or six, and all your nobler feelings might have been blotted out for ever.

You cannot think too much or too fondly on poor Lucy Barton, but you would not she should see you weep, and so you retire: there in your own room you may gaze tenderly on the little dressing-case, token of love, she gave you some time since; there you may arrange in one parcel, directed to her, such articles of value and money as you have to leave her; not that she would take from you a farthing; but this last act of yours may comfort her wounded heart, and give her the more courage to rise and meet the world when she reflects that though you left you loved her, and may, perhaps, at length be brought to feel that in the very act of leaving you showed your love.

You have summoned courage to write her farewell, which letter, when she is asleep, you will place on her dressing-table. You follow up this act by doing well—you fall upon your knees and pray to God to guard her.

We leave you, convert, to your better feelings, for you should be alone.

Lucy, on leaving the house, had bent her steps towards a privet hedge which bounded the west of the garden, running from that side of the house to the river. She was walking rapidly, nay almost running, as she approached its edge, when she became suddenly aware of the voices of men.

They were discussing the relative merits of two watermen who were going to row from Putney to Mortlake for one hundred pounds a side.

The young girl suddenly turned back; she was on the very brink of the river when she stopped, and the men, looking up, seemed startled at her appearance. Retracing her steps she entered the house muttering, 'No, no, he has not left me yet; he will not leave me.'

Harris had gone into the garden with some message to his mistress, which he delivered, and when he had seen her enter the house he himself walked to the water's edge.

'Fine morning, Mr. Harris,' said one of the watermen, 'who are you backing for the match?'

'Neither one nor t'other,' replied the dignitary addressed; 'tain't my game; I don't understand those matters, and if I did I like always to have a place book. Now supposing I back Choffle, and Tiffins wins, stump up would be the word, because you know Choffle would be as much nowhere as if he weren't anywhere at all, and that's just exactly about where he would be; besides, I like betting on certingties.'

'Quite right, Mr. Harris,' said the man who had before addressed him, 'stick to a place so long as it's a good un. Did you win your

'money yesterday? I was lucky enough to draw Qui Vive at the Beery Boating Boys; winner to pay five shillings towards refreshment, and stand three shares to drawer of second horse at the Christmas goose raffle.

'Glad you won,' said Harris, 'I pulled through. I generally catch a sight of the gov'nor's transaction-book, and by laying against his pots, and backing the one he gives most pepper to, I find I seldom want a friend or a bottle to give him. I'm afraid he's caught a facer: he ought to give it up, that's what he ought to do. What's the colour of grass? "Green," says you; how about my gov'nor? What's the shape of a flounder? "Flat," in course, you makes reply; have you got any remark to make about our gov'nor in connection with it?'

'I say, Mr. Harris,' exclaimed the other man in the boat, who had hitherto been only a listener, 'what's up along of the missis? She was walking that pace, and looking that wild just now, I thought she must be mad. Lord, her eyes was a shining like half a dozen Italian suns (and I knows how they shines), with the Bude light a top of them.'

'Oh nothing,' said Harris, 'perhaps she lost some gloves yesterday; women don't like losing.'

'Lost some devils,' replied the other; 'something's been and put her back up crool; I've seen her a score of times, but never see her like just now. She's mild enough generally, isn't she?'

'Oh yes,' replied Harris, 'as mother's milk; I ain't got no fault to find with her, quite the contrary. Lors, my mother couldn't have been kinder to me than she was when I hurt my leg. At one time it was, "Don't bring that heavy tray up, Harris, you'll only make "your leg worse;" at another, she'd give me some lotion and linen, and take such trouble to instruct me how to use it. 'Twas she who cured it that I'm certain. Then she's so well educated, I give you my word she uses the letter H as well as I do; indeed,' added Mr. Harris, with emphasis, 'if she was a native she couldn't use it better.'

'Do she raly,' said both watermen, 'and she's mild and civil-spoken too?'

'Oh, ah! as any I ever see; and I've rooined a goodish parcel too,' said Harris, putting his head on one side, and looking as if he in vain were striving to call to mind a tithe of his victims.

'More shame for you,' said the waterman who had been the second to speak, 'you should do unto others as you would they should do unto you; he who made that rule made golden ones, Mr. Harris; and if this country acted up to it our gaols would soon become soup kitchens, and our police have to emigrate.'

'As I would they should do unto me! Go along; why, your talking ridiklus stuff: who could make a missis of me?'

'Oh, Jim's a regular, Jim is,' said Bob, 'never you mind his chat: he had a *koodesolele* in some of them hot countries once, which means a blow from the sun as stunning as if you was kicked with

'the sole and the heel at the same time; that's what makes him such a funny fish, for a sole joined to an eel would make a rum 'un, wouldn't it, Mr. Harris?'

'Well, Mr. Harris,' said Jem, 'I knows what I knows, and I thinks what I thinks. I've seen the game tried afore, and my parting words to you is, Look after your young lady, for if ever I saw eyes speak, hers spoke just now and said, "I've been pre-vented this time, but I'll come again presently when no one's near, and make a hole in the water."'

'Pshaw!' replied Harris, 'you come both of you this evening, and make a hole in the beer: it's some old Mortlake I've had made a present of to me—and you know that ain't dusty; so come in and smoke a quiet cigar.'

'Your master don't mind visitors?' asked Jem.

'Not a bit; I found when I entered his service he was an easy man to deal with, so I asked whether I might have a friend or two now and then: it's better than running a risk.'

'But,' said Bob with a wink, 'supposing he'd said no.'

'Mr. Robert,' replied Harris, 'twice two makes four; I'm lonely without society; add that all up, and tell me what it comes to this evening.' With this remark Mr. Harris gracefully wishes his friends good day, and returns to his pantry.

'Bob,' said Jem, 'I wouldn't accept that man's offer if something didn't say to me, Go, James; for that man's what I call a blackguard. A man who boasts of roining women, Bob, is generally a liar, but always a blackguard; and a man who sets himself up for a much bigger person than he really is, I look on as a snob, as it's called now-a-days. I may be wrong as it ain't a word the likes of us know much about, but I fancy I'm not far out. Do you know I begin to think I'm a snob myself, to take anything at his expense after abusing him? But something presses me to go, so go I must, and make it up to him as best I can; mayhap a present of some flounders will do that.'

'Don't be a ass, Jem,' returned Bob; 'you mean well, I know, but your not of a deflected mind. Why if ever there was a born'd genelman it's Mr. Harris. Come, we must be off, it's time for dinner.'

Saying which, the men row off, and in a few seconds the boat has shot the bridge, and is lost to sight in a winding of the river.

Lucy and Morton were sitting by an open window on the evening of the Thursday which I have been describing. The shades of night were beginning to descend on the earth, and Morton, pleading fatigue as an excuse for his retiring, goes up stairs to his room, urging Lucy to go to bed at once, which she prepares to do. Before going to rest, she takes the medicine Mr. Guppledén has sent her, and when Morton enters her room, to his surprise he finds her already in a tranquil slumber.

He sits down in an arm-chair listening to her breathing. Finding she doesn't wake, he goes again to his room, and returns after some

time has elapsed, bearing a parcel and a letter, both of which he places on her dressing-table. 'I shouldn't have supposed the medicine would have taken effect so quickly,' he murmurs, 'although Guppledén said it would send her into a sound sleep soon after taking it.' He looks at his watch, approaches the bed, kisses her. 'God bless you, my own dear girl!' he exclaims, and hurriedly leaves the room.

'Harris is in waiting down stairs, please sir,' said that worthy. 'John has just brought back an answer to your letter.'

The letter which was placed in Morton's hands ran as follows :

'DEAR MORTON,—I need not assure you how much your letter has distressed me, but action is what you now require more than sympathy: indeed, sympathy will best be shown by immediate action. I will be at the Maples by sunrise to-morrow, and endeavour to do what you wish, though how to comfort, you being away, I know not.

'Ever yours,

'J. G. GREY.'

'Tis well,' said Morton to himself, 'Grey is the soul of honour. What!' he exclaimed, striking his clenched fist against his other hand, 'have I not enough ill-used her? Shall even my parting thoughts wrong her?' Then turning to Harris, he said, 'Mr. Grey will be here very early to-morrow morning; see that breakfast is ready for him.'

'Yes, sir.'

'It's time to start, I think,' sighed Morton, looking at his watch, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he rushed up stairs.

The watch and chain were taken off, placed in paper, sealed, and, with the other parcel and letter, left on Lucy's dressing-table; but near his heart he had a treasure—a chain made from her own hair—which the deserted girl had given him on his last birthday.

He was out of the house, and in the dog-cart in a minute. 'Give her her head, George,' he said, and away went the dapple grey, as many a dapple grey, perchance, has gone before, full of life, full of spirit, unconscious of the load of care she bore away, and all unconscious, too, of that she left behind.

Mr. Harris's load of care being off his mind, he goes into his pantry to pass one or two of the lesser hours sociably with his convives.

The old Mortlake is tapped for this special occasion, and a bundle of cigars put on the table, the host begging his guests to help themselves, and not to stand upon ceremony. Mr. Jem prefers a pipe, which he describes as being more in his way; and a small silver-tipped meerschaum is produced, as well as a box of tobacco.

They have passed the best part of a couple of hours over their beer and tobacco, when Mr. Harris brings out from a cupboard an apoplectic-looking bottle, which he states contains real hollands, and no mistake about it.

Leaving them to enjoy themselves, I turn to what is going on up stairs.

Lucy is awake, and, looking round, becomes aware she is alone. The conviction that Morton has left her, bursts at once on her mind, and leaping out of bed, she passionately clasps her hands, exclaiming, 'Gone! he's gone and left me without one adieu! Now for 'the river,' 'tis but one plunge, and this breaking heart is stilled for 'ever.'

Her eye soon lights on the parcels and letter. Hastily taking up the latter, she appears as if about to open it, when suddenly she places it again on the table, exclaiming, 'No! I could not hear him 'say the word adieu. I cannot see it written, now that I know he's 'left me.'

She opens the window, and gazes wildly at the river: then hurrying on a few clothes, she is preparing to leave the room, looking more like a beautiful Undine going to revisit her native element, than a fellow-creature about to leave this world and suddenly rush into another.

Lucy, I pray you pause. By all the innocent recollections of childhood; by your pure young life, ere betrayed by the wiles of man; by the little hymn you used to say at night before placed in your crib to go to rest—

'There is a world beyond the skies;'

I pray you, Lucy, pause.

By the memory of that lonely tenant, locked in her icy sleep, who, could she, would burst the confines of the grave, and rush to save you; by the sweet remembrance of her now dead, at whose knees both night and morn a little child you prayed; by the loved name of mother, come back, poor girl! come back.

Look to the moon, her silver rays now fringe that cloud which, but anon, obscured her beams, yet since has passed away, and left her shining. Darkness is light; Lucy this bids you hope.

Think of the night when, ill in bed, you've tossed, and thought to-morrow's light would never come, when all at once the glorious sunshine rose, and hope.

Call to your mind that small blue speck of sky, when all around is cloud, which suddenly expands till the whole scene above is blue; think of the birds who sweetly sang this very morn, nearly the first spring day since winter had set in, and hope—for 'tis to hope both sky and birds would point.

Too late! In vain is all appeal to hope: the shaft too surely hath sped home; reason is tottering on its throne, and, scarcely knowing what she does, Lucy descends the stairs, unlocks the garden door, and hastens towards the river.

The river, tomb of many a broken heart; evidence of England's greatness, too often evidence of England's woe. Watch it as majestically it flows on—soon it would have neared the great Babylon of modern days: who can calculate the amount of wealth it bears

upon its bosom ; who can compute the load of misery it hath hid beneath it ?

‘ Bear a hand, Bob,’ said Jem, ‘ and help me off with this. All ‘ right ! ’ he exclaims, and before I can write it, he is in the garden, at the water’s edge, in the river. The first splash is scarcely heard, when his leap into the water sounds a second.

He has her in his arm—she’s saved. ‘ The spell of Nature’s tenderness has waved back the hand of death.’ She is lifted by Mr. Harris and Bob on to the garden terrace, and Jem, leaping up, carries her to the house, gazing lovingly on the pale upturned face, and flowing golden hair, as if he were bearing with him the one who of all that lived on earth he loved most tenderly.

She’s saved—thank God for that ! Saved, it may be, to lead a better, happier life—saved, it may be, to warn others from off the shoals she stranded on herself—saved, it may be, to come forth a ministering angel : soothing others bent to the earth with care ; standing before them a shining light, beckoning them to a virtuous life, the paths of which are paths of peace.

Would we rather that he who had ruined, had stood forth her preserver ; that, in place of being miles away, he had been there on the spot, and himself snatched her from that stream which had so nearly proved her grave. ‘ Tis not for us to find the means. The erring, loving girl is saved, and shall not we rejoice ?

But as to the means employed. Who can say that he who so gently carried her in his arms was not the man of all the world to do so ; was not the fittest instrument that could be found to bring down vengeance on her betrayer ?

OUR JOCKEYS.

No. II.

PURSUING our sketches of these wonderful little men, we come to Adams, the terror of boys in Chester Cup and Metropolitan, and whom we do not hesitate to pronounce as ‘ the model feather.’ The son of a labourer in William Day’s village, his size, and then his intelligence, attracted the notice of the head of the Woodyeates stable, who was not long in fashioning the raw material that came into his hand, and was well repaid for his outlay, as those great handicaps, which have brought William Day to the top of the tree, have been the fruit of their joint exertions. Strong as the youthful Hercules when he strangled the serpents of Juno, and grave as a mute at a funeral, the difference between him and the other ‘ four tenners ’ in a finish or making running is wonderful. Always in front, yet never in collision with the starter, give him but a crevice between horses, and he will be through like a shot ; and in gammoning another youngster he is beaten, and so getting the last run, he has no equal. His blushing honours he bears thick upon

him with the modesty of a McClintock, for William Day has brought him up according to the old school, making him content himself with table beer, and ignoring all pretensions to champagne, regalias, and patent leather. His hands, too, are useful in another way besides on horseback, as he can take his own part in the stable; and silenced a big lad at Woodyeates, who was bullying his brother, by assuring the latter, if he did not thrash him, he should take him in hand himself, which was pretty well for a lad who with saddle and bridle would then scale under sixty pounds avoirdupoise. Of the drama, Adams is a very warm patron, always occupying a front seat in the upper boxes of the theatre at race times; for as he does not take a servant with him, he never dresses sufficiently well to join the middle weights in the dress circle: and he is a most attentive auditor. Opera and high comedy he eschews, but to an Adelphi drama, full of startling effects, he is especially partial. And we shall not soon forget the enraptured attention he bestowed on the confession of the gipsy mother in *The Flowers of the Forest*, at the Theatre Royal Shrewsbury last year. Chester Cups, Metropolitans, and Northamptonshires all seemed forgotten, as, with open mouth and eyes, he drank in 'the discovery of a lost son.' And it must have been gratifying to the actress to know her merits did not go unappreciated by him. As he increases in bulk, his brother seems likely to fill his place, so that William Day need not fear the loss of the prestige of the name of Adams in Spring Handicaps. As the Russells and the Elliotts are brought up to politics, so are the Boyces, like the Edwardses, to racing. And William Boyce, who from circumstances has been compelled to resume his former profession, will do nothing to injure the family name. Better educated than many of his class, and with a demeanour which, if it has not got him on with the flash school of the day, has been sufficient to attract the attention of such noblemen as Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Zetland, and such a trainer as John Scott, we can confidently state William Boyce to be one of the safest riders among the top weights. If he does not electrify one by those brilliant bits of Fordham, Wells, Alfred Day, or Sam Rogers, it must be recollected he has almost had to go to school again, and been without those mounts which have made their reputation; and we have seen no horse mended after him. What Challoner is to John Osborne, so is Jesse Bundy to Young King of Stockbridge, the latter so designated to distinguish him from his father, who always went by the name of 'His Majesty.' Jesse Bundy, although old in years is light in weight, chiefly from the circumstance of Young King's notions of diet strongly corresponding with those of the New Poor Law Commissioners; and when a murmur has been occasionally heard in his *ménage*, of a preponderance of bread and cheese over bread and meat, he invariably meets the objection with the remark, 'It is all for their good, as it keeps them light.' This scale might do for the native-born Hampshire boy, but would hardly be attractive enough to entice a Yorkshire lad from Whitewall. Jesse Bundy has not much general

riding, but then, to make up for it, he possesses the entire confidence of Young King, to whom, after a temporary absence, he returned last year. And in 'those famous annual days to himself,' which his master used to have with Narcissus, Swyndell Dhygga, and Flacrow, Jesse always carried out his instructions to the very letter, and in a manner deserving of a higher reward than we fear he has yet received, although the Will corner of the 'Illustrated London News' may one day tell him he has to pay a serious sum for legacy duty.

George Bullock hails from Morpeth, and, now Aldcroft has left the Tuppill establishment for Whitewall, is the leading counsel of Thomas Dawson, for whom he has done much, working his own way from behind the bar into a conspicuous position in the Northern Circuits. A strong, resolute jockey, he distinguished himself first on Shoreham, in the Shrewsbury Handicap, and so much was the performance admired, that he has rarely stood down since; and by his respectful behaviour, and the absence of all slang, he promises as well as any of the Yorkshire Division. In the winter he invariably quits Middleham for his own home, where, with a couple of racing screws, and the best Stonewall pony in the world, there is none can beat him with hounds; and no meet, however distant, is too far for him. Of the fair sex George Bullock is a most determined admirer, and of him

'It may be said, he never passed a bonnet,
Without a look beneath, or comment on it.'

As Turkey imports her brides from Circassia, on account of their natural beauty, so John Osborne colonizes his 'feathers' from Manchester, by reason of their sharpness, he having rightly observed that the leaders of the Betting Ring have all come from that city. Challoner and Grimshaw are excellent specimens of the natural Manchester school, whose subjects, as soon as they are out of their eggshells, are taught to shift for themselves. Challoner is to John Osborne what Adams is to William Day, viz., his pilot in Handicaps, Nurserys, Scurrys, and Consolation Scrambles; and, by the retainers he has from other owners for him, he gets to know many horses' forms, and to profit by it. In the North people are as fond of backing his mount as they are that of Fordham in the South, and a better jockey of his years never scaled. Of quiet and domestic habits, his great taste is for natural history, and his collection of pets a short time back resembled the Zoological Gardens on a small scale. By his industry and ability he has realized large sums for old John, besides for himself; and, to his credit be it said, his first thoughts were for his parents, whom he put into a public-house, and has seen them do well. Within a few days he has made his way as far as Turin, where he rode the winner of the Derby; and it is gratifying to find, notwithstanding the excited state of public affairs, he took no part in the political complications of the Italian question, neither favouring the party of Count Cavour nor that in opposition, but conducting himself worthy of Middleham and the chocolate and black cap. Grimshaw, his companion, is one of the most old-fashioned

boys we ever came across. Stronger than the majority of the feathers, with rare hands, and a knowledge of pace acquired by excessive practice—for John Osborne allows none of his lads to eat the bread of idleness—he is invaluable to an owner; and scarcely are the weights published for a great handicap ere negotiations are entered into for him. But John is as hard in bargaining for him as Barnum is for a curiosity; and it took two days for Sir Joseph Hawley to conclude the treaty with him for Beacon, in the Cambridgeshire of the year before last. Dressed in his long greatcoat, which comes nearly down to his spurs, and his cap pulled over his eyes, he gives one, with his stolid countenance, the idea of an old whipper-in razeed; and the *ensemble* is heightened by his curt mode of speaking. Like Chalonier, he conducts himself in a manner that will always insure him employers.

Custance has just taken the highest degree in the turf university, by winning the Derby on Thormanby, at the early age of nineteen, his 'little go' being the Cæsarewitch with Rocket. Like Buckle, his great predecessor, he is a native of Peterborough, and is the only son of his mother, who is a widow. Mr. Mellish, the well-known owner of Adamas, Tame Deer, and other horses at Epsom, and than whom there is not a better Mentor for a boy, was the first person to whom he was articled; and sensible of the value of education, he took care that he should regularly attend the evening school which that benevolent lady, Mrs. Bainbridge, established in the village for the Aztecs of the stables. By the plain course of instruction he there received, being naturally a sharp lad, he derived so much benefit as to become quite a Claude Melnotte over his companions; and having applied himself to literary composition, was the author of the only newspaper report of a race meeting ever contributed by a jockey. Through the interest of Mr. Mellish, he got plenty of riding from Mr. Howard, Lord Portsmouth, and others; but differences occurring between them, the lad's head being not unnaturally turned with success, he quitted his service, and for a time, we confess, we trembled for him, and were apprehensive he would join the Young England school, whose style is so distasteful to trainers. However, his good sense prevailed over the tempters, and succeeding Plumb at Matt Dawson's, he has achieved a position which will last him through life, provided he conducts himself as he hitherto has done. There is a great deal of quiet shrewdness about Custance, that augurs well for his future career; and when he learns to have a little more patience in coming home with his horse, which he will do as he gets more experience, he will take his place beside the leading jockeys at Newmarket. In his taste he is decidedly a gourmand, and not at all insensible to the excellence of the Whitewall *cuisine*, as he remarked to us, when travelling with him to York after Malton races, 'that it was impossible to mend that form,' although, from the exigencies of the occasion, it was out of his power to gratify his taste except on a very homœopathic scale.

Jack Cheswass, with his face like a harvest moon, although little known at Newmarket, Epsom, or Ascot, is a 'a great card' in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, or what may be termed 'Tom 'Oliver's country,' and for some years played the Vicar's style of characters. With a strong but by no means graceful seat, he has a very fair knowledge of pace, and his winning the Queen's Plate, at Nottingham, on Shropshire Witch, is the greatest achievement of a life devoted to the Turf. But although peaceful in his inclinations, it is dangerous to place him near a beer-barrel after a winning mount.

Clement is a rough, useful sort of lad, with sufficient head about him to be put up by Mr. Parr when Fordham is unobtainable; and as that gentleman has never been considered weak enough in his upper story to be brought before the Commissioners of Lunacy, so we must draw a favourable augury of this jockey, who seems to hit it off better with the Squire of Wantage than many of his predecessors.

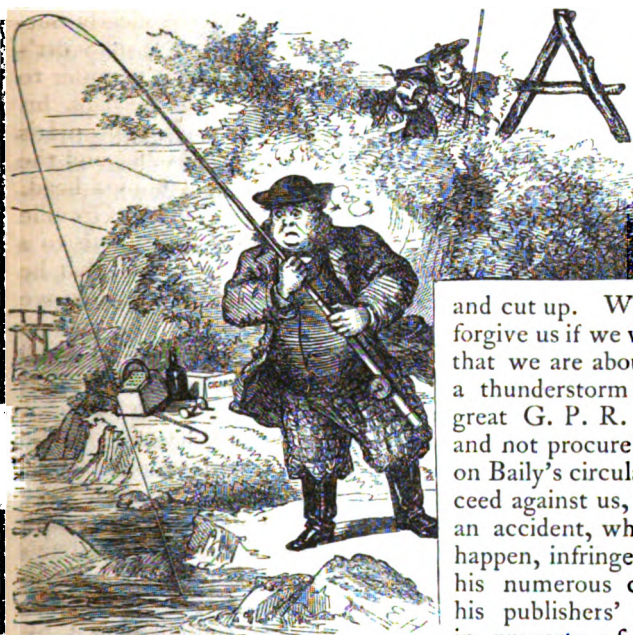
Little Daly we cannot but regard as the fashionable light weight of the South, wherein he has made his way with the upper ten thousand by the mildness of his manners and the superiority of his intelligence and education. Fastidious critics have taken objection to his using his hands a little too high when he finishes, but this may be accounted for by his want of strength, as his frame is somewhat delicate. However, a run through the Calendar will serve to show he can hold his own against all comers; and rarely, if ever, did a boy ride better than when, on Allington, he slipped Charlton and Co. in the Coronation at Ascot. Having commenced three years ago only, and only fourteen years of age now, it cannot be supposed that his character has been much developed. Still, his habits may be said to be far before one just entering his teens, inasmuch as he is both a bookworm and a naturalist; and although placed in circumstances which render it unnecessary for him to pursue the drudgery of the profession, he will not be behind his seniors in attention to his horse; and from his punctuality in his habits, he resembles the Great Northern Express. How, therefore, can such a youth fail to succeed in the path chalked out for him?

Alfred Day, or Alfred the Great, as some of his admirers enthusiastically term him, has long stood at the head of his profession, although it is questionable if any jockey of his standing has been so unfortunate in big races, the only Derby he ever managed to get through being with Andover, for Mr. Gully, and the only Oaks that of Mincepie for Mr. Hill. With such a pedigree, riding came as natural as fighting to a Napier; and endowed with a frame which peculiarly fits him for it, he took to a horse like a duck to water, and Old John, ever alive to business—for he always took his son's fees—let him, in 1841, to Mr. Osbaldeston, for Shocking Mamma for the Cæsarewitch, in which race he rode 4 st. 10 lb. After then he steered all the light weights for the stable; but the first 'real 'good things' he brought off were, the Goodwood Stakes, with

Franchise, and the Cambridgeshire, with The Prior of St. Margarets. Three years afterwards saw him in every printseller's shop as the rider of The Hero, on whom he won the Ascot Cup two years in succession, as well as the Ebor Handicap at York, with 40 to 1 against him; and in his Queen's Plate career, Alfred and the chestnut were as well known as Wells and Fisherman in the same line of business. Then came his famous race with Old Dan Tucker for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in which he clearly out-rode poor Frank upon Nunnikirk, to the great annoyance of Scott's stable, who wanted him for a favourite for the St. Leger, in order to hedge their money. On Knavesmire also he made perhaps his greatest hit when with Vivandiere he defeated Frank Butler on Iris for the Yorkshire Oaks. Three times between the distance and the winning-post was he beaten, and yet in the end he won by a head. Honest John on that occasion almost wept for joy; but Mr. Greville did better, for he made him a present of a *tenner*, and wrote to a well-known judge, who was spending his vacation in Ireland, that he had never witnessed a finer performance in his life; and when we have heard the matter discussed, this last argument always put an end to further disquisition. Our limits will hardly permit us to dwell upon the masterly manner in which he won the One Thousand on The Flea, when the Heath fairly rose at him; or the quiet style in which he landed Pitsford first for the Two Thousand; or the patience he displayed in handling West Australian for the Ascot Cup, or Mincepie for the Oaks. To be appreciated they must have been seen, and that, too, by those who really understand riding; for the jockeyship of Alfred Day is too refined for the million, who prefer to see a man rolling about in his saddle, and cutting a horse in two, to sitting perfectly still, and, as the little coachman said of his big rival, 'doing that by artifice which the other achieved by 'strength.' In short, Alfred Day we regard as heaven-born a jockey as Pitt was a minister; while his language testifies at once to the excellence of his education and to the good use he has made of it. Of Danebury he is as much the prop as William Scott was to Whitewall, and he is quite first favourite with the upper classes, who never bestow their patronage on those who associate in any shape with the black sheep of the Turf. But it is not only in the saddle that he excels, inasmuch as he is equally good as a shot; and in a field or at a trap there are few to beat him. At Stockbridge, where he resides, in a cottage replete with every comfort, and presided over by one who lends a charm to its hospitality, he is respected on all sides for his kindness to his family and the poor. And although he has not, like his brother William, acted yet as churchwarden, and compelled Lord Shaftesbury to give a hundred pounds to a church, he is quite as popular. And in the only public appointment we ever heard of his holding, which was that of President of a rabbit club, we recollect his addresses, in distributing the prizes to the successful candidates, were quite as much to the point as those of the Chairman of the East India Company at Addiscombe.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Esq.

CHAPTER VIII.—DONNER UND BLITZEN.



AND now we feel that we are about to venture upon delicate ground—on ground already much trenched, raked over,

and cut up. Will Mr. James forgive us if we venture to hint that we are about to describe a thunderstorm? Will the great G. P. R. be merciful, and not procure an injunction on Baily's circulation, nor proceed against us, should we by an accident, which may well happen, infringe upon any of his numerous copyrights, or his publishers' proprietorship in property of this descrip-

tion? and should we, in spite of all our efforts, still commit such an appropriation, will he or they mitigate their ferocity in consideration of this prologomenous apology, and consent to lay the damages at some sum which will not entirely deplethorize our editorial pocket? For who has *done* so many storms, not excepting the first scene-shifter in the 'Tempest,' 'Der Freischutz,' and 'Macbeth,' as the great ready-writer to whom they form so invariable a *pièce de résistance*. Who else had ever dared to carry one pretty well through three volumes? * But we will promise him to make a careful distinction, whereby all shall know that our storm is *not* one of his storms; for we will carefully abstain from in any way molesting, appropriating, or even borrowing the celebrated 'Two travellers;' and we equally promise that we will not seek, either by overt or covert act, to invade or trespass on the sacred and well-occupied territory of that 'rocky pass which overhangs the Loire.' † Our readers we need not apologize

* In 'Homeward Bound' something like this occurs.

† Since the above was written, the news of the death of the veteran and lamented novelist has reached us, though not in time to enable us to make any material alteration in the above; but we take the opportunity to add, with all

to, because, having told them that a thunderstorm is coming, they can of course get under some hedge, or seek some secure haven or harbour of shelter, and thus skip it if they don't like it.

The atmosphere began to get very oppressive and close; there was a heavy and ominous stillness, and a slightly metallic taste was noticeable in the air.

'We are going to have a storm,' said the laird. 'The dominie 'was right.'

'D'ye think so?' asked Mr. Cameron. 'Odds, Charlie, dinna say't, for ye ken I'm no freend to thunner an' lightnin'.'

'We shall have it for all that,' said the laird.

'I dinna see't,' said Mr. Cameron, looking out persistently to the wrong quarter, unwilling to credit it. 'The air seems clear, an' its 'cool too,' he continued, as the perspiration streamed down his face in testimony thereof; 'ha! its joost naething.'

'There it comes then!' said the major, as the clearly cut edge of a cloud, like the outline of a moving mountain, began to rise over Ben Gorm. 'Ye'll have it in less than ten minutes. See how it 'rises darker and darker.'

'That a thunner clood! Hoot, mon, if yere no better judge o' 'a thunner clood than thot, ye'll never mak yere fortune hatching 'almanacks.'

Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth, however, when the inexorable elements gave the lie to his assertion, and a sharp stream of light shot from the edge of the cloud almost from the peak of Ben Gorm, and dispersed Mr. Cameron, who hopped in doors with wonderful agility; and a loud rumbling peal of thunder followed at a very short interval. In a few minutes the clouds from all quarters came hurrying up, thicker and darker, rolling over each other as though they were tremendous billows of the sea, and charging down into the valley like masses of troops in battle array. The moon was gone instantaneously, and the stars disappeared almost as speedily as Mr. Cameron himself, and in a few minutes another flash, more vivid than the former, gleamed like a sabre round the head of Ben Gorm, and almost instantaneously the crash of heaven's artillery followed on it. The surrounding mountain peaks took up the sound, and repeated it from one to the other, till it was thrown back upon the broad breast of Ben Gorm, who bellowed it forth again indignantly. In turn it was echoed and re-echoed by the smaller hills, until it was lost in the more distant glens and corries, only to be succeeded at short intervals by another and another. The wind, which had been fitfully southing over the braes, and stirring with its heated breath at intervals the languid leaves that hung between whiles motionless upon the trees, increased suddenly, and came down on them with a

sincerity, an earnest tribute of regret for his loss, and a kindly thought to his memory; for well indeed may we feel the loss of one who, having written so much, has printed nothing which could call a blush to the cheek of any one, and who in after life could not point to a line he should be ashamed of. In his peculiar class of writing, Mr. James has left a gap which will not be easily filled.

rush and a roar, bringing the ripe tempest with it, and momentarily growing louder and louder, and adding to the tremendous tumult. The little brook which ten minutes before had prattled peacefully along between its deep-channelled banks, swelled suddenly into a black foam-flecked torrent, and swept along in its resistless stream large masses of peat and rubbish, and even small trees, torn from its sides. Ten minutes before a child could have walked across it in places, and barely wet its ankles. Now a horse would have been swept away in it. The rain, a heavy drop or two of which had fallen at first upon the faces of the spectators like large warm goutts of blood, reached them in its overcharged fulness, and came pouring down in sheets, with a roar which, combined with the rushing of the mighty wind, and the crashing of dead branches, and even living trees, and the raging of the torrent, almost deadened the thunder that now rolled unceasingly, while the streams of lightning played incessantly round the craggy peaks, showing everything, even the more distant outlines, more clearly and distinctly than the brightest day, and then leaving a pitchy darkness behind. Momentarily the storm increased in intensity, until it seemed as though heaven, earth, and hell were wellnigh coming together.

‘It’s a gruesome nicht, and an awfu’ tempest,’ said the dominie.

‘Pretty well for these latitudes,’ said the laird; ‘but to see a storm in all its fury and grandeur, and to realize what elemental strife may be, one should experience it on the parched and trackless solitudes of the vast desert. There, indeed, you stand as it were amidst the lightning and the thunder, and its awfulness exceeds this beyond comprehension. Everything goes down before it like grass before the mower. A South American pompero, or a Cape tornado is no joke, but commend me to the desert for a downright vicious, dangerous storm.’

‘I’d give a trifle if it would only keep on like this all night. Gad! what a spate there would be in the Garra,’ said the major, with the cool calculation of an old sportsman.

‘It seems likely to, if that is any consolation, for the clouds are growing more leaden-coloured, and settling on the caps of the mountains; and in these latitudes that means rain for some hours. But come, let us go in.’

They went in, and found Mr. Cameron prone on the sofa, with his head under one of the cushions, trying ineffectively to shut out both sight and sound.

The tempest soon passed away, but the rain-clouds crept lower and lower down the mountains, and it rained heavily and without ceasing throughout the night.

‘I think it’ll do, dominie,’ said the major, as, candlestick in hand, he paused at the landing, and took a last peep at the night from the back window.

‘Deed, and there’ll be twa feet o’ water in the Garra to-morrow, an’ there should be grand fishing by noon,’ answered the dominie, who was obliged to shelter at the lodge for the night, being unable to get home.

How often that night were the major's dreams disturbed, as he woke with a start, and listened to catch the glad music of the rain. 'I'll be up early and tie a fly or two,' he said, at length, as with a grunt he finally yielded himself to the arms of Morpheus.

In the morning Allan came up and reported a good spate in the river, which he said would be fishable by the afternoon. And here we must apologise to the reader for not having more fully introduced Allan Campbell. Allan was the only son of a small cock-laird, who owned a farm or two, and a waste of bog and moor, called Heriot's Maur, the boundaries of which marched with those of Dunstuffin some two or three miles off. Mr. Campbell was rather decrepit, but wondrously acute in little things, and somewhat miserly in all things. He farmed his own property, however, with the assistance of a better kind of servant, who filled a sort of bailiff's place, and the place was no sinecure, as Nehemiah Muckleghob could testify. Nehemiah was six feet two and a half inches in his stockings, and looked like a discoloured deal plank, so flat, lathy, and hard was he; and it was amusing to hear him arguing with Mr. Campbell, who had a contracted leg, but managed to hobble over the moor with his attendant, disputing upon some new breed or late purchase of Cheviots or short-horns. Mr. Campbell was a very strange man: he had occasional fits of drunkenness, and when three parts gone, and in a maudlin state, it was his wont to become seized with a wretched species of religious fervour, and 'Jock Campbell's prayer' became quite a byword. To show the character of the man, this extraordinary effusion always commenced thus:—'Ah, gude Laird! take 'everything from everybody and gie't to me.' Jock Campbell's aspirations, to say the least of them, could not be called unambitious. Allan himself was a fine, likely slip of a lad, who had only been partially educated, his papa dreading to part with too much of his beloved siller all at once. He had picked up some little knowledge, however, and was not as ignorant as he might have been. He could speak very inoffensive English, but often, when excited, relapsed into a Scotch twang. He was a good deal at the Lodge from time to time, and he was as straight as a well-grown pine, with a ruddy and fair countenance, neither particularly good looking nor the reverse. Such of his time as was not devoted to looking after farming matters was given to the sports of the field, which were fully countenanced by Mr. Campbell, as assisting in providing for the larder, which would often have been indifferently provided for but for Allan's bow and spear. He was a bit of an ally of the major's, and always acceptable to the laird; and, for all that appeared, he was agreeable enough to Miss Ethel.

'Now,' said the major, issuing from the door of the Lodge, and walking out on the lawn, where everything was glistening and green with the rain, and where flowers and shrubs sent forth a glad and delicious tribute of perfume. 'Now, I hold the judicious mixture of 'colours in a salmon-fly of more consequence than anything else. A 'proper, artistic, and natural blending, and graduating of shades, so as 'not to offend the eye, is to my mind the great and chief requisite of

'a killer. Now here,' (holding up one he had just turned off the vice,) 'here you see at the head we have positive black—that is the peacock's tail; at the shoulder it is so dark a fiery brown as to be almost black. Then it graduates to a lighter fiery brown, and a lighter still, and so on to the breast into orange, and then on the middle, or as to the stomach as it were, into a golden olive, and so almost to a lemon, while the extremity, as you perceive, is a bright dark blue, and the tail is crimson. I call that a natural graduating of colours.'

'And pray what is there natural about it, Don Quixote?' for by this term Miss Ethel sometimes distinguished the major. 'What is there natural about it? What is there in creation with a black head and fiery brown shoulders, a breast of orange, a golden olive stomach, blue extremities, and a crimson tail?'

'I'm thinkin' ye hae joost puzzled the major to gie it a name, Miss Ethel,' said the dominie, who came out at the moment.

The major looked a trifle disconcerted, but shaking his head, he said, 'Oh, I can't perhaps call 'm to mind at a moment, but no doubt, ye know, there's plenty of 'm, if one could only recollect 'm—birds, chameleons, rainbows, and things. But I'll back it to kill. It's all over a killer,' and he intently regarded the fly, and then handed it to the dominie for approval.

'It's gude aneuch,' he said, qualifyingly; 'had ye a wee bit mallard, instead of yon crimson tail, an' a gude gled wing or the turkey an' phaysant; but ou' it 'll mayhap to kill—p'raps—sometimes they'll joost take *anything*.'

How often have we heard this species of disparaging praise as we have paraded a special favourite. And when he does kill, 'Yes, may be, at times they'll tak' *anything*.' How disgusting it is, and how savage it makes you; not but it would be quite within the bounds of possibility that if you examined Donald's cast with which he went 'joost to try a thraw for her n'ainsel,' on the succeeding morning, he might have on a fly bearing a very suspicious resemblance to your killer of the preceding day, for all his slur on it—for your native is not slow in catching and adopting any idea which promises him salmon.

Nevertheless, the major was by no means to be stirred from his appreciation of his handiwork, and he worked it into shape with his nail, and blew the wings and hackle clear, holding it up to the light every now and then, and surveying, with every symptom of strong admiration, the fly, which he evidently considered a masterpiece.

'Are you a fisherman, Mr. Yahoo?' asked Ethel, who, basket and scissors in hand, had come out to cut flowers.

Now Mr. Yahoo was a very fair trout fisherman, but had never entered at salmon, so he merely replied that he had killed trout.

'Trout!' said Allan, with a rather contemptuous tone.

Mr. Yahoo coloured slightly. Allan had once or twice indulged to a trifling extent in this tone when speaking of any sport in connection with him; and setting himself down for a bit of a muff, he

looked upon it as a sort of penalty to be paid to experience. He did not like it, however, and before Ethel he felt particularly savage at it, and he was on the point of giving some angry answer, but he controlled himself however, and said, quietly, 'I have not enjoyed the advantages that you have in becoming acquainted with salmon, Mr. Allan.' He knew enough, however, to be aware that the prefix of Mr. would be particularly distasteful to Allan.

Allan flushed in turn. 'Doubtless the gifts of the Lowlands are different from the gifts of the Highlands,' said Allan, with a particular emphasis, which made the seemingly unimportant speech offensive.

'There is, I trust, one gift, however, which we possess in common,' returned Mr. Yahoo, rather warmly, 'and that is the gift to know when our conversation is distasteful;' and Mr. Yahoo bowed distantly, and was moving away, as Ethel turned towards them from a small Scotch rose-bush, which she had been engaged in rifling of some of its rain-laden treasures, and during which occupation she had not caught what they said, nor noticed the inimical looks and tones of the two young men.

'Look at these lovely roses! See how the rain has brought them out, and how deliciously they smell,' and picking out a bud from the nosegay, she offered it to Allan, who took it eagerly, and with every appearance of pleasure, and with a glance of triumph at Mr. Yahoo, who looked on with apparent careless unconsciousness. 'And there is one for you, too,' she said, picking out another, and bestowing it on Mr. Yahoo; 'Now you are the Knights of the Rose, and mind you pay me dutiful service and obedience for a week to come.'

Mr. Yahoo lightly stuck his in his buttonhole; Allan still held his in his hand; but as he turned away with a gloomy look, he suffered it to drop on the gravel path unseen by Ethel, and as he walked away he set his heel upon it. Mr. Yahoo caught the motion, and his lip curled slightly. 'Can there be anything serious between that—that boor and Ethel Cameron?' thought he. Some minutes subsequently Mr. Yahoo's rosebud had also disappeared, possibly it had dropped from its careless resting-place, accidentally and unheeded.

As Ethel came out again upon the lawn, about half an hour after, she saw the crushed rosebud lying in the path. No one was present, so she stooped down, picked it up, and examined it, and saw that it was one of those she had given. 'I wonder now,' she thought, 'which of the two that unfortunate flower belonged to.' As she looked, her cheek took a deeper colour, and she threw the stem haughtily away, and went into the house. When she came in, Mr. Yahoo noticed that she gave a quick glance at his buttonhole.

'Treacherous knight, is it thus you bear my colours? But, heigho! the days of chivalry are departed, never to return,' she said, half jokingly.

'I—I fear, I—that is,' said Mr. Yahoo, rather confused, and gliding his hand up to his buttonhole, and missing the rose, 'I fear

‘that I have lost it;’ and his face flushed deeply, as with vexation that his carelessness should have been noticed.

‘No matter, I shall know better how to bestow my favours in future,’ said Ethel, now turning off towards the stables.

The fishing party was made up : Ethel and the laird were going to ride out to pay a distant visit, so they did not accompany the fishermen.

The dominie had to be at the schoolhouse in time to reprove the minchers and stragglers, and, after a world of good advice, bade them good morning.

A half-hour’s smart walking brought our party to the river side. The Garra proved to be rather full and high coloured as yet, but it was sinking, and promised to be in fair order by mid-day, and even before that there was a chance of a fish in some of the shallower resting-places. So they sauntered for a space idly along the banks, noting the various casts and pools. The Garra was a tempting-looking salmon river, with alternate pools and rapids, and was seldom what is called ‘dead low,’ save in very dry seasons, being fed by one or two largeish lochs. As they had passed one of the cottages on their route to the river, they were joined by little Johnnie Renshaw, the lad whom Mr. Yahoo had saved from drowning. Now Johnnie had become a great ally of Mr. Yahoo’s since that memorable occasion, and if human being ever had another’s admiration and gratitude, Mr. Yahoo had Johnnie’s. Three days after that event, Johnnie had with intense devotion, and wonderful abstinence, brought Mr. Yahoo his old cap or bonnet full of fine ripe blaberries. It is needless to say that the vehicle completely tabooed the blaberries, which Mr. Yahoo accepted with profuse marks of satisfaction and delight, and then when Johnnie, who had martyred himself in abstaining from devouring them, was gone out of the way, he took a spade and went out in the garden and dug a hole and carefully buried the treasure out of harm’s way.

But Johnnie’s good offices went beyond blaberries. He knew, for Mr. Yahoo’s especial use, where the largest covey of grouse lay, all unbeknown to the keeper. He knew where the biggest salmon had ‘put up’ after the last spate. He knew where the falcon’s nest was, in which the young ones were almost fledged and fit to fly, and were to be *spolia opima* for Mr. Yahoo. He knew where the corbies built, which was more than the keeper did. He knew that part of the brook or the loch where the biggest trout lay. He knew where the rarest ferns were, and many other things did he know—treasures of boyhood, dear beyond the estimation of grown-up folks, and treasures as they were, they were all laid at the feet of Mr. Yahoo. The lad was an imp of mischief to any one but Mr. Yahoo, for whom he always lay in wait in all sorts of out-of-the-way improbable places, coming out as soon as his watch was successful, and following ‘Yoo,’ as he called him, at a respectful distance as devoted bodyguard and gillie. That simple action had levelled distinctions and old prejudices, and had gained Mr. Yahoo

many admirers and adherents. Johnnie's mother, a most notable female, Meg o' the muckle mou, as she was often facetiously distinguished, not only from the capacity of that orifice, but from its constant activity in the talking way, would have kissed the ground he walked on, and knitted him stockings everlastingly. MacAlaster the piper, before referred to, literally *sang* his praises, and with him he was 'Yoo of the open hand' (in testimony of his liberality), whereas he would only have been 'a pair simple body, d' ye ken, 'making gude the auld provarb, "a fule an' his money."' What a difference there is in the way of looking at things! Now he was 'Yoo of the free step,' and Yoo of half a dozen things with them all—and everything he did was Bismillah!—good, and agaib! wonderful. It was no small thing to be called 'Yoo,' (the nearest approach they could make to his name) by them. It was like becoming a sort of little chieftain all of a sudden, whereas otherwise he would only have been 'the Sotherop,' or at most 'the stranger 'gentleman.' Becoming 'Yoo' he was acknowledged as worthy to be one of themselves, and that is no trifling compliment among primitive people.

'Weel, Johnnie, and d'ye ken whar the biggest fish is this morning?' asked the major.

'Deed I do,' said Johnnie, with a shake of the head, that meant, 'and I don't mean to tell you either.'

'Is he a severe big ane, Johnnie?'

'Ou ay, big as thot,' said Johnnie, stretching out his arms.

'Twenty-five pounds, Johnnie?'

Johnnie nodded, and gave a sort of caper and fling, rugging up his breeks simultaneously, that hung somewhat of the loosest.

'Johnnie, yere daft. Drat the young monkey,' continued the major, in an undertone. 'He really is very often right though, you know. Still I don't believe in a twenty-five pounder. We shall see, however: he'll tell *you* all about him if he's seen a good fish, before the day's out. He wouldn't tell *me* for the price of Ben Gorm; but then you're "Yoo," and I'm only "the major." Ye may carry that lad anywhere, Mr. Yahoo, from—from hell to Connaught, though that's not such a far journey, they say, and if ever he turns his back on ye through hardship or danger, good report or avil report, I'm one Dutchman and you're another. Gad, he's a fine, spirited, ragged-breeched, mischievous little devil. Now I will go with you, and we'll fish down, while Allan will go with Mr. Cameron.'

The parties separated, and Allan and Mr. Cameron took up the river.

'Are you going to be Mr. Yahoo's gilly, Johnnie?'

'Wad I let anither be?' asked Johnnie, with immense pride and grandeur.

'But can he gaff and pull a salmon out?'

'Can he cleek a salmon! I believe ye, as soon as he could walk, all of 'em can.'

Johnnie therefore assumed the gaff without more delay, and walked along as proud as a dog with two tails, or a bashaw with ten, at the confidence bestowed on him. The gaff was his baculus, his sceptre *pro tem.*; and never flunkey waved his cane, beadle or band-major baton, or gold or silver stick, his wand of office—with a more swelling sense of dignity than ragged little Johnnie Renshaw did the major's pet salmon-gaff. It wasn't the first time by many he had handled a gaff both openly and surreptitiously, but he had never yet arrived at the honour and dignity of handling the major's with his consent. As for Meg o' the muckle mou, when she heard of it, her pride knew no bounds, and she prophesied titles, dignities, and their accompanying emoluments galore, if her Johnnie only 'aiblins speered his gate rightly.'

Soon the major's rod is out and put together, and a good-sized reel with one hundred and twenty or thirty yards of line on.

'I always like a reel with plenty of line on,' said the major, as he fixed it. 'It gives one confidence in a difficulty, and one never knows when one may need it. It's quite true you may play ninety-nine fish, or one hundred and ninety-nine fish and not want it, and with the hundredth or two hundredth you may find it very useful, and that, too, even in a small river like this. At any rate it's nothing to carry, and one knows one's safe, and if you get a cut or break off, of twenty or thirty yards you don't miss it.'

And now arose the momentous question, what fly to put up.

'The river is still big,' said the major, turning over the leaves of the book, 'and so we must select something to match it. That, I think, is about the thing,' and the chosen fly was knotted on to the cast, and all was now prepared *sec. art.* But their special doings will require to be chronicled in another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

FINS AND SCALES.

'Now,' said the major, 'as you know nothing of how to conduct a salmon rod, I will fish that little pool yonder down, and you will look on and see how I do it, and then you can take the rod and essay yourself.'

Mr. Yahoo demurred to this, saying that he would prefer to see the major fish altogether, but the major overruled him. They went down to the bank of the stream, which foamed and rattled by, and swoosh went the eighteen feet of spliced hickory as the fly went whirling away far over the waters, alighting exactly on the required spot with wonderful precision; again and again it stretched across the stream, futilely however, for nothing rose, and the major fished the little stream out without an offer. He then handed the rod to Mr. Yahoo, who carefully imitated the major's style of wielding the rod, while the major stood by advising and directing him.

'A little more time behind. Don't raise your right hand quite

‘so high; raise the point as it falls. That’s better. Ha! there he was.’ There was a large boil in the water as the fish shot from the depths; but Mr. Yahoo was seized with such a sudden nervous fit that he struck the fly away from the fish the moment the water broke, and so missed him.

‘You are nervous and over-excited. If I take the rod and kill a fish, perhaps it may steady you.’

‘I think it would,’ said Mr. Yahoo, handing back the rod to the major, who after a short pause covered the fish again, which came up immediately, and the major’s reel began to ‘twirr’ merrily.

Bang, bang, bang! the foe came out of the water with three successive leaps, looking as though some bright, freshly-cast silver ingot had been suddenly endowed with vitality, and were of a mind to turn acrobat for the nonce.

After the first run and another leap or two when the steel was a little taken out of the fish, and he had got him into a safe place, the major handed the rod to Mr. Yahoo, who for the first time felt the vigorous tugs and springs of a fresh-run salmon.

‘Now, Johnnie, take off the cork,’ said the major; and slipping the cork off the gaff, and into his pocket, as he slid over the bank on to a low flat rock, Johnnie watched his opportunity as Mr. Yahoo brought the fish up. There was a sharp flash in the water, and the next moment the salmon lay (his bright scales blurred with his life-blood) struggling on the bank, a nice brilliant fish of some eight pounds weight.

Panting with excitement and exertion, for our hero had run about a great deal more than was necessary, he examined the fish carefully again and again, for he had never seen a freshly-landed fresh-run salmon, than which few things are more brilliant and attractive, until the major was obliged to call him to the streams once more.

Mr. Yahoo then assumed the rod, and fished two or three pools and streams down very respectably for a novice. In a large deep pool, just where the foaming stream rushed into it at the very extremity of the cast, Mr. Yahoo rose a good fish. The fish was hooked heavily, and before Mr. Yahoo could get the point of the rod up it rushed down a yard under water. The gut snapped like tinder, and the fish was gone. Our hero stamped with vexation.

‘Was it *his* fault? Could he have done other than he did? How could it be helped? Wasn’t it wretched luck?’

The major tried to console him by saying it couldn’t have been helped; but he grieved considerably at the loss of the fish, recurring to it, as young hands will, again and again. ‘I’m sure he was twenty pounds, at least. Don’t you think he was?’ he asked.

‘The major didn’t think much about it; if he was half that weight he was a good fish, and would have broken him just as easily. But he was gone, and there was an end of him for the time. But now a new fly is up. So to work again.’

Being by this time somewhat blooded, Mr. Yahoo grew most eager for the fray. Scrambling along the rough bank, they came

presently to a fine pool, on the further side of which foamed and rushed a heavy roaring stream.

'Now this is a capital pool; it is called the Roaring Lynn. It is better, however, when the water is a little lower. The tail of it perhaps is the only part worth fishing now,' said the major. Accordingly, Mr. Yahoo fished the tail carefully but ineffectually, and was thinking of leaving it.

'Dinna mind *him*,' said Johnnie, indicating the major, whose back was turned, by a bob of the head, conveying a small modicum of contempt. 'Joost pitch't intil the broo,' nodding his head toward the foam.

'The major says it's of no use, Johnnie.'

'Hut, what's he ken o't? Lynn Dirdum's no his airk, an' he canna ken a' that's in't.'

The major had climbed a bank, and was preparing to jump down on the other side, but Mr. Yahoo, willing to satisfy his young attendant, and thinking perhaps there might be something in it, turned to the stream again and commenced fishing it in the rougher portion, or, as Johnnie called it, 'the broo.' This was some twenty yards above where he had commenced, and, as luck would have it, at the third cast, as the fly was whirled about and tossed from eddy to eddy in the boiling foam, it was seized under water, and a tail as big as a fan partly showed itself as a large fish went down with it. 'Swish, wish, wish,' went the reel immediately on the stroke, the line springing out like lightning.

'He's in 'm! he's in 'm!' shouted Johnnie, half frantic with delight, dropping the gaff, and dancing about uncouthly, and slapping his knees like a diminutive maniac. 'He's in 'm! he's in 'm! I tell't ye sae! I tell't ye sae! Wha'll say, "Johnnie, mon, yere daft" noo, meejor, eh? Wha'll say thot?' and he asked this question with such a splendid assumption of ragged dignity that the major, who came running to the spot at the first shout, could hardly help laughing at the imp.

'Out of the way, ye gomeril. It's a whacker, isn't it?' he asked, as he came up to where Mr. Yahoo was scrambling along almost as excited as Mr. Yahoo himself.

'A huge fellow, to judge by his tail, but I haven't seen him yet,' said Mr. Yahoo, in great fear and trepidation.

'Nor won't yet awhile: those big fellows keep deep, and don't jump much. Mind that rock! Keep the point up now.'

The fish had been making a series of desperate runs to all parts of the pool, and now taking the bit between his teeth he set his head straight down stream, and wouldn't be denied.

'Let him go, he'll shoot the rapid, and you'll have a run for it. Never mind, I'll guide you. Johnnie, sowl to glory! Run on and make a hole in the dyke, man. By the piper yere in luck, and ye'll have such a fight, such a pilleloo down the race as never was seen; faix, it's illegant; come along now.'

The end of the pool shelved off in one large sheet of smooth,

glassy-looking water for some fifty or sixty yards: on the shore along this stretch the scrambling was very bad and the ground very rocky; further on there was a tremendous rapid about two hundred yards long. Fortunately here the bank was high, and the ground tolerably smooth and level for travelling. 'Don't check him,' said the major, 'but keep up with him if ye can come along. I'll keep hold of ye 'in case ye stumble. Now for it,' and the major took hold of Mr. Yahoo lightly by the arm just where a policeman seizes a prisoner, and piloted him along.

The fish was in the smooth water in a second, and was gliding down it swiftly and smoothly like a swallow, while the line flew through the rings with lightning rapidity, threatening to clear out the reel altogether.

With many kicks, knocks, stumbles, and bruises, still aided and guided by the major, Mr. Yahoo stumbled at length on to the level ground where the torrent commenced, and down this, about fifty yards ahead, the salmon was plunging at a fearful pace. Rushing after him went Mr. Yahoo as hard as he could go, and winding up as well as he might as he went. Fortunate indeed it was that he had plenty of line in the reel, and that no high rocks projected. Midway was a high dyke of large stones, which ran down to the water, and would have presented an obstacle which might have brought about a breakage, had not Johnnie been hard at work and made a considerable hole or gap in it. Through it they went at racing pace, and the race came to an end in good time, after running the chance of many dangers, and quite blown and out of breath, our hero found himself engaged in playing the fish in a fine deep pool below. Here the fish sulked for a good half-hour. They stoned him, got behind him with a long line, and with the weight of the stream to help, they put the pot on, and rugged him heavily, but the bed of the river could not have seemed more immovable. At length he went off at score again, and after a desperate fight he began to show signs of weakness, and turned up a broad side for a second close in. 'By the Rock of Cashel, he's a whopper! Why 'this is your twenty-five pounder, Johnnie.'

'Wha'll say, "Johnnie, yere daft," noo?' was the only reply, for Johnnie was now stretched at full length over the bank, with the gaff extended, watching for a chance. And now, exhausted with the toil, the fish was led almost supine, and showing his side towards the bank, which was here some three feet above the water.

'He's too heavy for you, Johnnie; give *me* the gaff,' said the major, offering to take it. But, alas! at this moment, the moment of victory, the point of Mr. Yahoo's rod suddenly flew up, all the strain off it, and the fly went loose up into the air, and the salmon quite spent and unable to make a kick for it, settled slowly down in the deep water. The hold, sorely tried, had cut out at last. Almost simultaneously, Johnnie made a desperate dash at the fish as a last attempt, and, by the greatest good luck, he managed to stick the gaff into his tail just as the chance was almost becoming hopeless; but

the weight of the fish, combined with the sudden effort, was too much for Johnnie; he toppled over, and would have plunged head first into the pool, had not the major, who was kneeling beside him, seized him by the leg (his arms and head were in the water), but Johnnie stuck to the gaff like grim death, and very luckily the fish was too exhausted to make an effort in his own behalf, and the major and Mr. Yahoo had the supreme gratification to see Johnnie pulled up first; then the gaff, and then the salmon hanging to it, a noble fellow of above twenty pounds.

‘Johnnie, lad,’ said the major, as he set him on his legs; ‘Johnnie, yere not born to be drowned, that’s certain.’

‘Wha’s daft noo?’ said Johnnie, sputtering the water from his mouth.

‘Whisht, ye limb; yere a man from this day out. He’s a fine fish, and in splendid condition. See, he plumbs the balance down at three-and-twenty pounds. Johnnie, ye shall have a braw new bonnet for this day’s work.’

‘And, Johnnie, you come to me to-morrow morning,’ said Mr. Yahoo.

Johnnie’s face was radiant, but he couldn’t help murmuring to himself under his breath, ‘Wha’s daft noo?’

‘We’ll wet him—and as you’re blown with the fight, let us sit down and contemplate him; and Johnnie, run up to Luckie M’Nab’s, and bring that small basket down.’ They sat down and smoked a weed over the fish, admired its beauties as it lay packed up and set off by feathery ferns, and drank—not his health—but death.

‘It was a near touch and go,’ said the major; ‘for the fish was gone—literally and clean gone; but never was fish more nobly retrieved. He’s a smart lad, yon, and, by the piper, he ought to be an Irishman. But here he comes with the lunch.’

Johnnie made his appearance with the basket, which they ransacked to their great inward satisfaction, and then handed to Johnnie, who finished it.

Lunch being over at length, weeds were smoked out, and a kindly grace-cup being disposed of, they sent the fish and the basket up to Luckie M’Nab’s, to be removed to the Lodge, and started afresh, the major now taking the rod at Mr. Yahoo’s particular request; and they walked on, talking, the major imparting the secrets of the craft as he went on. They got another salmon of about twelve pounds, which gave them good sport, and several fine sea trout; and the afternoon taking down hill, they turned about, and retraced their steps, fishing a likely cast here and there on their way back; and in this way they picked up another nice little fish of seven or eight pounds, and at length they reached the starting-point. From this they pursued their way up stream to join their companions. They had walked about a mile up the river, when they saw the point of a rod projecting above a low bank, idly, and coming to the spot they found Mr. Cameron comfortably bestowed in a dry snug

corner—the relics of their lunch about him—fast asleep in the sun, and snoring above the rush of the waters. The rod was planted between his knees, and his fly idly trailed in the water just over the bank. He had got tired with the scrambling and fishing, and being indisposed to move, Allan made him snug, and went up the reach to look for the seal of an otter. They had, apparently, been unsuccessful—the creel lying at his feet empty; but Mr. Cameron was not much better with the rod than with the gun. Considering him for a moment or two, a smile broke over the face of the major. ‘I will,’ he said, softly, ‘be the powers I will;’ and he looked like a boy with a tempting bit of mischief in hand. ‘Faith, it’ll be a great joke intirely. See here, Johnnie, lad; reach me up that large stone there, wid the hole in it. Now, then, we’ll take off the ‘castin’ line, and put that round his hat so.’ There was no fear of his waking, as a solid lunch, with plenty of punch, had put Mr. Cameron as *hors du combat* as Mr. Pickwick himself under similar circumstances. ‘Now, Johnnie, run across over the foot-bridge ‘above; I’ll run the line through this big stone,’—passing it through a hole in a large stone which Johnnie had picked up from the strand and brought him, and which was rounded and smooth as ivory from long friction of the water—‘then I pitch the end across to you, and ‘drop the big stone in the water, and do you get into that water-course opposite, out of sight, and conduct yourself as much like a ‘salmon as you can—without noise, mind—and don’t give the first ‘tug till you hear me whistle—and let all go when I say “Mind ‘“your eye.”’ Johnnie’s face expanded into a broad grin at a little bit of mischief so much after his own heart, and in which he was to play so noble a part: he darted off to the foot-bridge, and speedily stood on the other bank. The major then, without disturbing the sleeper, drew as much line as he required gently off the reel, passed the end through the aforesaid large stone, tied a small pebble to the end, and pitched it across the river to Johnnie, who immediately caught and secured it. The big stone, which was now strung on the line like an enormous bead, was then carefully conveyed to the pool, and pitched into the middle of it, where it went plumb down to the bottom in twenty feet of water, carrying the bight of the line with it. The slack was then wound carefully on the reel, and the rod placed between Mr. Cameron’s knees, in the same position they had found it. Opposite the point where they stood, a little rill poured into the river between high banks, much concealed and hidden with brush and large stones. Into this crept Johnnie, where he was completely out of sight, and the line was thus conveyed across the stream up into the waters of the little rill, and so did not make its appearance above water until it almost reached Johnnie’s hand. All being arranged, the major and Mr. Yahoo retired over the bank out of sight, lying down behind a bush, through which they could see without being seen, and then communicated the signal to Johnnie with a low whistle. The excellent ex-merchant slept—wotting nothing of practical jokers—when suddenly there was a deuce of a

tug at the point of the rod, which almost pulled it out of his hand, and woke him up with a start.

‘Odds guds!’ Jag, jag, went the rod. ‘I’m in him! I’m in him! a fusshe—a fusshe!’ Odds, he’s a whopper!’ Jag—jag—jag—whirr! and away scud Johnnie up the ditch as hard as he could pelt, taking out the line in royal style; and then allowing him, with a sulky shake now and then, to wind him grudgingly in again, only to be succeeded by fresh jags and more runs. In the midst of all this, Mr. Cameron vociferated, danced about, and rushed here and there like one demented, shouting for some one ‘to come on wi’ the gaff.’ The major and Mr. Yahoo lay over on their backs roaring with laughter, but there was little fear of Mr. Cameron hearing them, so intent was he on his *fish*, while the row he made over it would have drowned the yells of a pack of hyenas. It certainly was a huge joke, and they enjoyed it thoroughly. At length, as though summoned by his cries, they put in an appearance.

‘Is he a good fish?’ asked the major, apparently much out of ‘breath and greatly interested. Have ye *seen* him?’

‘Seen him! why he’s been dancing awl over the pool; jumped a yard high times an times. Twal poonds if he’s an oonce, I gie ye my word.’

‘Bravo!’ said the major, while Mr. Yahoo was compelled to make a precipitate retreat over the bank again.

‘He’s got ye round a rock,’ said the major with wicked sympathy. ‘He’ll cut ye! Don’t ye see how straight the line goes down into the pool, while the fish is evidently yards and yards away? Very odd *we* see nothing of him; he’s a very strong fish. Can’t you lead him this way a bit? I can’t possibly gaff him until I can see him. Can’t you bring him by here?’

‘Hoo the de’il can I, when I canna left ’m an inch, an’ he joost stacks till the bottom like a big stane.’

‘He *is* just like a big stone,’ said the major, with such a power of comparison that Mr. Yahoo was obliged to retire again. All this time Mr. Cameron was dancing about, sloping the point of his rod now this way now that; now butting Johnnie severely, and now ‘letting him go,’ according as the major directed, when suddenly, just when there was a great strain on the rod, the major shouted, ‘Ah! he’ll cut ye! Mind yere eye!’ Immediately the rod sprung up, released from its strain, and the line came trailing loosely through the water. ‘Ah! I told ye he would,’ said the major, looking like a sage. ‘They always do it in this pool. It’s a way they’ve got. Cut off casting-line, and all you see—ah! bad job—very. If you’d only,’ &c. &c. &c. But Mr. Cameron was quite in despair.

‘Saxteen poonds if he was an unce. Jumped just aboon the rock there, three times—sax feet if he joumped an eench.’ He grieved over it sorely, and to the end of his days he so told the story, and actually believed that he had seen the fish. Nor could he at all account for it, when he found on reaching home his casting-line and fly round his hat. That was a little incomprehensible, to be sure,

possibly he might have been supplied with two casting-lines, but it was hardly worthy of deep consideration. Still the fish was a great fact, and continued to increase in greatness—for the last time he told the story, which was at his daughter's wedding, it 'was twenty-six 'pounds if it was an ounce, and jumped sixteen times in succession 'a height o' ten feet clear *wi'out a word o' a lee.*'

After this feat was thus brought to a successful termination, they tackled up, and Allan coming up, they hastened home to be in time for dinner, and spread out for the laird's delectation the salmon and sea trout; not to mention the wonderful tale of Mr. Cameron's desperate encounter with the 'Slogdallager,'* which he described in a way peculiarly his own, aided by many a sly innuendo and suggestion on the part of the major, which brought tears into Mr. Yahoo's eyes, and chokings in his throat, at the recollection, much to the astonishment of Ethel, who couldn't, of course, see any joke in it.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS annual aquatic festival came off on the 25th and 26th of last month; and if the entries did not come up to the average of former years, there was the novelty of a College crew coming to contest the Grand Challenge Cup, for eight oars, with the London Rowing Club, who, with their splendid crew of last year, defeated both the Universities. London rowed over the course for the first time on Saturday, the 16th, while the First Trinity did not arrive till the 20th, having been some time previously at their favourite quarters at Maidenhead.

Those who most closely watched the rowing of these two boats remained in doubt whether to back the lively dash of the Trinity blue or the powerful drag of the London blue and white; the latter telling its own tale against the heavy wind and a stream of three times its ordinary strength, which prevailed throughout the practice week. The practice of all the fours, consisting of First Trinity, Kingston Rowing Club, and two of the London Rowing Club, was very good. The pair oars were rather a weak feature this year; while two scullers, Mr. H. H. Playford, London Rowing Club, and Mr. Finch, of Wadham College, Oxford, were the only candidates for the Diamond Sculls to be seen during the week, Messrs. Brickwood not arriving till the 23rd, owing, we believe, to the indisposition of the elder brother.

We may here rectify and express regret for the mistake that crept into our last Number, in which we stated that Mr. Casamajor was still the holder of the Diamond Sculls, the fact being that he did not contend for them last year: the competitors were, H. H. Playford, E. D. Brickwood, and D. Beaumont, of Cambridge, when Mr. Brickwood proved the winner, and therefore was the holder for 1859-60.

* Yankee for the largest fish in a river or lake.

It will be seen from the above that Oxford was unrepresented at this Regatta, if we except Mr. Finch in the Diamond Sculls. This is the more to be regretted as that University is always consulted as to its date, and also because it takes place on what may be called its own water. We had hoped for better things after witnessing the gallant Easter contest at Putney, a full account of which duly appeared in these pages.

First Day.—Those crews that speculated on an early ‘start’ or two, to prepare themselves for the coming struggle, were prevented by the torrents of rain that fell from early morn; nevertheless, they afterwards reaped the advantage, as the clouds were the sooner exhausted, and cleared up for a glorious afternoon, wanting only the usual brilliant assembly of spectators to complete the scene: the London division, and, indeed, all coming from any distance were in weak force. The racing came off as follows:—

District Pair Oars.

Dolley and Dolley, Oxford	. . .	1
Williams and Smith, Henley	. . .	0

This was won easily by the Dolleys, who were too strong for their opponents.

Pair Oars (Open) Goblets.

A. A. Casamajor,	} London Rowing Club	. . .	1
W. Woodbridge,			
D. Ingles,	} Cambridge First Trinity	. . .	0
N. Royds,			

The Cambridge pair had No. 1 station, or tow-path side, London being No. 2, or centre station, the No. 3 being the Henley side, and of course was on this occasion vacant. London made a rapid start, and were soon clear, and took their opponents’ water, whilst they seemed equally inclined to change places: the steering of Cambridge was rather bad, but this might be accounted for by the very heavy wind blowing from the Bucks, or Henley shore. Half way up the course, the Cambridge, after being nearly three lengths astern, brought the nose of their boat to the stern of the London; but the latter had the best place, less stream, and the turn of the shore in their favour, and stole away again after very hard labour, and came in winners by two lengths, their rowing evincing long practice together, while Cambridge showed quite t’other.

Ladies’ Plate (Eight Oar).

First Trinity College Boat Club	. . .	walked over.
---------------------------------	-------	--------------

Visitors’ Cup (Four Oar).

First Trinity College Boat Club	. . .	walked over.
---------------------------------	-------	--------------

These were both College races, and resulted in walks over.

Town Cup (Fours). Trial Heat.

Dreadnought, Henley	. . .	1
Dolphin, Oxford	. . .	0

The winners had the tow-path station, and both boats started

level, and remained so with little variation to the first poplar, the Henley crew keeping still the inside berth, with the Oxford crew a little ahead, although out in the stream; here No. 2 in the Oxford boat caught a fearful 'crab,' which quite threw the boat out, and ended in a stop, the Henley crew going in alone, after having rowed an extremely plucky and fine race, against what was considered a stronger crew. This entitled them to row the holders—the Henley Boat Club—on the following day.

Diamond Sculls (Trial Heat).

H. H. Playford, L. R. C.	1
L. C. N. P. Brickwood, London	0
T. R. Finch, Wadham College	0

This was a fine race, Brickwood getting a commanding lead by his rapid starting, which he increased to two clear lengths, having the best (No. 3) station; but about half way up his right arm seemed to be gone, which prevented his keeping the best position under the wind; Playford crept up inside, and gradually edged Brickwood out into the stream, thereby getting the lead. Meanwhile, Finch had been coming up from the worst, or tow-path, station, sculling in rather slow form, but strong; and when Brickwood was rowed out, he put on a most splendid spurt at the first poplar, and rapidly overhauled him, but the distance was too short, or, rather, he commenced too late.

Mr. Brickwood is under twenty, and will undoubtedly make a fine sculler, but to do so he must take care of himself, and, we think, not do so much work as he has done lately; if he will lie by a little we shall hope to see him over this course again. By winning this heat, Mr. Playford was entitled to row against the holder—Mr. Brickwood, senior—on the following day. After the races, the London Eight, Kingston Four, and two London Fours each showed some fine spurring up the Meadows. The only alteration made was in the Kingston boat substituting Wilson for Bainbridge at No. 2 oar, who was obliged to yield himself up to the skilful attention of the Henley surgeon.

The *Second Day* dawned as brightly as could be desired, though towards noon heavy clouds were now and then to be seen floating away to a land where we trust their contents were more needed. The London Eight had a paddle, then both London Fours, and after breakfast the Kingston Four had a spurt. The First Trinity men seemed to have done their work before going to Henley, while the Londoners depended on the last week for labour, and well they carried it out, most of their men rowing three or four times a day. Their Wyfold Four, we believe, had never rowed together till their arrival at Henley.

The racing commenced with

The Grand Challenge Cup, Eight Oars (Open).

Cambridge—First Trinity College Boat Club	1
London—London Rowing Club	0

First Trinity Crew.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1. G. H. Richards . . .	10	0	5. J. Lyle . . .	11	11
2. G. Cox . . .	10	13	6. T. E. Beaumont . . .	11	11
3. H. S. Wright . . .	11	0	7. S. Heathcote . . .	10	0
4. D. Inglis . . .	10	12	8. N. Royds . . .	10	8
J. T. Morland (cox.) . .			st. 9	2	

London Rowing Club Crew.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1. G. Dunnage . . .	9	10	5. C. Boydell . . .	11	10
2. G. D. Finlaison . . .	10	2	6. W. T. Burgess . . .	11	4
3. H. N. Custance . . .	10	11	7. G. W. Sherrieff . . .	11	7
4. W. Woodbridge . . .	11	6	8. A. A. Casamajor . . .	10	12
H. H. Playford (cox.) . .			st. 10	3	

This, of course, was the race that created the most speculation and excitement, in which a College crew was pitted against the Metropolitan Club. It will be remembered that the First Trinity, with this identical crew, beat Baliol over this course last year for the Ladies' Plate, since which, constant practice has brought them to be very nearly if not quite equal to a University eight. One or two of the London were decidedly not up to the mark, a long training, perhaps, having been too much for them; and although there was a powerful drag throughout, already alluded to, there was not the jumping power possessed by the Cantabs, or which has been so often witnessed, on all the principal regatta courses, in London crews. The policy, also, of so heavy a coxswain as Mr. H. H. Playford, in a race, is a point on which difference of opinion is sure to exist, though, of course, in practice his experience was very valuable.

The actual race may be described in a few words. The Londoners, as they generally do, obtained a lead of perhaps twenty feet, but being in the centre station, with Trinity on the tow-path, or No. 1. station, this was soon reversed; and though London rowed exceedingly plucky for nearly half a mile, the light blue gradually stole away, though London came up the Bucks side, and Trinity the tow-path; so, when London were obliged to cross over to Poplar Point, they came out astern, and Cambridge seemed to put on a grand spurt, which made London, directly they came into their wash, appear to cut it, thus causing a gap of three lengths at the winning-post. The gallant struggles of the London stroke were, as they always are, most conspicuous, and it would be presumption to say, after so fine a race, that the metal throughout the boat was not quite what we have been used to see. Time, 8 min. 55 sec. Betting, 7 to 5 on Cambridge.

Town Challenge Cup (Fours). Final Heat.

Dreadnought Crew, Henley . . .	1
Henley Boat Club, Henley . . .	0

The winners of the trial heat yesterday were the winners again to-day, showing better rowing than has been seen in the local races for some time past, and we hope it will be preserved and improved still more.

Wyfold Challenge Cup (Fours). Open.

London Rowing Club . . .	1
Kingston Rowing Club . . .	0

London Crew.

	st.	lb.
1. F. Potter . . .	10	4
2. A. Schlotel . . .	11	0
3. C. Schlotel . . .	10	11
4. W. Foster . . .	10	3
H. H. Weston, (cox.) .	7	7

Kingston Crew.

	st.	lb.
1. J. Lack . . .	10	0
2. Wilson . . .	10	3
3. Heathfield . . .	11	0
4. G. Bennett . . .	11	4
C. Walton, (cox.) .		

This was indeed a fine race, in which London, on the tow-path side, again jumped off with the lead, and obtained, in a short distance, a boat's length. Just above the Farm they seemed to fall off, but in reality it was that the Kingston were under the wind, which seemed to have risen for this event, and the red and white of Kingston rapidly came up. Half way up the course they were level, and at the Point were nearly clear of London, who still retained the inside berth; but at the Point, the London stroke put on a terrific spurt, which was most gallantly responded to by the whole crew, and they shot away from Kingston as they had done at the commencement of the race, winning by two lengths. Time, 9 min. 50 sec., in a heavy squall of wind and rain. Betting, 5 to 4 on London.

The Diamond Challenge Sculls. Final Heat.

H. H. Playford, London . . .	1
E. D. Brickwood, London . . .	0

Mr. Playford, having won the trial heat on the previous day, had now to row the holder, Mr. Brickwood, who defeated him last year. Much interest existed as to the result of this race, for on that occasion it was a fine struggle between them to the Poplar, till Mr. Playford nearly fainted in his boat, and stopped. This year, the start was perfectly level, Mr. Playford soon getting a lead from the tow-path side, Brickwood being at the centre station, and getting plenty of wash from Playford, who rowed this race with what is called fine watermanship, that is, crossing over, and giving the opponent all the rough water made by his boat. At the Point, Playford still kept his lead, and here crossed Brickwood, and took the inside berth, which the latter attempted again to get, and got too near the shore, nearly missing one or two strokes; but a spurt brought him up again, and he, at the winning-post, had the nose of his boat exactly up to the stern of Playford's, having rowed a fine stern wager, while Playford was the winner of a splendid and obstinate struggle, though we believe he could have widened the gap had he pleased.

Watermen's Four Oar.

Kelley's Crew . . .	1
Hammerton's Crew . . .	0

Kelley's Crew.

1. W. Pocock
2. J. Wise.
3. T. White.
4. H. Kelley.
Mr. W. T. Foster, cox.

Hammerton's Crew.

1. T. Mackinney.
2. J. Mackinney.
3. W. Bell.
4. J. Hammerton.
Mr. J. T. Morand, cox.

This was the Umpire's crew divided into two fours, and steered by amateurs, as usual. On this occasion, the Cambridge coxswain, and the London stroke of the Wyfold handled the lines. After a hard struggle, Kelley's crew came in first, having the rounding of the Point in their favour, but were closely pressed at the end by the other boat.

The Steward's Challenge Cup, Four Oars (Open).

Cambridge—First Trinity Boat Club	. . . 1
London—London Rowing Club	. . . 0

First Trinity.

	st.	lb.
1. S. Heathcote . . .	10	0
2. G. Cox . . .	10	13
3. D. Ingles . . .	10	12
4. N. Royds . . .	10	8
J. T. Morland, cox. . .	9	2

London.

	st.	lb.
1. H. N. Custance . . .	10	11
2. W. T. Burgess . . .	11	5
3. G. W. Shirreff . . .	11	7
4. A. A. Casamajor . . .	10	12
H. H. Weston, cox.		

London had the station by the tow-path, and, as usual, got a lead, although the First Trinity did not allow much, for they were at work instantly, and soon showed themselves the best crew, and led at the Farm after an obstinate contest, coming in any number of lengths ahead. Their rowing was greatly admired, and showed that long practice together so necessary in four-oared rowing. Time, 9 min. 30 sec. Betting, 3 to 1 on Cambridge.

This wound up the Regatta, which was, as usual, a decided success, and at which was witnessed that fine display of first-rate rowing to be seen nowhere else; for in truth, to be accounted a good oar or a good sculler, one must have appeared in the lists at Henley. Mr. T. S. Egan was umpire, and that is tantamount to saying that everyone was satisfied with the decisions. One thing only appeared to us needed by the visitors, and that is, a more detailed programme on the card. There can be no reason why the crews entered for each race should not be named and weighted thereon.

THE GREAT MATCH—HORSES *v.* HOUNDS.

PERHAPS of late years no one event has more thoroughly engrossed the interest of sportsmen than the grand match in which for 1,000 sovereigns the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Winchilsea have agreed to back their respective opinions as to the relative speed of horse and hound. It is, indeed, to true sportsmen a question most exciting; not to sporting men, as offering another page for exercise of the metallic—beings, remote as thimble-rigger or card-sharper from sportsmen—but to the true lover of the two quadrupeds, in all brute creation the most conducive to the happiness of man—horse and hound.

The idea of competition for speed between the two animals, the one destined to conduct, the other to follow, the chace, is involved in an infinity of hypotheses. Such is the multiplicity of 'ifs' and 'ands,' that, could they be converted into hardware, the old proverb were verified in the reduction of all work for the manipulation of

the tinker. Be it our task, discarding, as far as we may be able, the possibilities, to analyze the probabilities attending such a contest. 'An honest confession is good for the soul.' We start with the candid admission of a very decided prejudice in favour of the hound—ay, *malgré* all counter opinion: in spite of the odds of 6 to 4 freely offered on the horse, we plead guilty to the illusion, it may be '*mentis gratissimus creor*.'

'Why, my dear fellow,' says Lord Harkaway Goahead, 'I can ride over the hounds any day on my hack.' 'I really feel for you,' exclaims Sir Kingdom Cumming, professing pity scarcely akin to love; 'I never saw the hound I could not beat.' Another will quote—not Coke upon Littleton—but the renowned Coke upon a little one, and tell you how he always *cheeked* the leading hound, neither to the admiration nor the satisfaction of the late redoubtable Squire of Tedworth (who, by the way, might well have said, 'Save me from my friends,' could he have foreseen the attempt made upon his life), during a burst of four miles over the downs of Hants or Wilts. Still do we maintain that, *cæteris paribus*, the hound in condition, free and unhampered, will run away from any horse with any weight whatever on his back. We do not deny the fact that a well-mounted whipper-in will generally overtake the fleetest hound he may require to turn, but it is because the hound resigns the contest. We will admit that aspiring horsemen do ride, and probably will continue to ride, at ease abreast of the flying pack, because the hound will not contend against the horse. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse has had the start. Let a huntsman, properly mounted, jump out of covert, horning and capping hounds on to the line of a burning scent. As long as he can and will gallop at his best, so long will the pack yield the *pas*, till some impediment enables them to clear the horse and settle to their business; then let but scent serve for the actual pace of hounds, let the best thoroughbred be but fifty yards behind, we have yet to learn that anything but a check will allow him to gain an inch; nay, the longer the chase continues without stopping to hunt, heads up and sterns down, with a driving scent, the further will the steed be shaken off.

Having thus far, with an avowed preference for the hound, established the chances justifying the odds of 6 to 4 on the horse, let us proceed to consider how the great match could be conducted with any reasonable show of equal terms for both.

The principals in this match are both entitled to due respect. The Duke of Beaufort was not born yesterday. Lord Winchelsea has evinced talent, and if we cannot go so far as to say '*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*,' we may fairly give him credit for more than ordinary capacity to deal with that which he may take in hand. Both are, in the truest and best sense of the term, sportsmen; English gentlemen, stamped with nature's true nobility. Here may we be pardoned a brief digression from our subject. Well may England proudly rejoice in the fact that such men have never been wanting in the enterprise and spirit essential to the maintenance of

our national sports. While such men as the Duke of Bedford, Lords Derby, Glasgow, and Palmerston, Admiral Rous, Stirling Craufurd, &c., continue at the head of turf affairs, the black sheep which will be found in every flock will as little affect the stability of the fabric as a few withered branches will impair the stature of the lordly oak.

While such men as the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, Lord Stamford, and Mr. Frederick Villiers head the cause of fox-hunting, little need we fear for its perpetual prosperity; not because of their class, not on account of any prestige belonging to aristocratic position, not because they are highly born, but that they are high-minded Britons, who touch nothing under any other sentiment than that inspired by the chivalry of English gentlemen. Far be it from us to arrogate indiscriminately these qualities for all by heritage or creation entitled to the rank they bear. Here and there, as rare exceptions serving to prove a rule, you may find a more genuine specimen of a snob, though coroneted, than amongst the most snobbish of apprentices bonneted on a Derby Day.

The late Johnes Knight, better known as Sam Johnes, whose authority, even as an octogenarian, is cherished by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, the *repandé* of the *crème de la crème* of society when George the Third was king, who knew more than most men 'de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis,' was wont to observe that a gentleman might be found in every class; in proof of which he would adduce, amongst others, that a groom whom he took into his service on the death of Mr. Sampson Hanbury, declined large wages from his new employer, inasmuch as he had an annuity left him by his late master—this groom, John Church, who had for years ridden pad groom to Mr. Hanbury, with the Puckeridge Hounds, and who may perchance be yet alive, being a gentleman of his class.

Return we to our task.

We will assume that Lord Winchilsea may secure the services of five race-horses of the calibre of Newcastle and Special Licence. The name is not legion from which he can select five prepared for a spin over the Beacon; still, as the first horse or hound is to be the winner, one sound and stout race-horse prepared to stay four miles under 8st. 7lb., may be as good as a dozen. We repeat, that at the end of the Houghton Meeting, especially if October be dry and ground hard, there may not be many inclined for the journey; for whatever at present may be the disparaging notions of the canine speed, the result will assuredly show that in this race the horse must start and come through a cracker. The horse, however, will be ably steered, from end to end, an undeviating course to the goal, and will be liable to none of the contretemps which so materially affect the hound.

The utmost science will be required to determine the desirable strength of the drag; too high a scent would be fatal, and the manner in which it will serve for a line of four miles must of course

depend very much on the state of the atmosphere, and still more upon the wind. We know not whether his Grace of Beaufort may have reserved the option of running either way, having the winning-post, if needful, at the four-mile stables, and starting at the Portland Stand; but no sportsman need be reminded of the importance to the hound of running up wind. Then, again, a strong breeze will waft the scent fifty yards wide, and may cause confusion, which if momentary will be irretrievable, the while the horse is steadily pursuing the even tenor of his way. This circumstance, and the effect of clamour, the paralyzing effect upon the spirit and courage of the hound produced by a noisy crowd and a collateral charge of cavalry, appear to us to present the two grand difficulties with which the backers of hounds have to contend.

The line of the competing parties should be as far asunder as the ground will permit. They must needs be in very inconvenient proximity in getting through the ditch, but over all other parts of the heath might preserve a respectful distance. To give hounds a fair chance, the race should come off not later than one hour after sunrise, the dew would then form a most important element; and though the whole sporting world would on such an occasion not hesitate to seize time by the forelock, the crowd at such an hour must from various causes be diminished.

We would further urge the expediency of constructing a rampart for the first two miles, composed of high light hurdles covered with straw, or any material serving for a blind; no horse to be on any pretence permitted on the side where the hounds are slipped at the signal for starting. Hounds would then have every chance of settling to their work in earnest, without apprehending collision with horses, and when half way through things in general will have found their level.

There can be no fear but that condition—that grand *sine quâ non* for all exertion—will be perfect. We would humbly suggest that hounds unaccustomed to each other will contend most jealously, and the more separately they are trained the better. The hounds will be prepared by an experienced northern trainer, well qualified for the task. We understand that he is at present highly satisfied with his trials, and that the backers of hounds are sanguine. It is said that the drag will be run by relays of pedestrians, but we cannot at present pretend to accurate detail. It is to be presumed that the hounds will be attended at different points, and cheered to the line by men to whom they are accustomed.

It is the selection of the five couples that will severely tax all the discrimination which Badminton can bring to bear upon the subject, as it by no means follows that the fleetest dog will carry a scent quickest over a distance. Indeed, we have heard that Lord Lonsdale, whose opinion is entitled to the utmost respect, has expressed a conviction that his harriers would perform the distance quicker than his fox-hounds, the latter most viciously inclining to adoption of a foreign scent. We may, however, take for granted that every

hound brought to the post will have been thoroughly entered to the drag, and run it *con amore*. The tact lies in discovery of the hound fittest to be trained. There are very few packs that cannot with a good scent go a good pace; but that some are very much faster than others over the same soil is as indisputable as that the young hounds will leave the aged in the rear.

It matters little that the hounds so trained will be spoiled for hunting, for we will take leave to assert that the ten fastest hounds selected from ten different breeds will not be the most effective of their respective packs. In the case of a drag, even fine nose is immaterial. Good lungs and muscular development, warranting endurance, and resolute nature to hold the best pace all through, are the essentials. It may seem invidious to attempt distinctions, but were we to name above all others the blood most calculated for this encounter, it would be that of the Fitzwilliam Marmion, possessing size and symmetry more akin to that of the greyhound than ordinary fox-hound. We will not pretend to dogmatize. We do not pen these lucubrations in the presumption of proffering the most unacceptable of all cadeaux—advice; neither do we deride the backers of horses, who, quite as competent as ourselves to jump at conclusions, are confident that horses will go in alone. We have simply endeavoured to lay before our readers the pros and cons of the question. But for diversity of opinion all competition would cease.

In summing up with the impartiality of a judge who charges the jury that under certain convictions they must find for the plaintiff, or otherwise for the defendant, we must revert to our persuasion that the one grand chance so favourable to horses is, that hounds will not spontaneously race with them. Dog against dog, as we see daily with greyhounds, will race till he drops. Hound against hound will struggle for a lead, but will never naturally contend, and cannot without great difficulty be taught to race with the horse. But on the other hand, should things be so ordered that hounds run really on their merits, maintaining their best pace, we fearlessly, in the ides of June, record our unqualified opinion, supported by that of a Master and breeder of fox-hounds of half a century, that at the end of the first two miles the jockeys will find their work cut out to live abreast; at the end of the third mile it will be bellows to mend; and that for the last half-mile it will be 'catch 'em who can.'

OUR PORTFOLIO.

Sales of Blood Stock.—Racing at Ascot, Stockbridge, &c.—Cricket of the Month.—Aquatics past and to come.

THE weather continues most antagonistic to out-door pastimes, and although the elements favoured the annual Derby demonstration, we have since that day had nothing but repeated showers and gales of wind, which are usually associated with the months of March and November. The sales of blood stock during the past month have been many and important, and the prices realized have been sufficiently remunerative to encourage breeders to go on and do their best. The Royal sale at the Hampton Court paddocks, on the 2nd June, comes first in order of rotation; and although St. Swithin asserted his supremacy, and deluged the assembled company with frequent drenching showers, yet Mr. Tattersall secured a goodly attendance of the nobility and gentry of the turf, and spirited biddings were given for several of the high-bred youngsters. The highest-priced yearling of the sale was a colt by Stockwell out of Stamp, which fell to the bid of Lord Coventry at 810 guineas, after a spirited competition with Lord Stamford, Sir Joseph Hawley, and Mr. Merry. Both on the score of blood and good looks, this colt has every recommendation; and although he looked small by the side of others in the stud, there is plenty of him to make a thorough race-horse, and we shall be surprised if he does not place some good stakes to Lord Coventry's account with Messrs. Weatherby. He is a comparatively early foal, his birth dating from the 17th February. At 520 guineas, Lord Stamford became the purchaser of a slashing big colt by West Australian out of Rosaline, one of the most furnished yearlings ever seen, and who will either prove a first-class horse or a very moderate one. He was by far the biggest yearling of the sale. Mr. Merry became the owner of a colt by Orlando out of Trickstress, at 350 guineas, and a filly by Orlando out of Flight, at 360 guineas. The colt is a thick, compact, speedy-looking youngster, and bids fair to come to hand very early. He was foaled on the 1st of April, and being out of Trickstress, Mr. Merry certainly ought not to lose the opportunity of giving him the name of 'April Fool.' Sir Joseph Hawley purchased but one colt, by Orlando out of Tarella, at 400 guineas, a lengthy, powerful horse, on short legs, and one of the best-looking yearlings of the sale. One of his legs was, however, somewhat enlarged, from an accident in the paddock. Colonel Towneley became the owner of a sister to Imperieuse, at 420 guineas; but we fancy Colonel Forester made a better bargain when he purchased the filly by Orlando out of Lady Palmerston, for she was, to our notion, by far the best-looking filly of the whole stud, and looked all over like growing into a splendid two-year old. A remarkably good-looking Dutchman, out of Distaffina, fell to the nod of Mr. Payne, at the comparatively low figure of 210 guineas; and we shall be greatly disappointed if he does not race, as he has more substance, and is altogether a bigger colt than the majority of the Dutchman's stock. Of the remainder, those which chiefly took our attention were a colt by Barnton out of Himalaya, and a filly by Hobbie Noble out of Ossifrage, the latter being purchased by Wm. Day at the remarkably low figure of 11 guineas, owing, we presume, to her unfashionable pedigree. She is a thick, powerful filly, and sure to race.

The sale of Mr. Greville's yearlings, which took place immediately after the disposal of Her Majesty's stock, was quite equal to that of the Royal stud, although several of the gentlemen, including Mr. Merry, left after the termination

of the first sale. Lord Stamford and his trainer were, however, on the spot, determined to purchase, and six out of the fourteen lots were transferred to the new stables at Newmarket. The following list gives the pedigrees and prices of the lot purchased by his lordship:—Colt, by Orlando out of Vesuvienne (510 ga.). Colt, by Orlando out of Twitter (360 ga.). Colt, by Orlando out of Vivandiere (670 ga.). Filly, by Orlando out of Little Finch (210 ga.). Filly, by Orlando out of Torment (200 ga.); and filly, by Orlando out of Highland Fling (125 ga.) Of these we should give choice to the colt by Orlando out of Vivandiere, a remarkably well-furnished colt, full of good racing points, and likely, under Joe Dawson's management, to win many a good stake. The Vesuvienne colt is of good size, and the Twitter colt, although small, has plenty of good points to recommend him. Of the *demoiselles* we should give preference to the filly out of Little Finch, for although her elder brothers proved sad speculations to Mr. 'Howard,' we cannot overlook the quality she evinces in all points. After Lord Stamford had made his selections, there were few other high prices, but Mr. 'E. Hall' would not be shaken off from his intention of purchasing the sister to his speedy Fravola, and at 450 ga. she was sent into Woolcot's stable. She is, if anything, a better-shaped filly than her sister, being of great substance and good length, on short legs. We should also remark, that Mr. Cockin purchased a remarkably cheap bargain in the colt by Alarm out of Elopement at the low figure of 60 ga., as he is a nice level colt, and one of the best-looking Alarms we have seen for some time.

In concluding our remarks upon the Hampton Court sales, we cannot but add our testimony to the excellent manner in which Mr. Ransom, the stud groom, had managed his young stock; for although many had those extraordinary lumps in the throat which are invariably found in these studs, yet it was impossible for anyone to cavil at their appearance; and Mr. Ransom fully deserves the meed of praise which he has received from all quarters.

The sale of the whole of the late Lord Londesborough's stud drew purchasers from all quarters of the globe, and all sportsmen regretted the dispersion of so much good blood, which had been collected by his late lordship at so heavy an expense. The two celebrated stud horses, Stockwell and West Australian, whose reputation has been so greatly enhanced by the recent performances of their scions, were the 'great guns' of the sale; and the biddings for the first named were confined to Mr. W. Smith, on behalf of the Count de Morny, and Mr. W. Naylor, the latter gentleman becoming the purchaser at the price of 4,500 guineas. The horse will, for the present, be located at Rawcliffe, and if report be true, the Rawcliffe company are answerable for one half of the purchase money. West Australian fell to the bid of Mr. Smith for 3,000 guineas, and will for the future do service for the French stud. He was undoubtedly a cheap purchase, for the running of Summerside and The Wizard is a great feather in the cap of so young a stallion. The French have now some of our best horses, including Nabob, The Flying Dutchman, and Cossack; and considering the great improvements in their breeding and training, we expect it will be found necessary, ere long, to reduce the allowance for foreign horses in the Goodwood Cup.

Several of the brood mares reached high prices; and Mr. Fisher secured four for the Australian stud, viz., Gildermire, with a filly foal by West Australian, at 1,260 guineas; Juliet, with a colt foal by Stockwell, at 850 guineas; Marchioness, with a filly foal by Stockwell, for 630 guineas; and Rose de Florence for 380 guineas. Mr. Blenkiron added the celebrated mare Ellerdale to the Middle Park Stud, at the high figure of 1,120 guineas, by

which he will greatly add to the *prestige* of his establishment ; and as the mare had a fine colt foal by West Australian, and has been covered by Stockwell, Mr. B. will doubtless find his investment a profitable one. Mr. Blenkiron was also successful in obtaining Ennui (the dam of Saunterer) at 450 guineas, and Epaulette at 150. Col. Towneley increased his stud by the purchase of Boarding School Miss at 400 guineas, Florence at 200, and Ellermire at 600. The Countess of Albemarle, Garnish, and El Dorado were secured for Her Majesty's stud, and Sir H. des Vœux invested in the purchase of Rosa Bonheur, at 500 guineas. The Rawcliffe Stud Company, Count Renard, Mr. Cookson, Mr. Eyke, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Snewing were the remaining purchasers, the whole of the brood mares and foals realizing the sum of 9,419 guineas.

The yearlings scarcely obtained such good prices as might have been expected from their breeding ; but Lord Stamford was again in force, and purchased the two highest-priced colts, one by Voltigeur out of Ellerdale, at 500 guineas, and another by Orlando out of Boarding School Miss, at 410 guineas. His lordship also became the owner of a sister to Loiterer, at 260 guineas. A full list of the prices and the purchasers will be found in another page, by which it will be seen that the stud is now thoroughly dispersed, the Australian purchases amounting to no less than 3,120 guineas, and the French to 3,000 guineas, whilst Germany and America also invested to some amount.

Since the sale, Lord Londesborough has, with a due appreciation of William Scott's services in the stud department, presented him with a *douceur* of 500*l.*, a gift thoroughly deserved by the recipient, whose careful supervision of the stud has long been the theme of general praise.

Space will not permit us to allude at length to the Middle Park sale, and we can only remark that the average price exceeded that of last year, and although falling far short of the amounts realized at the sales above noticed, yet the result must have been satisfactory to Mr. Blenkiron ; and now that his stud has been increased by the valuable purchases at the Grimston sale, we have no doubt he will in time command better prices, as it is difficult to find a better-looking stud horse than Kingston ; and if the stock of Marsyas should fulfil the expectations which their appearance would denote, there is a bright day in store for the Middle Park establishment.

The 'crack' race meetings of the past month have been Ascot and Stockbridge, and but for the skiey influences, which have affected all out-door pastimes, the first-named gathering would have surpassed all previous celebrations. Day after day, however, the rain came down in torrents, and we have not seen such heavy going at Ascot since the day when Joe Miller won the Cup in 1852. The Queen was not attended with her usual luck, and the royal procession passed off most tamely, in consequence of the heavy showers which fell whilst the *carriage* was passing up the course. The racing of the week has never been equalled, and Mr. Hibburd had no easy task in starting several of the large fields over the half mile and T. Y. C. courses. The result of the Ascot Stakes was one of the greatest triumphs of handicapping ever achieved by 'the Admiral,' as everybody booked it as a certainty for Fitch, who was beaten after coming into the straight run in, and Mouravieff (who carried a pound overweight) won by a head, after a slashing race with Conscript, whose little jockey seemed scarcely able to get him out. Lord Strathmore was warmly congratulated upon his success, which was the more deserved from the patience with which he waited with his horse ; for although he had backed him heavily, both at Chester and Doncaster, he

declined running him over the hard ground. Captain Christie, who is usually most unfortunate in his attempts to win great stakes, but who has been invincible this season in half-mile plates with Miss Julia and Brandy Ball, was lucky enough to carry off the Queen's Vase and the Royal Stand Plate, with Horror, whose Leger chance must not be overlooked, as he is a big horse, and likely to improve with time. The running of Cock-a-hoop in his three races at this Meeting stamps him as one of the best four-year olds of the season, and we expect to see him win many a race for Mr. Ten Broeck before the conclusion of the year. The two-year old running of the week presented many features of importance, the principal being the extraordinary form evinced by Baron Rothschild's filly by King Tom out of Agnes (since named Queen of the Vale), who won both of her races in the commonest of canters; and from her size and good looks it is evident that in her the Baron has one of the best two-year olds of the season. Lord Stamford also brought another victorious two-year old in Diophantus, who disposed of the lot brought out against him for the Two-Year Old Biennial without an effort, and subsequently found backers at 20 to 1 for next year's Derby, although we hear the stable possesses a better in Canto, whose engagements of the present season are at Stamford, Doncaster, and the Newmarket autumnal meetings. Brown Duchess, carrying 5 lb. extra, won the New Stakes in a canter, and thereby added greatly to the *pré-éclat* of the Queen of the Vale, who beat Mr. Saxon's filly easily on the Tuesday. The absence of Thormanby created a far more open race for the Cup than would otherwise have been the case; and as Promised Land was reported to go well over the course, he was made first favourite, although at one time Rupee, after having become the property of Lord Stamford, at the price of 1,000 guineas, trod closely upon his heels in the betting. Seven starters came to the post, and the race was run at a good pace from end to end. The Land looked all over the winner at the last turn for home, but compounded at every stride up the hill, and the finish was left to the two Oaks fillies, Rupee and Butterfly, the former, admirably ridden by little Grimshaw, winning in the last stride by a head.

Stockbridge races were greatly strengthened by the addition of a new weight-for-age Plate over the last seven furlongs of the new mile, and the Amport Stakes, a handicap over the mile-and-a-half course. The meeting had its usual high-class attendance, but few of the aristocracy of the turf being absent, and every race presented some prominent feature of interest. Big Ben was made a great favourite for the Two-Year Old Biennial Stakes, but was evidently 'off' from his early races of this year, and was beaten before reaching the distance. The result was never in doubt, as the colt by Pelion out of Slander (since named Cynic), who had won a selling stake on the previous day, beating King of the Forest, came through the moment Fordham called upon him, and won easily by two lengths from Hawk's-eye. The winner, strangely enough, broke one of his small pastern bones in the Craven Meeting, and it was only by the constant attention of Sly that the horse was ever able to run in public again. He now goes sound and well, and if he trains on, will no doubt figure prominently in the betting on next year's Derby. The Amport Stakes was an easy win for Northern Light, who showed in much better form than at Ascot, and overturned the Danebury pot on Ariadne. The performance of Crater, who ran third, and conceded 20 lb. to the winner, stamps him as a first-class horse, and we expect he will show to advantage in many of the weight-for-age races of the year. Mainstone made his first appearance this season in the Three-Year Old Biennial, and opened favourite; but when seen

he went to any price, as he had a dreadful leg, and we question whether he will ever stand a preparation. Viatka had consequently no difficulty in disposing of Plumper, and the moderate lot brought out to contend against her. Great excitement prevailed when Dundee was brought out to run against Mentmore, and eight others of all ages, for the seven furlong race; and Mr. Merry and his friends had the confidence to back him at even money, although several good judges doubted the ability of any two-year old to beat Mentmore at the weights. The young'un, however, won in a canter, the moment Custance called upon him, and it seems highly probable that Mr. Merry will follow in the wake of Sir Joseph Hawley, and carry off two Derbies in succession. Rattlebone, now the property of that popular sportsman, Mr. G. Payne, and ridden here for the first time in his colours, came out in his best form, and won the Stewards' Plate cleverly from Weatherbound and Cheesecake, who ran a dead heat for second place. Rupee and Mouravieff did not run up to their Ascot form, and we heard that the filly was somewhat out of condition. Underhand ran well up to the distance, when he compounded, and took no part in the finish. The race was run at a good pace, Schism forcing the running from the commencement. The success of Rattlebone at once drew attention to his chance for the Goodwood Stakes; but we should think Mr. Parr would be too good a judge to part with him, unless he thought he had a better in Avalanche. The Mottisfont Stakes brought out the Ascot winner, Diophantus, in flying colours, although at one time the colt by Oulston out of Phemy appeared to have the best of the race, and will doubtless repay Mr. Merry during the season.

The other meetings in Hampshire were attended with their usual fortune, but strangely enough the Danebury stable could not score a single win during the week.

Manchester, Hungerford, Beverley, Hampton, Newton, Chelmsford, Ipswich, and Newcastle have all passed off with more or less success, and we should specially allude to Hungerford and Chelmsford as likely to obtain a fair standing amongst the meetings on the 'home circuit'; whilst Hampton, on the other hand, seems falling into sad disrepute from the niggardly manner in which the racing is *mis-managed*.

The principal races of the coming month will be celebrated at Newmarket, Worcester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Stamford, Goodwood, and Lewes; and Lord Stamford's Plate will be the *pièce de résistance* of the July meeting on the heath, the entry for which includes the flying Queen of the Vale, the dark Leger candidate, Stampedo, Seclusion, Thunderbolt, Folkestone, Brown Duchess, and a host of others, amounting, in all, to 88 subscribers.

Lord Redesdale having judiciously withdrawn his bill, it now remains for the Jockey Club to pass their Reform Bill of the turf; and we have no doubt that the minimum standard of 5 st. 7 lb. in all handicaps will be adopted, as the measure is undoubtedly called for, if only for the prevention of accidents in races like the Chester Cup. Several other improvements will be brought before the notice of the Club, and we may therefore expect to see many changes in the administration of turf law before the close of the year.

Cricket's worst foe, 'wet weather,' has had a long innings since our last, and won far too often to be pleasant; nevertheless, we have got through several good matches during the past month, showing most of the 'old hands' to be in rare fettle, and introducing to notice several young and promising colts. The match that exhibited the most artistic and finished display of cricket 'all round' was that played on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May at Lord's between

The Two Elevens. The weather was cold and stormy on the first day, and the ground 'dead;' but the cricket exhibited was brilliant in all its phases. The fielding was perfection; the long stopping of Diver and Mortlock; the extraordinary fine cricket at point shown by Carpenter; that magnificent bit of fielding displayed in Jackson's catch from Grundy; the finished and brilliant 'long-leg' work of Daft and Griffith, were all master performances. Then the batting: Grundy never played a finer innings than in making his 27; for three hours did he defend his wicket against some of the fastest and truest bowling ever seen: he saw six of his mates' wickets fall, and at last was marvellously caught by Jackson the bowler, the ball being driven back hard, and gripped about two inches from the ground. Griffith, Hearne, and Jackson each batted in rare style, but 'all' in this match paled their fire before the brilliant 55 scored by George Parr in A. E.'s second innings; it was the most glorious exhibition of hitting and defence ever shown by this great master of the art, his now celebrated hit for 6 to square leg from Caffyn, according to Parr's own words, 'was never equalled by him on Lord's Ground;' but grand as was his hitting, his fine defence was the most brilliant portion of this innings; it was superb, and alone worth a day's journey to witness. The bowling, too, was a thing to be remembered; the 'old hands,' Jackson and Caffyn, were high up in mettle, never bowled finer, or with more head work than in this renowned match. But the principal interest was centred in the *début* of 'the Colts.' The All-England Colt, Tarrant, is very young, very active, very fast, and was very successful, but, 'seemingly,' with a very great tendency to over-bowl himself. He came on when The United, in their first innings, had made 30 runs for the loss of one wicket, and went to work full of confidence, bowled a trifle faster ball than even Jackson did, quickly obtained six wickets, and finished The United's first innings off for 89 runs. Slinn, the United Colt, is a neat, straight, truthful bowler—pace medium. He bowled against 'a strong wind,' and 'as a bowler' is evidently an acquisition. Atkinson took three wickets in a very short time, but was afterwards hit; but Hayward's bowling was 'the gem' of the match. He has a graceful, easy delivery—pace fast enough for any purpose, and with a 'break-back' as effective as H. H. Stephenson's bowling in his best day. Very little could be done with Hayward's bowling, which went a long way towards winning this (the odd) match for his Eleven. As various opinions were expressed as to the merits of this trio of bowlers, the following analysis may be of service:—

	Overa.	Maldens.	Runs.	
TARRANT (with the wind)	bowled 54	33	52	and took 6 wickets.
SLINN (against a strong wind)	" 64	36	56	" 4 "
HAYWARD (with the wind)	" 23	16	10	" 4 "

The United evidently had 'a fag end' with the bat; and after a rare match were defeated by 21 runs only. We understand that in the return match played at The Oval on the 19th instant, for the benefit of Martingell, The United intend playing Sewell, jun., and Bennett, the Kentish slow-bowler. The 'All England Eleven will be—Anderson, Cæsar, Clarke, Daft, Diver, Hayward, Jackson, George Parr, H. H. Stephenson, R. C. Tinley, and Willsher. Every lover of the noble game must wish fine weather and a bumper benefit to Martingell, whose twenty-two years of devoted service to cricket, ready acquiescence to play for others, and civil and respectful demeanour to all, deserve the very highest reward.

The Champion Match, through the liberality of the Manchester Club,

turned out (in defiance of wet weather) a monetary success to the Travellers, who, to the surprise of the cricketing world, were defeated by three wickets mainly owing to the very fine batting of Anderson, effective slow bowling of R. C. Tinley, splendid wicket-keeping of Mr. Lockhart, and unusual, but creditable, 'steady batting' of Griffith. It's a monstrous pity the same two Elevens cannot be brought together on one of the London grounds ere the present season terminates.

The M. C. C. matches played since our last have been but few: the first was at Oxford, with the Oxford University Team, but was unfinished; the next was at Lord's, against Sussex, whom the club and ground thrashed in one innings and 15 runs; M. C. C. scoring 127, and Sussex 73 and 39. Wells went in first man for Sussex; saw the other ten go, and brought out his bat for 55, out of the 77 runs: there were no less than 5 ciphers in this innings. Wells was also top scorer in the second innings, wherein were 3 ciphers, scoring 11 out of the 39 runs made. The ground was like 'a bog' with the rain, and Mr. Haygarth's slow bowling revelled in the dirt, and took eleven wickets. Grundy also bowled well; but true cricket was out of the question on ground in so fearful a state as it then was: the wonder is they played at all. Sussex played 'four Colts'—Mr. F. Thomas, Mr. Brand, Reed, and Bennett. Mr. Thomas is a decided acquisition, being a free, confident, and hard hitter, and with a fair defence, and, moreover, is one of the best fielders at long-leg and cover-point seen for some time. His vigorous rush at, quick handling, prompt and sure throw in of the ball, is equalled by few, and assuredly surpassed by none. Bennett (brother to the Kent player of 'that ilk') is a very promising wicket-keeper, who stands coolly and fearlessly behind, handles the ball well, and when he has learnt to use his left hand with the same facility as he now does his right, he will be second to very few. The Club and Ground next tackled Kent, who won by 7 wickets, mainly owing to the fine batting of Fryer and Willsher, who between them scored 139 out of the 197 runs made in Kent's two innings, Fryer making 24 and 48, and Willsher 53 and 14 'not out.' Bennett, the Kent slow bowler, took 10 out of the 20 M. C. C.'s wickets. John Lillywhite made the top score of 28, and Mr. Haygarth 25.

Surrey, in the most cool, contemptuous manner imaginable, knocked off seven different bowlers; and in one innings ran up '323' runs in their match on The Oval against Sussex; but when the latter county had made 56 runs for 5 wickets, the match was 'drawn,' and Sussex saved a hollow licking. Caffyn scored 73; Mortlock, 47; Julius Cæsar, 45; Mr. Estridge, 34; Lockyer, 31; Sewell, 30; and Griffith, 23. This form the Surrey men have not kept up, their next match, between the Gentlemen of Kent and the Gentlemen of the Surrey Club, ending in a defeat of Surrey by 119 runs, mainly attributable to the brace of fine scores of 70 and 55 contributed by a Mr. Davison. Surrey's next match was against Eleven of Nottingham, one of that good and unrivalled sort of matches, 'county meeting county' level handed. This was a rare contest, elicited some fine cricket 'all round,' and conferred honour on both victors and vanquished. The interest throughout the match was intense, and was maintained up to the fall of the last wicket. Nottingham, in Surrey's second innings, nearly turned the match up by their loose fielding: some of their men seemed half paralyzed for a short period; and they were solely and wholly saved by nothing else but the plucky, brilliant, terrific, and unrivalled bowling of Jackson. He shot forth 'over after over,' as true as from a machine, and with a perfect 'Whitworth' power. He was

truly irresistible; and we may safely say that Jackson won the 1860 Nottingham and Surrey match by '15 runs.' The Surrey Eleven afterwards met sixteen gentlemen of Cambridge University. The ground was dead, causing the peculiar round arm slows of Mr. Plowden to work effectively: this, coupled with the excellent fast bowling of Mr. Lang, and there being just five men too many in the field, led to the defeat of Surrey by 42 runs. Both Mr. Lang and Mr. Plowden are young, and as they get older will no doubt get straighter, and 'then' will be two as formidable bowlers as any Eleven need desire to contend against. They both commenced their cricket education in that very best of all schools, Harrow. Both are 'well up' in fielding, Mr. Lang being first class in the slip, and each a free hitter with the bat.

Kent has done wonders already this season. Their Gentlemen first polished off the Surrey Gentlemen; 'then' their active and efficient secretary took a rare team of sixteen to Lord's, and dressed up a formidable Eleven of England, Kent winning by 32 runs; and 'then' Kent, even-handed, beat the M. C. C. and Ground by 7 wickets. Kent brought up to Lord's several promising young 'Colts,' the most prominent being Armstrong and Martin, the former, by his excellent free style of hitting and good defence, bearing out all we predicted of him in a former Number; and Martin, by the patient manner he played back Mr. V. E. Walker's blows, evidenced that, with more match practice, they will each make a name in cricketing annals. Willsher never played better in his life than in these two matches; and for the honour of winning these two matches at Lord's, Kent may mainly thank her trio of 'old uns,' Willsher, Bennett, and Fryer.

Nottingham, as a county, has played but two matches, the first against Sixteen of Sheffield (a fine team): this ended in a draw, the match being 'just a shade' in favour of Notts. The second match was the memorable one on The Oval against the famed Surrey Eleven (noticed above), which Nottingham won by 15 runs, which victory, we should imagine, places Nottingham A 1 as a county. Surrey and Nottingham have now played nine matches, of which number Nottingham has won five, and Surrey four. Rare match-playing this! The return match is to be played at Nottingham on the Trent Bridge Ground on the 26th instant, when it is not at all unlikely Nottingham will play a Colt.

Sussex has cut a queer figure in both matches in which their Eleven has appeared: these we have noticed elsewhere, and can but express our belief that these exhibitions cannot be the true cricket form of Sussex, and with a change of weather they will show different and better play.

The All England Eleven have appeared in the field against Twenty-twos three times. At Bath, the match against Twenty-two of Lansdown was withdrawn. At Lincoln, the Eleven were beaten by 11 runs; among this Twenty-two, though, were such players as E. Stephenson, Stubberfield, F. Tinley, and Slinn. At Manchester, Nineteen of Broughton, with Iddison, beat the Eleven by 11 wickets, Mr. J. Makinson making the very fine score (against such bowling) of 104 runs in his first and only innings. Carpenter (of the United Eleven), who played for A. E., made a fine innings of 61, but in vain; and it becomes a question, in the improved state of cricket education all round the country, whether Twenty-two are not too many for any Eleven to contend against with a fair chance of success. The United Eleven have since our last played no match against Twenty-twos.

At Harrow, Rugby, Eton, Winchester, Marlborough, Westminster,

Brighton, Rossall, Cheltenham, and, in fact, all our public schools, the noble game is practised with a zeal and fervour never surpassed, so there need be no fear of a dearth of gentlemen cricketers in seasons to come, or a decline of the noble old game.

At Oxford and Cambridge there has been the usual number of practice matches played, with the usual result—very long scores—from very fast bowling—(we rejoice that Cambridge has the sound sense to encourage, and play a good slow bowler—always useful in matches;)—the match at Fenny Stratford between 'The University' and 'Quid Nuncs,' being a very remarkable run-getting affair: it appears the University made 184 runs in their first innings, and the Quid Nuncs, 77. As a matter of course, 'The Quids' had to follow their innings, and with the aid of 90 from Mr. Upcher, 70 from Mr. F. H. Norman, 65 from Mr. F. Lee, 32 from Mr. Bagge, &c.; the Quids ran up the (yet) highest score of the season, 355 runs. The University in their second innings made but 133, consequently they lost by 115 runs. In this match there were no less than '749' runs scored.

The Rugbeans easily, but in true cricketing style, polished off the somewhat weak Eleven that represented the M. C. C. and Ground. The bowling of Brampton, however, was very good, and upset no less than eight out of the ten wickets in Rugby's first innings; but the fact is, there is that amount of cricket among the Rugbeans that would have warranted the M. C. C. sending forth a far better team to try them. The Rugbeans were not half nettled up, and no end of credit is due to their talented little 'Coach diver,' for 'cramming' so much cricket into his pupils. Kent has brought off another (their fourth) victory, having given a woful dressing to their old opponents, 'Sussex,' who persist in 'not playing' such cricketers as Mr. C. G. Wynch, Messrs. Cotterill, Fawcett, Onslow, and others. This leaves us but one other match to comment on, and that is the famous 26th

University match, played at Lord's on the 25th and 26th ult. The ground was in a lamentable state of bog and slush, and fit for anything but cricket, heavy rain having fallen up to noon of the morning of the match. This made the cricket throughout the day somewhat like the weather and ground, 'heavy': still we now and then had a brilliant bit that woke us up—'to wit,' the fine catch at long field off, made by Mr. Cotterill with his right hand, and the very spicy ball delivered by Mr. Onslow, that bowled Mr. Monro. One innings each was got through that day, resulting in Cambridge having '17 runs on.' Plowden, Onslow, and Lang were the Cambridge bowlers, the former's slow, being very difficult to play, and fatal to six wickets out of the ten; Mr. Onslow had three, and Mr. Lang (who bowled four overs only) the other wicket. Traill and Brandt were the Oxford bowlers, and well and pluckily did the former bowl, notwithstanding the ill usage he received from the fielders. Chance after chance from his bowling was missed and boggled; 'twas too bad, and no doubt can exist that *thus* was the match lost by Oxford. Mr. Waud and Mr. Monro (wicket-keeper and point) must be exempted from censure, as they did their work well—nay, brilliantly. Mr. Bagge's 15 was a rare exhibition of patient, skilful defence, he being at the wickets 'two hours,' and saw six wickets fall. Tuesday, June the 26th, was a red letter day for 'Cambridge' and 'First Trinity'; the latter, on this memorable day, at Henley easily defeated the celebrated 'Eight' and 'Four' of the London Rowing Club, and the Cambridge 'Eleven' (of which 'Seven' were Trinity men), won the 26th University Cricket Match. Mr. Lang bowled with telling effect in Oxford's second innings, taking half the wickets with his bowling; and by his

alliant fielding also sending Messrs. Ranken and Waud home. The Oxford men were put down for 57, leaving Cambridge 41 to score to win, and then the fun began. Oxford's bowler, Mr. Traill, was in high feather, bowling superbly, and the field this innings backing him up gloriously. Down went the first Cambridge wicket for 2 runs, and the second for 7; the latter by a rare bit of fielding between Messrs. Garnett and Waud. The latter gentleman kept the ball very finely; he caught the first (Mr. Bagge), run out the second (Mr. Centall), and stumped the fourth (Mr. Fawcett). The score at 21; the fifth sent at 22; and Mr. Traill finely bowled the sixth, Mr. Lang, at 24. Twelve more runs were made, when Mr. Traill bowled Mr. Norman, and the seventh wicket fell for 36 runs—Mr. Cotterill having previously made a glorious drive from Mr. Brandt for 4, and shortly after won the victory by a drive from Mr. Traill for 2. Cambridge, with three wickets to spare, thus won the 26th match, and brought the scoring even again—two matches being drawn, and twelve won by each University. The first match will be played on the Oval next Thursday, and the other and original match at Lord's on the following Monday. In this match, the Eleven players will, we understand, be those that played in America (Wisden out); and heartily do we hope that we may henceforth have something like cricket weather, for the many important matches on the lists to be played in.

The principal aquatic *fêtes* of the past and two last days of the previous month were the sailing-matches of some of the principal yacht clubs. The Royal Thames Yacht Club sailed their first match of the season on the 30th of May; and as the old opponents, the Phantom and Thought, were entered, considerable excitement prevailed as to the result. Both vessels are of the same tonnage, and have contested in several matches with alternate success. On the present occasion the Phantom had the best of it. The Prince of Wales Club had their first match of the season on the following day; but the heavy showers of rain which fell during the day prevented a large attendance, and greatly destroyed the interest of the match, which was won by the Haidee. This little vessel was built by Hatcher of Southampton, and has won almost every prize for which she has started. The second match this season of the Royal London Club took place on the 13th of June, the wind blowing very strong from the S.W.; and as the Phantom, who was entered, did not put in an appearance, the Thought was this time in front.

The Royal Thames sailed their second match of the season on the 14th of June, on which occasion there were two matches at the same time, one for yachts of the first class, and the other for yachts to be sailed by amateurs, members of yacht clubs or officers of the army or navy: the former match was won by the Glance beating the Auxar and Osprey. The amateur race was the closest and best contested that has been seen for a number of years, and was won by the Thought, after being handled in the most skilful and masterly style by her gentlemanly crew. Indeed, it was remarked by judges on board the steam-boats that no vessel could have been better handled even by the best crew of professionals.

Queenstown Regatta is announced to take place on the 21st of the present month, when liberal prizes are offered both for sailing and rowing. Most of the crack yachts from the Thames are expected, and it is quite probable that the London Rowing Club may send a four to contend for the 50*l.* prize given for four-oared boats not outrigged. Crews are also expected from the Mersey, Dublin, and other places. The Cork Harbour Boat Club have a crew in training at Passage, and are determined to spare no pains nor expense in getting themselves into condition, having engaged a trainer from London. Dublin

Regatta will be held on the 12th of the present month, when the Cork and Mersey crews are expected to contend with the Dublin University crew.

The great match between Chambers and White for 200*l.* a side and the championship of the Thames is now finally arranged to take place, from Putney to Mortlake, on the 18th day of September next. Deposits are made weekly, and there is now (July 1st) 50*l.* a side in the hands of the stakeholder. Everything will, no doubt, be done for both men which human aid can accomplish in order to render them fit for the great struggle, which is to decide whether the championship of the Thames returns to its native waters or adds another wreath of glory to the brow of the stalwart and skilful representative of the coaly Tyne. The Royal Thames National Regatta, under the direction of the Thames Subscription Club, is announced to take place on the 20th and 21st of the present month (July), when liberal prizes will be given for fours, pairs, and sculls, also a coat and badge respectively for watermen apprentices who are serving their time above and below London Bridge; those above to contend in outriggers, and below in old-fashioned boats. There has been the usual amount of jealousy among the London watermen in regard to forming a four to contend for the 100*l.* prize. Kelley, White, Hammerton, and Francis were expected to go together; but two of them wishing to row the stroke oar, and each refusing to give way, the crew was broken up, and H. Kelley, F. Kelley, T. White, and J. Wise are the crew on which will rest the responsibility of supporting the credit of the London river. The crew from the Tyne will probably comprise the veteran Harry Clasper, his son, J. H. Clasper, Robert Chambers, and G. Winship, the same which won the 100*l.* prize last year. There may be one or more crews enter belonging to the Thames, and also from other places; but, as yet, we have no reliable information. The chance of the Newcastle crew, however, looks as rosy as it ever did since they first made their appearance on the Thames.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

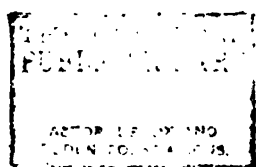
UP to the present time, what with the changeable and unseasonable condition of the weather, and the constantly-shifting aspect of political affairs, the season has not settled down into permanent brilliancy or unvarying prosperity as regards matters connected with art and literature. Theatres, lyric and dramatic; concerts, vocal and instrumental; fêtes of various descriptions, have been going through the usual spring routine, but the deluges of rain that have fallen have put a most effectual damper on anything like *al fresco* entertainments, and gusts of cold wind blowing from untoward quarters have made us all think less about the summer fashions than about paletôts, Chesterfields, and the like. That glorious volunteer movement, too, with its never-ending drill for the young and the slim and the stalwart, and for the old and the stout and the ailing—that strict attention to discipline necessary to the acquirement of martial deportment—that marching miles through wet and slosh and dust—the fatigue incidental to all these right and proper performances—have, it must be acknowledged, somewhat drawn away the attention of the rising generation from its old sources of amusement. Under any circumstances the natural tendency of the movement must be somewhat to injure the prospects of theatrical undertakings and of places of amusement generally; for the fatigue undergone by those who were once ardent patrons of metropolitan entertainments generally is the first reason for this abandonment of their former methods of delectation; while the second is the very sufficient one furnished by the

employment of their superfluous means in the substantial purpose of 'national defence,' rather than in the thousand and one fleeting sources of pleasure which have long absorbed all the capital not employed for the solid purposes of life. The result is, nevertheless, by no means ruinous; managers still hold their own, and treasuries are yet the fruitful sources of satisfaction to theatrical *employés*. Early in the month, one of the most important events in dramatic annals was the laying of the foundation stone of the Royal Dramatic College at Maybury; a ceremony which was effected, on the whole, with considerable success, although it did not excite the cosmopolitan interest which might have been imparted to it by less of a 'class' administration. The spot on which the Institution is to be erected is, in fact, of a decidedly dull and bleak character; the ground is part and parcel of the Woking Cemetery—although at some distance from that place of final resort—and has been presented by the London Necropolis; it is a sandy, unshaded common, and in reality it requires a powerful imagination to invest it with those rustic charms which ought to invest a locality to form the resting-place of people who have spent a gay and social life, and whose reminiscences in age and poverty are full of the bright and vivacious things of this mundane existence. Perhaps it does not do to look a gift horse in the mouth, and, therefore, the energetic, liberal, and devoted master, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and his coadjutors in the noble work, were doubtless right when they determined to avail themselves of the handsome offer of the Necropolis Company. On Friday, then, June 1, there was great glee in the neighbourhood of Maybury. There was a large tent in which the ceremony of laying the stone was most gracefully performed by H. R. H. the Prince Consort, attended by an appropriate suite, and surrounded by an imposing array of the functionaries of the college; there was a splendid cold collation, at which congratulatory speeches were made by eminent theatrical personages, and there was a fancy fair, at the stalls of which presided a bevy of theatrical celebrities, amongst whom were Mrs. Stirling, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Swanborough, Mrs. A. Mellon, Mrs. Billington, Miss Kate Kelly, Miss Henrietta Simms, Miss E. Thorne, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Murray, Miss Wyndham, Miss Hickson, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Charles Young, Miss Oliver, Miss Wilton, Miss Bufton, Miss Saunders, Miss Herbert, Miss Marston, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Neville. To see all these ladies far away from the footlights was of course a powerful attraction to a great many persons; and those who did admire them were very justly made to pay a considerable amount for the enjoyment. That they all fulfilled their labours with the utmost zeal, industry, and success, is only what would be naturally anticipated by those acquainted with the tact and intelligence prevalent amongst members of the histrionic profession. While the fair sex was thus devoting itself to the interests of the charity, the lords of dramatic creation were by no means idle. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Mr. Toole presided at the altars of their respected Aunts Sarah, vulgarly recognized on race-courses as 'Sally,' and netted a good amount as the reward of their exertions. For Mr. Benjamin Webster, the master of the college, the day must have been one of unmingled gratification; the hold which the project has taken upon universal sympathy was strongly manifested, and the future triumph of the plans, carefully adopted, became a matter of certainty and general congratulation. With the exception of this important event, the week in which it occurred was almost void of incidents dramatically interesting. The operas and the theatres presented no novel features of attraction, and the events which closed my summary of last month remained uninterrupted by the introduction of any feature absolutely new or sufficiently

important to warrant a chronicle in this brief epitome of passing transactions. Even the week which followed was devoid of mark. A series of reproductions at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera contented the *habitués*, and gained partially the suffrages of the public; but save at Astley's Amphitheatre there was nothing to call for the attention of your obedient servant and observant critic. At that renowned temple of the equestrian drama the romantic and the historical elements were brought into conflict in the production of a drama called 'Fair Rosamond; or the Amazon Crusaders,' a three-act work, of which the first act took place at the court of Louis VII., the second in Palestine, and the third in the collegiate town of Oxford—in all of which localities the old and well-known story was faithfully worked out, every opportunity being taken for the introduction of those stupendous equine effects which can only be produced at Astley's, and appreciated by the audiences which have been educated to a due comprehension of the intelligence and intentions of four-legged performers neither known to or recognized by the Editor of 'Ruff's Guide.'—At the Princess's Theatre the business has decidedly improved, and Mr. Phelps's 'revivals' have attracted some good audiences. Amongst the most successful of the reproductions has been that of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' in which the tragedian's impersonation of *Falstaff*—albeit somewhat hard and monotonous—has been very favourably received.—Mr. A. Harris has engaged in a novel enterprise: he has secured the services, for a certain period in the autumn, of the great French actor Fechter, who is an excellent English scholar, and who is to appear in a number of legitimate and illegitimate parts in our vernacular. The embodiment of *Romeo* in Shakspeare's play, and of the hero in Dumas' 'Dame aux Camélias,' are among the tasks to be allotted to him. If he will only act in English half as well as he does in French he will be able to teach a great many artists on this side of the Channel some professional secrets quite worth their knowing.—The burlesque of 'Shylock,' re-embellished by its author, Mr. Frank Talfourd, has been revived at the Olympic, and is likely to remain for a considerable time a prominent feature in the bill. The extravaganza itself is full of humour and point, and Mr. Robson's impersonation of the old Jew is one of the most remarkable efforts of the kind which has ever come before the public.—At the St. James's Theatre the French company has been tolerably successful. 'La Tentation,' rendered attractive by the acting of Duverger, was the greatest hit of the early part of the season, and was followed by a series of lighter pieces for Leclère, some of which transcend the bounds of dramatic decency. It is worthy of remark, that while the licenser of plays passed some of the lowest pictures of Parisian life—such as those contained in 'Paris qui dort'—he forbade Madame Doche, who arrived here for professional purposes, to appear in any one of the most favourite plays of her *répertoire*—that is to say, he so cut them down and maltreated them that their point and effect were entirely lost. The shortness of my summary this month is of course solely due to the absolute dearth of all novelty. I trust that the coming four weeks may afford me some scope for the employment of my pen, and something more worthy of the perusal of those who have followed my wanderings in the dramatic and musical world of the great metropolis.

J. V. P.

* * The sales of Blood Stock for the past month unavoidably stand over for want of space.





Exotes

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

THE Marquis of Exeter is a nobleman whose high character and standing on the turf is surpassed by none of his order. And we deem ourselves fortunate in being able to give him thus early a place in our Gallery of Sportsmen, with whose predecessors he has been intimately associated for the last quarter of a century. The Marquis of Exeter, who, in addition to that title, enjoys the dignities of the Earl of Exeter and Baron Burghley, was born on the 2nd of July, 1795, and succeeded his father on his decease on the 1st of May, 1804. He received his education at Eton, from whence he was transferred to St. John's College, Cambridge, where his great ancestor, William Cecil, High Treasurer and Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth, was inducted into a university life. St. John's has ever since been the college of the Burghley family; and every year, in pursuance of a time-honoured custom, one of the senior fellows proceeds to Burghley to preach a sermon on one of the Sundays in the month of June.

In order to trace the racing career of the noble marquis, and the success of those blue and white stripes on which the fielders have for years built their hopes, we must ask our readers to accompany us as far back as 1816, when we find his lordship, then a minor, winning a plate at Stamford with Woodpecker, by Asparagus; and at which Meeting a Fifty Pound Plate had been given regularly for some years by his trustees.

To dismiss so enthusiastic and veteran a sportsman as the marquis with a few brief commonplace phrases of laudation would be unjust; and if we prolong our memoir beyond the limits we have assigned to others the circumstances of the case must plead as our excuse. Possessed of a colossal fortune, arising from estates in Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and Rutlandshire, and deriving, also, a considerable income from house property in the metropolis, which has, however, been recently sold for the purpose of widening the Strand and Wellington Street; and a ten years' minority putting him into the possession of a very large sum of ready money, his lordship embarked on the turf in a style that befitted so mighty a seignior. His first purchase, which was made in order to promote the prosperity

of Stamford Races, was Captain Candid, for whom he gave Mr. Watt 800 guineas, at the recommendation of Lord Frederick Bentinck, and sent him to be trained by Richard Prince. There were giants then in the land, both as regards men and horses, for those were the days when the Dukes of York, Grafton, Rutland, and Portland gave their sanction to the sport with their presence and their teams; when handicaps and nurseries were unknown; and when we saw such animals come out as Whalebone, Waxy, Whisker, Selim, Rubens, and Orville, with such jockeys as Clift, Jackson, Chifney, Arnall, and Buckle on their backs. To be great at that time was something like a distinction; and aided by his resources, which enabled him to purchase the best blood in the market, he soon showed himself able to cope with the best of his rivals; and the blue and white stripes of Burghley were as dangerous as the Cadland blue or the Grafton scarlet. Although he did not give the fabulous prices for yearlings which we see paid in the present day, he still liked to have the best blood in the market; so it was not surprising that in the fifth year of his career he should have been delighted to see Jem Robinson carry off the Oaks for him with Augusta. Seven summers afterwards Dockeray, on the famous Green Mantle, renewed the triumph, and his third main Conolly threw for him with Galata in 1832. These were the only great Epsom races that he can boast of, for, strange to say, from some cause or another, which is hardly worth diving into, Epsom was an unlucky course for him; while, on the contrary, Ascot and Goodwood were exactly the reverse.

But Newmarket has ever been the great theatre of his operations, and here he carried on his racing establishment on a scale which has never since been equalled, although Lord Stamford may be said to be approaching it. Beside his own residence, Foley House, and adjoining his stables, an extensive covered riding-school was erected, which served the purpose of a tan gallop for exercising his horses in the winter, when the ground was so hard that they could not go on the Heath. And such was the care he took of the number of lads employed about the stables that a schoolmaster was especially engaged for them, in order that they might receive an education suitable to their sphere in life, and be protected from the temptations which assailed them in the town. With so great a stud, his engagements were extensive, and, barring those of Lord George Bentinck, they have seldom been exceeded in the Calendar. Not a produce stake, a sweepstakes at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood escaped him, and latterly he got as far as Stockbridge. Marson was his first trainer, and remained with him many years; but a disagreement relative to a Derby horse led to his resignation, and he was succeeded by Harlock, whose ability cannot be better advertised than by the hundreds of races, great and small, which he pulled off for him, sometimes under circumstances of the most disadvantageous nature.

His breeding establishment was at Wothorpe, near Burghley, and his chief sire was Sultan; and as the winnings of his stock in one year (1832) amounted to upwards of twenty thousand pounds, it may be

guessed how valuable he was to him. He chiefly bred for stoutness, and the 'Racing Calendar' will show the extent of his success. When handicaps came more into vogue, and the best horses began to be ran as two-year olds, he increased his stud, and followed in the wake of Lord George Bentinck. But a too long perseverance in the same strain led, as might be expected, to disastrous results. The blue and white stripes were more often seen in the rear than in the van, and the account in Burlington Street was of a very different complexion. Still on the sideboard of Burghley—one of the most magnificent of the palaces of England's nobles, and on a par with Chatsworth, Trentham, Belvoir, and Eaton—may be seen a matchless collection of prizes which have sorely taxed the goldsmith's art, and will ever remain records of the fleetness of his racers. Among the more memorable races he has won we may instance the Two Thousand, two years in succession, won in 1829 and 1830 with Patron and Augustus, and again in 1852 with Stockwell, with whom he subsequently won the Doncaster St. Leger. And we well recollect the feeling of pride and pleasure that pervaded his countenance as he walked by the side of his chestnut hero into the enclosure. And although he does not mix so familiarly with his jockeys as some of his class, still we have reason to believe Norman did not forget the ride, or the encomiums he bestowed upon him. Hydrangea pulled him through the Goodwood Stakes in 1847; as did his high-bred yearling Glenlivat through the Leamington Stakes, when he broke down the well-known Hetman Platoff. The Goodwood Cup was one of the great objects of his ambition, but hitherto it has defied him, although he ran second for it to Priam with Beiram. The Ascot Cup of 1833 Galata earned for him, after losing the Port at Newmarket; and the glory of the victory was not a little heightened by her beating the then wonder of the age, Lucetta, in the presence of the sovereign and the court. Here also Stockwell and Teddington ran that terrific race for the Emperor's Vase which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and which many good judges affect to believe now should have gone to Burghley had Stockwell not overpulled Norman in the middle of the race, which enabled Job Marson to beat him by a head at the post.

In matching, which was his chief amusement, he was a great proficient, and Newmarket even now recalls to mind those heavy betting encounters between Oakley and Celia. Four times did that pair meet on the T. Y. C., and on the first occasion, at seven pounds, the mare beat the horse half a length, and the marquis triumphed over the admiral. But the latter, nothing daunted at his defeat, ran again at even weights over the same course, and found the seven pounds off him turned the balance in his favour. And in the following year, when they ran twice again, the horse giving six pounds in one instance and eight pounds in the other, the result was the same, proving the mare must either have gone off, or the horse gone on improving. Still, these temporary defeats had nothing to do with his general success, which

was, on an average, as good as could be expected, particularly when it is considered he ran no horses but those he bred. One rule of his lordship, and which made him such a favourite with all classes, was, that if his horse were well, and could get one leg before the other, he ran him, taking all the chances of war. By so doing he frequently won races which he could never have dreamed of doing; and either by an accident happening to a favourite, or a wrong run race, or a slow pace, he has defeated horses immeasurably better than his own, and proved himself the fielders' best friend. Indeed, for the last twenty years the blue and white stripes have been 'the rainbow' of the book-makers, who, while he has anything running, still think there is a hope for them. As a breeder of short-horns the Marquis of Exeter has been quite as successful as with race-horses, and for years no Smithfield list was published that did not contain his name as a medallist. In 1855, being under the necessity of constructing a branch railroad from the Great Northern Railway to Essendine, at an outlay of upwards of seventy thousand pounds, he thought it prudent to give up his stud, which he offered in one lump, as Lord George Bentinck and Colonel Peel had done before him, for ten thousand pounds, the purchaser taking upon himself the responsibility of all future forfeits and present engagements. The offer, however, was made in vain, although, had it been accepted, it would have been a cheap one, for, as in the Bentinck, there was a Leger winner in it, and the purchaser, by Stockwell alone, would have had the rest for nothing. This horse, but for an attack of lampas, which came on between the Two Thousand and the Derby, and an accident in running for the race, would have won him that prize which he so much deserved; but his disappointment was atoned for by the St. Leger, which he carried away in a canter, the little Daniel looking like a pigmy beside him. All endeavours, then, to dispose of them by private contract having failed, recourse was had, in October, 1855, to the eloquence and hammer of Mr. Richard Tattersall. With the exception of the auction of the Hampton Court stud on the death of William the Fourth, and the recent disposal of Lord Londesborough's magnificent collection of the late Lord Londesborough's horses and mares, no sale ever excited so much interest in this horse-loving island as that of the Burleigh menage. But although the *matériel* was so good to work upon, the reserve prices were so high that only four brood mares, two yearlings, and ten foals were disposed of. The crack yearling by Birdcatcher, out of Pocahontas, was purchased by Lord Portsmouth through John Day's agency; and the 'Racing Calendar' will show she did not belie her own breeding or her purchaser's judgment. Stockwell was the subject of just such another fight as took place for him at Grimston not six weeks back. Our allies struggled gallantly for him as they did then; but the gameness of Scott, the manager of Lord Londesborough's stables, prevailed in the end, and, risking the consequences of exceeding his commission by a hundred pounds, his last nod to Mr. Tattersall secured York-

shire this famous sire, and enabled the Lord of Grimston to boast of two such horses as were rarely, if ever, known to be in one man's possession at the same time. At the present moment the Marquis of Exeter's stud is of very limited dimensions; nor is he likely to increase it at his age. In politics the noble lord has ever been a most devoted supporter of the great Conservative party, aiding its operations by every legitimate means in his power, and shrinking from no sacrifice to promote its success. Under successive administrations he has been selected, from his high personal character, to fill the important offices of Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household and Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness the Prince Consort: and that, like the illustrious founder of his race, he has been a favourite at Court, may be judged from the fact of Her Majesty having visited him at Burleigh, and stood sponsor to his daughter, the Lady Victoria Cecil. In the disposition of the sixteen livings of which he is the patron, he is animated by no considerations beyond those of how he can best promote the religious interests of his tenantry, and against sectarianism of any kind he invariably sets his face. In private life no man is more respected, although the public have mistaken his reserve and shyness for hauteur; in reality, not a member of his order is less proud and more accessible. Mingling only with his own set, he is, perhaps, of opinion that confidence is a plant of slow growth; and if he does not bestow it without consideration, the possessor should value it the more. And blameless in domestic life as he is untarnished in his public career, if the peers of England set the same example to society as the Marquis of Exeter has done in the discharge of the duties that have devolved upon him, there would have been a vast diminution of radicalism in the country, and a great increase of respect for the Barons of the Land.

HORSE RACING.—No. III.

THE most extraordinary feature in the society of this country is the ignorance which exists amongst all ranks on the subject of horse-racing.

Many persons imagine that the plurality of events are regulated beforehand, and that an honest man has no chance to hold his own. It is true that horses are occasionally brought out in an unfit condition, especially in the spring; sometimes they are pulled at the minor race-courses, where the jobbers carry on the war in comparative obscurity; but these sins are exaggerated by report, because, when weak-headed men bet and lose their money, they prefer trying to prove that their friends are rogues rather than admit that they themselves have erred in judgment. A great mistake is not a very unusual case with men possessing large studs, good trainers, and the best jockeys. Even the prophets who illuminate abstruse problems; who spot the winners in the public papers; who glean information

from every source—watchers, trainers, jockeys ; who discover horses which have been pulled and made safe ;—even they, by all accounts, do not amass much money by their intelligence. They are very seldom embarrassed by a redundancy of wealth.

Racing is an object of interest throughout the year. The brood mares are interesting ; the pedigree, shape, and action of the stallion is a study. Foals, yearlings, and two-year olds are without a fault till they are tried.

‘ Man never is but always to be blest.’

A fresh generation annually renovates the amusement, and the only drawback (barring breeding bad horses) is that constant habit of looking forward to events *in prospectu* which depreciates the value of time.

The Jockey Club ignore betting, and refuse to arbitrate on any disputes relating to bets, esteeming the pillars of the turf to be those horse-owners who can enjoy a race without the excitement of a wager, and who consider their racing establishment on the footing of a pack of foxhounds, kept as much for the amusement of their friends as their own, with a view to improve the breed of race-horses, and to contribute to the general social enjoyment.

The attention of the Jockey Club has been directed to the annually increasing evil of ill-using young horses—bringing out yearlings to race in November, and training two-year olds during the winter to meet their spring engagements, which are now advertised as early as the 15th February. These early meetings are planned by hungry clerks of courses, and by small gentlemen with large betting-books, who play the game with horses three-fourths of which are not fit to run. The country gentlemen who live in the vicinity take no interest in them ; and there is but one opinion amongst the leading members of the Jockey Club, that the racing season should be limited between the 1st of April and the 10th of November.

As, until within a few years, horses took their age from the 1st of May, you will observe two-year olds running in the Craven Stakes (now three-year olds), until the date was altered to January 1. But, with the exception of a few matches, no two-year-old stakes were introduced before Monday Houghton, 1779, when they ran the first half of the Rowley mile ; and on Tuesday, in the same meeting, two-year olds carrying a feather were allowed to run for a 50*l.* plate for all ages, last three miles B. C. Many years elapsed before a two-year old ventured to run for it ; and this plate was won, for the first time by a two-year old, in 1794 ; the Duke of Bedford's ch. colt Cub carrying a feather of 4 stone.

In 1786 the July Stakes for two-year olds were established, July being considered the earliest month in which a two-year old ought to appear in public.

Two-year old racing was patronized to a small extent, for in 1797 only forty-eight two-year olds ran in public ; in 1807 thirty-three ; in 1817 seventy-eight ; in 1827 one hundred and forty-two ; but in

1859 nine yearlings and five hundred and seventy-six two-year olds ran races in the United Kingdom.

It stands to reason that if we overwork young stock of any description, bipeds or quadrupeds, we cannot expect perfection in maturity.

The unwise system of early training, added to the facilities which railroads afford to send horses to every race-course, have produced the natural results, and there are not above twenty old horses in training with sound legs and feet. There is only one remedy for this gigantic evil, and that remedy must be introduced by vigorous measures. The Jockey Club have commenced in the right direction by abolishing yearling races. They must carry on the war by prohibiting two-year-old races before the 1st of May. And I flatter myself that every sound-headed man would stand by the Jockey Club, and prefer the amelioration of the most noble breed of horses to the selfish considerations of early races.

The abolition of the two-year-old engagements in the early spring would obviate the necessity of naming for two-year-old stakes on the 1st January; and the postponement of the nominations until the 1st March would have a beneficial result, as then there would be no inducement to try yearlings in the autumn. It is not very uncommon to try yearlings five and six times before Christmas Day. I bought a three-year old (Villiers) by Bay Middleton, out of Olive, which had been tried seventeen times as a yearling before the 1st of January.

It is easily comprehended that, from the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the system of early training to prepare young horses for the spring two-year-old engagements, that thirty per cent. are damaged or in the hospital before they are three years old. Fifty years ago trainers had no idea of the capability of two-year olds to stand the work which is at present inflicted on them. They are now trained to the same pitch of perfection as old horses; and, unless they have the good fortune to catch a bad cough or distemper, some of their unfeeling masters will never give them a holiday during the racing season.

This unnatural system has upset the present calculations of weight for age. It may be observed, that in all great weight for age plates and sweepstakes the old horses have no chance of winning. In stakes for two-year olds and upwards the two-year old wins; for three-year olds and upwards the three-year old wins. In short, all our weight for age races require a revision in favour of the elders. A similar revision took place about forty years ago, the old weights in the royal and public plates being preposterously in favour of the younger horses. If we could unanimously agree to abolish the practice of handicapping two-year olds till the autumn it would be a salutary reformation; but rules difficult to enforce are objectionable.

All nursery handicaps are premiums for vice. The distance selected is generally a mile, and the handicapper is asked to bring two-year olds together for that distance, which may have never run

six furlongs, many of them not above half a mile, on the principle (I imagine) that the popularity of a race depends upon the uncertainty of the result. The race is generally won by the horse which has probably made his first effort to win, and for the first time in his life has been brought to the post fit to run.

The present degeneracy of the turf is owing to the general system of handicapping. One of the old school of sportsmen would run his trial horse occasionally in a handicap to ascertain the state and condition of his stable. He was then ready to match against all comers. But the modern racing man, with a few brilliant exceptions, has but one idea—‘How to get his horse well in a handicap by *any means*.’ He is not man enough to act and think for himself.

Another subject now engrosses the attention of the Jockey Club, namely, the present state of Jockey Club law between horse-owners and jockeys. And I must say, in compliment to both parties, that, although the law is apparently oppressive and one-sided, I never recollect a complaint or a serious misunderstanding between a master and jockey. There is, generally speaking, a liberal, gentlemanlike feeling on the part of the former, which is reciprocated by the latter party; and the only disputes I can recollect have been respecting the precedency of claim between the masters.

The following is the present state of the law :—

If a trainer discovers superior merit in a stable-boy he puts him up in trials, and then promotes him to ride in public. If the lad has the good fortune to earn golden opinions, horse-owners will give him a retaining fee (10*l.* per annum), or 20*l.* for the advantage of a priority of call after the stable, with the consent of the trainer.

By Jockey Club law these retainers stand good as long as the masters choose to pay: but it is a one-sided bargain. It is seldom made for a term of years, unless the lad is an apprentice, and the masters can declare off, without assigning any reason, at the end of a racing season. But if the lad turns out a superior rider, and acquires valuable friends, these petty retaining fees bind him for life to his original masters, who take precedence over subsequent employers ready to pay him large salaries, the jockey having no power to repudiate his primary engagements, unless he was an apprentice.

It may be argued that the trainer who educated him, and the first persons who employed him, have (morally speaking) a priority of claim to his services, because the jockey may date the commencement of his prosperity to the patronage of his early friends. But there should be a limit to gratitude. At the age of twenty-one, or at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he ought to be emancipated from bargains contracted (with or without his consent) during his minority. And this embraces Lord Derby’s proposal in the shape of a resolution to be submitted to the Jockey Club, of the justice and equity of which there can be no doubt. Some of our first-class jockeys now receive a nominal salary from their original masters, who take precedence over employers who pay 100*l.* per annum for a claim.

The Jockey Club have always laid down a rule and decided on the priority of claim without any reference to the amount of salary. And they are very tenacious on this point, because otherwise a horse-owner of great wealth, or a deep-betting speculator, would be certain to outbuy persons who race for amusement. And if the amount of salary gave precedence, it would occasion endless disputes, and would be highly detrimental to the interests of the turf. The jockey would be put up to auction on the eve of a great race.

The only disputes I recollect on the score of precedence are two cases, both amicably settled. When Frank Butler was first engaged for John Scott's stable, he received a retaining annual fee of 100*l.* to ride for A. B. C., who stood in that order, A. paying a fractionable increased proportion. A. left John Scott's stable, and trained at home. It was then decided that B. C., remaining in Scott's stable, should take precedence over A. The other dispute was confined to this question. Flatman was engaged to A. B. after Cooper's stable, and it was decided that a new master in this stable could not take precedence of A. B., but must be placed at the bottom of the list of employers.

With respect to Lord Derby's second proposal, 'annual payments of 50*l.* or upwards to be deemed salaries, all below that sum 'retainers only,' I beg to state the objections which naturally suggest themselves. It is difficult to appreciate the value of the services of a professional man, or to lay down a uniform scale of remuneration. There are five or six jockeys in the first class rated at a high estimation: the first claim to any one of them is worth at least 200*l.* per annum.

The second and third class may vary from 100*l.* per annum to 10*l.* The latter sum is acceptable to young lads, or to old riders who have not been happy in their vocation. When a jockey has arrived at the age of manhood, he ought to be at full liberty to form the most advantageous engagements; but if two parties mutually agree on an amount of salary or retainer for a specific time, I do not conceive that the Jockey Club, or any other authority in the kingdom, can have the power to interfere, and to take upon themselves to legalize a distinction. Whether the salary be 300*l.* per annum, or 15*l.*, the bargain is equally binding: and to say that the large sum is a salary, and the minor sum a retainer—to be null and void, unless a week's notice be given to the jockey of the intention to enforce a claim—does not appear to me a regulation capable of being enforced, or in unison with justice: it would be detrimental to the interests of the jockey, and would make retaining fees very scarce.

There is one evil beyond the power of the Jockey Club to remedy excepting by recommending jockeys to limit their engagements to a term of years, viz., the bargain which an unprincipled master (who has a bad horse engaged in a great race like the Derby) may make by receiving an advantageous bet, or a pecuniary consideration, for giving up his jockey to ride a horse in great favour. I have known this done repeatedly. If we adopt the system of entering into a con-

tract with our jockeys for a term of years binding on both parties, it should be clearly understood on what ground they could nullify their respective engagements. I should propose, on the part of the master, that if he had any just cause of complaint on the score of neglect of duty, bad conduct, or foul riding against the jockey; and on the other hand, if the master neglected to pay the stipulated salary at the appointed time, and if he sold his claim to ride in a great race for a pecuniary consideration, that the stewards of the Jockey Club should have the power to dissolve the agreement.

It is very desirable that the list of salaries and retainers should be published annually in the Official Racing Calendar. All that the jockeys are required to do is to consider their own interests before they sign and seal; and they must bear in mind that when a table of precedence of masters is once made, no increase of salary will enable a person to purchase a step over another master's head.

I must conclude by testifying to the fact that no lads who have signalized themselves in their profession have so many traps laid for their honesty, or so many temptations to withstand. I have known an instance of a very good young jockey threatened to be turned out of a first-rate stable for winning a race contrary to orders; 'but honesty is the best policy.'

If jockeys during their noviciate pass the fiery ordeal with credit, and earn the reputation of strict integrity, their fortunes (barring health and growing out of shape) are secured.

Stewards are often obliged to fine and suspend jockeys for setting the starter at defiance, when their conduct was owing to the orders they had received from their masters or trainers. But at any sacrifice the starter must be supported, or there is an end to racing. The qualifications of a jockey are, courage to ride violent horses; coolness in difficulties; judgment with respect to pace; and a good heart never to ill-use a horse when he is doing his best: and when we discuss the feats of a brilliant jockey, and the races he won out of the fire, the most flattering episode we can add to his fame is that 'No money could tempt him to do wrong.'

H. J. Rous.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER VI.

BY the help of a solicitor living in the neighbourhood of the Bank, I was able to put money in my purse, with which to do battle on the Tuesday succeeding the day *Qui Vive* won the Derby. To enable him to meet my requirements, I was obliged to assign the life interest, both present and reversionary, which I had in the Shropshire property, and enter into what is called a stock mortgage, that is, covenant, to replace the stock which the client of Mr. Dickson—for that was the solicitor's name—had sold out to advance me. In addition to all this, I had to insure my life, and that, too, for a larger sum than what I was about to borrow. The directors of the

Assurance Company were none of them, I believe, of the Jewish persuasion : Mr. Dickson did not belong to that faith, nor, indeed, did his client, yet the combined effect of them all had an influence which left me in rather a worse position than if I had been dealing with an Israelite.

Roberts informed me he was going to break the intelligence of his reverses to his father over a quiet dinner at Bacon's Hotel in Great Queen Street, to which his sire had invited him, adding, ' Perhaps your friend Thornton will come too.'

Old Roberts had lodgings in Holborn, and was in the habit of using this hotel. I particularly recollect the evening in question when I dined with him, as he was kind enough, when the bill was brought, to calculate what my share of it was.

He had come up to town ostensibly for the purpose of having his corns cut ; but I heard he wanted a slice of a loan that was about to be floated, and no one knew better than he that friends at court should be visited personally rather than by letter.

We made our appearance at the hotel punctually by five o'clock, and were ushered into a room which tradition states to have been occupied by Miss Pope, the celebrated actress. Be that as it may, it would seem that at least one votary of her art was then and there present, for on ascending the stairs, I heard a well-known voice exclaiming, in deep sonorous tones, ' Very well, my dear boy, I'm quite ready for the Irish stew, if the stew is ready for me.' The reader will not fail to recognise in this individual the most celebrated Norma that ever appeared on the stage in this or any other country. Who that has ever heard the great performer can have forgotten the touching way in which Clotilda is besought to keep Norma's children from the gutter, and, regardless of the price at which the loaf or churned product of the cow is sold, to fill their *guttura* with ' lots of bread and butter ?'

We found old Roberts somewhat fussily pacing the room, playing with the ribbon of his watch, and bearing the impress of a man who had been kept from his meals. I heard him mutter to himself, ' Twenty minutes late.' I apologized for having caused him any inconvenience, and stated I had hoped we were with him to the moment ; while Roberts himself, knowing what a stake he had to go for, was profuse in his sorrow. He said to me afterwards, ' You know, Thornton, my great object was to get the governor to purr, so it wouldn't have done to have stroked his back the wrong way, or I might have told him at once that we were in capital time.' His father, however, suddenly begged our pardon, saying he had forgotten his watch was twenty minutes too fast ; and then rang the bell and told the waiter to bring dinner up directly.

Our dinner was a good one, and the wine capital ; under the combined effects of both of which the old man began to warm. Roberts looked at me once or twice with a countenance not all despairing, as he observed his father hold one of the starred wine-glasses—on which mine host so piques himself—to the candle ; but when he at length

set it down, and, rubbing his hands, exclaimed, 'Well, I suppose you ' young gentlemen went to the Derby, and lost your money too—at ' least I know had I been a betting man, I should have done so, for ' as clever a person as any of my acquaintance told me he backed ' Little Bo-Peep,' Roberts's countenance became triumphant, and, unable further to contain himself, he exclaimed, ' That's just what I ' did !' and, without a moment's reflection, confided the extent of his losses to his father.

I observed the old man wince a bit, and fancied his son might not have obtained so favourable a hearing as he did, had I not been present, despite of the way in which I often afterwards heard his father talk as to the certainty of his boy's getting the best of it in betting matters sooner or later : however, after a few minutes' consideration, and some advice about his being more careful in future ; that it couldn't be expected a father was to pay for a child's extravagance ; and that he must not apply to him again for money, beyond what he was already allowed ; which advice he finished up by reminding him his sister must of course be adequately provided for, and that her approaching marriage, and money to be immediately given her on that event, would prove a very expensive business ; it was agreed my friend was to be put into possession of the required sum by twelve o'clock on the following Monday.

I could see that pride had a great deal to do with the decision of Roberts *père* ; he liked to appear before me as an open-handed man, to whom money was no object ; but my friend told me afterwards, that had he been alone with his father, there would have been a scene, although he added, ' I'm always sure to get what I want in the long ' run, as he is very anxious my name should be talked about as ' the son of the rich Mr. Roberts of Wiltshire, who wouldn't feel ' the loss of one or two hundred thousand pounds more than a flea-bite.'

So here we were, matters nicely adjusted, and a magnum of port brought in, just in the nick of time, to ratify the treaty.

Roberts's father was by no means a bad judge of port wine ; and I would have backed him against most of his neighbours for the quantity he possessed of it, as well as the inimitable excellence of its quality. As far as fondness for that liquor is a test of the blueness of the blood of our English gentry, he might have been taken for the representative of one of the oldest of them.

I verily believe he would have listened to suggestions for any amount of magnums ; for, before we had barely time to swallow two-thirds of what had been put on the table, he had his hand on the bell, saying, ' We must have another magnum. Magnus, magna, ' magnum : great, so called, because if you drink too much you are ' likely to fall into the grate. You see I've not forgotten my Latin, ' Mr. Thornton.'

Forgotten his Latin ! It would have been strange had he done so, seeing it is by no means an easy thing to forget what one has never known. How he managed the little flight in question is a puzzle to

me, unless he got it up for this special occasion, and ordered a double bottle to enable him to fire his joke off.

I ventured to remind him we were to go to the Opera that evening according to agreement, and told him I thought he would not like to miss the overture: he thereupon said he thought a bottle would be enough under those circumstances, and when the waiter entered the room, told him to ask Mr. Bacon to step up.

The worthy landlord soon appeared, and the old man begged him to send up a bottle of something very special. 'You like a round wine, I believe?' said our host, giving a smack with his tongue (on tasting a glass of that already on the table, which Roberts's father poured out for him,) with such gusto, that I felt quite ravenous to be at this round wine.

'Just so,' said old Roberts: 'I believe that will suit you, will it not, Mr. Thornton?'

'Perfectly,' I replied; 'I'm not over partial to those very old dry ports: I'd as soon take a glass of bitters.'

'I'm quite of your opinion, Mr. Thornton. Give me a wine not sweet, but fruity and round.'

'Then, sir,' I added, 'it will be all on the square, and we shall have found out what the world has for centuries been endeavouring to discover—how to square the circle!'

Old Roberts laughed heartily at my joke, exclaiming, 'That's right, Mr. Thornton; I'm glad you haven't forgotten your clinical lectures: let's have a bottle of the round, Mr. Bacon, and we'll make it go the round quickly.'

The bottle soon made its appearance, and in a very short time became a dead man.

The bill being ordered and paid, of which, as I have already observed, I bore my proportion, we got the waiter to send for a cab, and on its arrival proceeded to the Italian Opera, Haymarket, a place to which Roberts's father had never been, though he had lived nearly all his life in London. He seemed very much astonished on first entering, his amazement being chiefly directed to the amber curtains, which drew from him the remark that he had never seen a theatre hung with 'yaller' before; that it must be rather bad for fair ladies' complexions, and he supposed the song of the 'yaller gals' was written on the occasion of these curtains being first used. His great idiosyncrasy during the evening was to make believe he entirely understood the opera by means of the Italian *libretto*; but despite the appearances he kept up, having the translation underneath, and only the Italian words exposed to view, I perceived on several occasions he was so palpably in difficulties, that I at length ventured to suggest to him he would find his native tongue on the other side, and discovered, to my dismay, he was quite offended. Strange inconsistency, thought I; here's a man who abuses everything in the shape of a foreign language on ordinary occasions, openly making it his boast that he's an Englishman, and doesn't profess to understand their gibberish—and yet my mildly suggesting to him that he will find the

gibberish he has been listening to translated on the opposite page, suffices to make him huffy with me for the rest of the evening. Can it be Bacon's port? I inquired of myself; but I soon discarded that notion, and adopted one which I thought gave a better solution of the peculiarity, and which was, that the old snob thought the eyes of the magnets, as he called them, were upon him, and wished to be considered an *habitué*. But I fancy he is not the only snob of the same description; and I didn't look down on him a whit more than I did on an unmistakeable John Bull sitting close by, who insisted on marking his pleasure that a song should be sung over again, by calling out '*bis*' in a very decided manner.

And how shall I designate those who go to the Opera regardless of expense, and listen to exquisite music with the most apathetic indifference? If they like what they hear, why don't they show they do so? if they dislike it, why on earth don't they stop away? Am I to get for answer, 'The people in box 22 like music, but think it in bad taste to let you know they do; while those in box 23 hate music, but consider it the correct thing to display themselves at Her Majesty's or Mr. Gye's Theatre.'

It appeared to me the old man had had quite enough of the Opera before the first act was over, and was getting into rather a listless not to say drowsy state, when he suddenly roused himself, and went out under the pretence of getting a mouthful of fresh air, which said mouthful seemed to render him, on returning, rather incoherent in his speech, and induced him to interest himself, in what was going on, in a manner I would rather not have seen him manifest; for, much to my annoyance, he jumped up, and waving his handkerchief, which was a large bird's-eye patterned one, exclaimed, '*Ancore!* both of you; *cantate* over again!' But when the ballet commenced, he became really interested, and pointing out one of the dancers to his son, told him her legs reminded him of his poor mother's: soon after which he fell asleep, and continued in that state until it was concluded by Signor Palude going down on one knee, and Signora Savaresi jumping on his other leg with her left foot, while holding out her right, so as to make two sides of a triangle: this action being meant to convey to the spectators that Signora Savaresi had formally accepted Signor Palude's offer of marriage—a peculiar way of showing an engagement between a man and a woman, which may possibly obtain in Italy, but which I never heard of in this country, and must candidly aver, that were I a father, and discovered my daughter accepting an offer in this fashion, I don't think I should be gratified.

Having succeeded in waking up Roberts senior, we left the theatre, and saw him to the Café de l'Europe, where he wanted to go to get a Welsh rabbit and some hot brandy and water, which, as he could not by any possibility have required, might perhaps have been done with the amiable intention that his son should not be kept out of his property too long.

His meal finished, we went with him to his lodgings in Holborn, and there, wishing him good-night, left him, and bent our steps to

an establishment in Maiden Lane, where we intended to partake of chops and stout (young men can always eat and drink), and listen to inspiring music; but when we arrived there we found the place closed, it being Sunday morning, a fact which we had forgotten.

However, thanks to our position, being members of a club, we were enabled to get as much to eat and drink as we chose, despite of the hour.

What a blessing it is to reflect that, notwithstanding the awfully levelling times we live in, classes are not as yet entirely fused! Roberts and myself could order whatever we wished until two on Sunday morning, and set to work again at nine on the same day, running right through the hours of Divine service, and continuing our sitting, if we thought fit, until two on the following day; but Snooks couldn't get a gill of port wine for his dying wife, although it was ordered by the doctor, because the day of rest was some five minutes old. Hurrah! hurrah! some privileges yet remain to us.

How, sir! you presume to say Snooks' is a hard case? Not so; it is only drawing a proper distinction between classes. If Snooks' wife were dying, and did actually die, when a little port wine might perchance have saved her, doesn't it more than ever teach you the necessity of drawing a broad line of demarcation between the elect and the sons of toil? Merely take this difference as existing between them. The former would have laid in a stock of port. But observe the improvidence of the latter. Ha! ha! I hold you convert, do I? That's honest. I like a man to confess when he feels he's beaten.

Having passed an hour or two at the club, we parted, Roberts for Mount Street, I for Waterloo Place, where I arrived at about half-past two in the morning.

I found lying on my table a note, which came from an old friend of my father's, and ran as follows:—

'DEAR MR. THORNTON,—Mr. Eddison and myself hope you will excuse this short notice, and dine with us on Monday next at seven o'clock, to meet a few friends.—Believe me, yours truly, JANE EDDISON.'

I immediately sat down to write an answer accepting this invitation, intending to send it by messenger as soon as I was up in the morning.

I had heard from my father and others a good deal of the Eddisons, although, as yet, I had never seen them. If report were to be credited, they had a very charming daughter, who, it was said, would be an heiress, and was excessively pretty. Yet, curious to say, her surname still remained the same as her father's and mother's.

Monday evening having arrived, at a quarter to seven, dressed within an inch of my life, I got into a cab, and ordered the driver to go to Mansfield Street. I was, luckily, the first arrival, so had a little time to myself to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Eddison, whom I found alone. I thought her sufficiently agreeable and lady-

like, though somewhat *blasé* in manner, giving her the effect of a person who was overpowered by the heat of the weather, although that could not have been the case, as the evening was fresh and cool. I believe my father had admired her in former days, and she had been pleased to show that his attentions were not indifferent to her. To be plain, they had been engaged, but the lawyers had arranged that the marriage could not take place: and it struck me in this instance they had well decided; for I couldn't think, on the first glimpse I had of her, that she would have proved an eligible life companion for him. I am glad, too, on my own account, he did not marry her, for had such a match have taken place, in all probability I should not have been writing these pages, but fulfilling my destiny with other kangaroos, dancing old-world polkas with ichthyosauri and lots of antediluvian wonders, until some fortuitous circumstance should have burst my bonds, and bid me rejoin the world this time perhaps as worthy a two-legged animal without feathers, as logicians describe man.

Logicians may be right; but if they explained away woman in the same way, it would be a proof they had never seen ladies at court. And, stay, they're wrong too as to man; how about a North American Indian?

Yes, the lawyers put their veto on my father's marrying Miss Butler, for such was Mrs. Eddison's maiden name. 'Tis said marriages are made in heaven. Are not engagements frequently unmade in lawyers' chambers? Are not poor girls, often heartbroken, condemned to celibacy because some infernal fine has never been levied, or adverse possession been for too short a term of years, until, poor things! they get such a term of years on their heads that all that is left them is a cat, and being called Cross-Patch by rosy-cheeked nephews and nieces?

Poor Aunt Cross-Patch! once the milk of human kindness and gentleness, who night after night would, love-sick, sit and watch the moon until it was Heaven's mercy her brain did not become affected.

Listen to me, young lady and gentleman. Some fine day the arrow-bearing little god will pierce you with his shaft. And when you want a sympathizing friend, who can say what store of feeling you may not find in poor Aunt Cross-Patch? Who knows but she may whisper your relentless papas that where God sends chickens He sends barley; that worlds insufficiently peopled are before you? that we are directed to increase and multiply? and may bid them beware how they crush the first generous sympathies of two hearts! This done, she may win them further by hinting at the little bit of stock which will, when she's no more, be yours.

But how I am digressing! partly, I think, attributable to a new pen, which is running smoothly; somewhat, I fancy, referable to a glass of Gorman's dry light Xeres. So steady, pen, and good-bye, sherry; Chelsea water must take the place of wine; and now for a little more of Mrs. Eddison. She was fair—very fair, with those

blue eyes so frequently seen in England, more often in Germany, which are too clear and light to be pronounced soft. She had a rather *mince* figure, and I fancied she might prove a trying person to any man who possessed the usual amount of sensibility. That's a woman, thought I, who would hear of a legacy having been left her husband with no manifestation of pleasure, or of the house being burnt down with no apparent emotion; rapture and despair are feelings unknown to her; and she seemed to me so fitted to run through life equably and unimpassionably that I should have given her ninety years to live on my first seeing her, and should lean to that being her little span even now, had I not afterwards learnt she was always ailing, and costing her husband no end of money for medical attendance.

Her great idiosyncrasy was to impress upon the world she liked young people to be young people; but I thought, when I knew her better, she took an odd way of endeavouring to make them so; for I couldn't help feeling her course of treatment would have precisely the opposite effect, namely, making them prematurely old, so far as making them artificial would do so.

Mrs. Eddison received me, however, with such warmth as to make me feel she was glad to see the son of her old friend; and we were in the middle of a conversation about a winter she had passed in Nice with her father and mother the same year my father was there, when in came Miss Eddison.

Had any one denied she was a pretty—a very pretty girl, he would have had an immense majority against him, and I should certainly have constituted one of that majority. She was something like her mother in appearance, but not greatly so. Her figure was taller, her eyes larger, and of a much deeper blue; her hair was darker, and her manners more sprightly and vivacious: this latter circumstance being, perhaps, somewhat attributable to youth. Like her mother, she was perfectly ladylike. What an agreeable girl you would be to sit next to at dinner, to dance with, to meet at a pic-nic. To stroll with for hours through some sequestered vale: well—yes! To take as a partner for life? Well—I think not. I'm sure you're clever and amusing, but you'd win admiration, and leave the heart untouched. In fine, you're a girl to like most certainly, but not one I could love.

But what about papa Eddison, who came in at this moment, and expressed a rapture at seeing me which I thought to be not only inadequate to the occasion, but not consistent with his appearance, which would indicate a haughty, reserved, though somewhat foppish man? However, I didn't take long to discover that by nature he was both fussy and excitable, although he was continually at pains to hide that fact from the world. He was one of those persons who are aptly described by the *binomen* of an elderly young man—his appearance aping the juvenile, though in a very starched form. Nature, no doubt, had meant his hair to be gray, but art had put a veto on this intended *fat*, and he appeared with his head covered

with a rich brown. His dress was too dandified to be considered gentlemanly in the present day ; and I thought, while at the dinner-table, had he not taken such care to have displayed a profusion of rings he would have carved much better.

A Mr. Leopold Jeffery was announced, who, I ascertained, held a situation in one of the Government offices. Had I not known the house, and all it contained, belonged to the Eddisons, I might have thought them the property of this young gentleman. He seemed to look on the fact of my taking a chair near Mrs. Eddison as an intolerable liberty. The manner in which he sat down by Miss Eddison, and, lolling back in his seat, commenced a *sotto-voce* conversation with her, his head so close to hers that they almost touched, appeared inconsistent with good breeding. Though I some time afterwards thought she liked him, it was evident she was not pleased with this familiarity, which she showed by drawing her chair away and answering him in a cold and rather loud tone.

I had an opportunity of witnessing Mr. Eddison's fussiness before we went down to dinner. He was talking aside to his wife, and appeared much annoyed at not seeing a glass cornucopia in its usual place ; nor did matters seem to assume a brighter aspect when she told him, in a cold, impassive way, it was broken, as I could distinctly overhear the words 'a month's warning,' by which I judged an unfortunate Abigail, or spider brusher, had destroyed the article in question. After this little affair I was not prepared for the magnanimity he subsequently displayed at dinner when a soup tureen was smashed.

The guests now arrived almost at the same time, preceded by a Mr. Whipperton, a young and very bashful clergyman, who appeared as if his presence in the drawing-room was not attributable to any act of volition on his part, but from physical force having been applied from behind, and who looked as if he would abjure his cloth on the instant, could he only be well out of it again. My first impression of him, which the rest of the evening did not tend to dissipate, was, that, however useful he might be in his particular vocation, he could scarcely be pronounced by an impartial tribunal to be an ornament to what is called society, seeing that he looked very like a person who was only restrained from committing suicide then and there from religious motives. Mrs. Eddison good-naturedly went to meet him, and going back with him to the sofa, motioned him to a seat by her side, an attention on her part which made him unbosom himself of a great meteorological observation, as he told her that he thought it would rain before morning. I don't suppose he carried skewers in his coat pockets, although I cannot attribute the uneasy position he was in while sitting by her to anything but three or four of those fearful weapons having perforated the flesh, and a sense of propriety alone preventing him from audibly expressing his anguish.

My opinion may be a mistaken one, but I decidedly am inclined to think that Mr. Whipperton would have been more at home at a

tête-à-tête tea-party with Josephus, had that gentleman been alive at the time I am describing.

I couldn't collect my thoughts, until we had gone down stairs and finished both soup and fish, to notice the other guests, for my ears caught the words 'Mr., Mrs., and Miss Marshall,' and my eyes caught sight of the latter. One glimpse was enough: I felt till now I had never seen woman, that is, not with the eyes I saw her. I knew her mind must be as pure as her face was beautiful, and that she was a being, who, when I say I loved, I use too cold a term, for I adored, I worshipped her. I had no time to consider—I was her slave on the instant. All great love must be instantaneous. Don't talk about trying to love a person. Time may bring respect, regard, if you will; but intense love is the sentiment of a moment's growth—the more sudden the more lasting. Ask me not to describe her; I feel I cannot do it. Bit by bit I may in part show what she was, but never all: her likeness, unfaded, is engraven on my heart, but it is impossible my pen should throw off its copy.

As regards her appearance, I will state at once that she was rather above the middle height: her eyes were of the softest hazel, so soft that I was astonished at the fire which at times sparkled in them: her hair was a dark, rich brown: her smile—but no, I cannot describe that; you would not understand me if I could, for you never by any possibility can have seen a smile like it.

I had the inexpressible delight of taking Miss Marshall down to dinner. I was in the seventh heaven of happiness at having her by my side. Would that I could also have had her opposite me, to have gazed on now and then, instead of that objectionable Mr. Jeffery, against whom I had taken a strong dislike! Had the Volunteers existed at the time I write of, and he been one of the members of that body, I only know that in the event of a foreign power having landed on our coasts, could anything at all have tended to mitigate the sense of shame I should have felt at my country's degradation, it would have been the hearing that his life was one of the first sacrificed.

Poor Mr. Whipperton was an object worthy of the deepest commiseration. He was sitting on the opposite side of the table, and once, on stealing a furtive glance at Miss Marshall, caught my eye, which caused him instantly to abase his own, while his cheeks became suffused with crimson. I believe he thought he had mortally offended me, and that if I did not insist the insult should be wiped out with blood, it was only in consideration of his being a clergyman. I can't help thinking I let that puppy Jeffery know pretty well my mood when I caught him at the same game; for dark thoughts were then busy within me, and I called to mind the glorious Guido at Rome, and longed to be in the position of the Christian Apollo in that picture, with Jeffery prostrate as the Arch-enemy of mankind is there depicted.

Mr. Marshall was a very agreeable man, and his wife a very delightful woman. How could it be otherwise?

'Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.'

They both entered sufficiently into conversation to render their society pleasant, indeed, to be somewhat marked features in making the evening pass off well, without usurping an undue share of the talk. Of course if they had been the greatest savages on earth, my evening would have proved delightful: I am only speaking of the effect their conversation appeared to have upon others.

Among the guests were a Mr. and Mrs. Smungle. Mr. Smungle, I learnt, was a wealthy City merchant. He was very noisy, and every now and then down upon you in an offensive manner respecting one or two specialities of his business. Everything, according to his notions, should give way to members of it, who, without doubt, were the cream of society. I fancy he might have read the account of the creation of the world with greater reverence had a special day been set apart for the making of merchants.

Mrs. Smungle was a lackadaisical little body, continually putting her head on one side, and tittering assent to all her husband's propositions. She believed in Mr. Smungle, who, if report were to be credited, was in the habit, when the magnitude of the nature of his affairs gave him time, of beating her. I noticed she helped herself to two oyster patties, and made a feint of putting one of them back; but this being but a feeble effort, proved ineffectual. At a later period of the dinner, she took two very large pieces of jelly, which, from the trouble she had to get the second slice, would have argued determination on her part, had I not observed she made a similar feint to the previous one, but this also did not come off. She appeared not to feel at home, and although diffidence was the last quality her husband seemed to suffer from, it struck me his proper sphere of action was not that of a guest at Mr. Eddison's, as he would have been much more in his element if dining at the London Tavern, and d——g the waiters.

There was a Miss Spilsby, a stop-gap, who had received an invitation just two hours before dinner. She was, I afterwards learnt, warranted never to have a cold; and, consequently, an invaluable guest in a climate like this, where people so often catch such severe ones in going from the dining to the drawing-room, as to totally prevent them from singing a note.

This completed our party. How I came to remember all their names I know not; but how I could carry away their conversation completely baffles me, for my soul was wrapped up in the angel by my side.

Everything she said was with that charming simplicity so becoming in a young girl, and without a particle of *mauvaise honte*. It was evident she was thoroughly accustomed to good society, and that she felt all she said: any diffidence, which might now and then be apparent, seemed to be the result of youthful female modesty, which made her sensible she should be careful in giving expression to her sentiments, but even this, to some extent, wore off after a time.

But in the drawing-room, there she sparkled. Never had I met so observant, so witty, so captivating a girl. She had no notion of having a cold without the orthodox red nose. No; had she a cold, no one need have been told of it—it would have been self-apparent. Heaven and earth, how electrifying was her touch on the pianoforte! The soul of music was in her, for every chord reverberated on one's heart, while as to her rich melodious voice, no one possessed of any feeling could have withstood it. How often had the usages of society necessitated my saying, 'Thank you,' to what had been a horrid bore to me! Now I could do so truthfully. My gratitude burst forth, and I thanked her in a tone which I fear must have detected my emotion, for I saw that beast Jeffery look at me.

Up came Mrs. Eddison, and asked me the old stereotyped question whether I liked music. I was so high in the seventh heaven, that it's a mercy I didn't exclaim, 'I believe you, my boy!' but suddenly becoming mortal, I replied, 'Excessively,' though I fear I appeared as if annoyed at the interruption, as I observed Miss Marshall smile.

At length she left her seat at the pianoforte, and sat down by Miss Eddison, that abominable apology for a man being close by them. I thought moodily of Wormwood Scrubs, when, suddenly casting my eyes in the direction of poor Mr. Whipperton, I beheld him still engaged in what had been occupying him for the last three quarters of an hour, namely, looking at a bowl of gold fish in a remote corner of the room. I feel persuaded had I caught his eye, and exclaimed 'Whish! whish!' clapping my hands at the same time, as one is in the habit of doing to cats, he would have gone a header through the window, and been taken up a mangled corpse. How I should like, thought I, to gratify him, and myself at the same time, by sending him out to perform one of the functions of his office, and bury the objectionable Jeffery.

At this moment Miss Eddison approached the pianoforte, and I found Mary having a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Jeffery. I could not stand this, so went up and took possession of a chair near them.

Though Miss Eddison sang with more feeling than many people I have heard, compared to Mary Marshall she might have been supposed to have been brought from the family refrigerator, ready iced for the occasion. The song began with

'By the stream where weeps the willow;'

and when she came to the words

'You're the star I missed from heaven
Long time ago,'

I heard Jeffery repeat them to Miss Marshall. Is he drunk? said I to myself. Is he engaged to her? Oh, no! that cannot be; 'tis but his insufferable impertinence. I felt as if I could have attacked him with the hearth-broom, when she instantly replied, 'The star 'must have been yourself, Mr. Jeffery, since you missed it. But

'how came you to be in the skies, and what fault sent you down among us mortals, where you are evidently not at home?'

She can be sarcastic when sarcasm is wanted, I thought. Oh, how grateful were those words of hers to my ears! 'Floored,' said I; 'he has no answer to make.'

But I was wrong; he answered immediately. 'The skies are only left when I quit this room; and when I take farewell of one bright particular star all my borrowed light vanishes.'

'Oh! thank you for telling me you possess some borrowed light. So when you leave the "bright particular star," you become an opaque body, and the world is unable to see through you. You must be quite dangerous in the dark, Mr. Jeffery.'

It was quite evident Mr. Jeffery annoyed her, and she answered him accordingly, but all was said in a maidenly and modest way. 'That's a settler,' I inwardly exclaimed, 'at last;' though he smiled, I could see he was annoyed; and Mrs. Eddison coming up at this moment, and asking him whether he would play something, he left his seat, and went to the pianoforte.

I moved my chair nearer Miss Marshall; a smile was on my countenance, which she observing, said, 'So you overheard our conversation?'

'I did,' I replied; 'and delighted was I at the way in which you discomfited the gentleman.'

The reader must pardon any solecisms I may have been guilty of on the evening in question, but a man in love hardly knows what he's about.

'Mr. Jeffery likes joking, as I know of old. Are you fond of music?' she said with a smile, as he was commencing a song to which he accompanied himself.

'I love it.'

'I'm glad to hear it, for you'll have plenty of it now.'

We certainly did get a dose of music from him. It looked at one time as if, were the Eddisons going to part with their house, he would have to be taken with the fixtures. Probably I was a prejudiced party, but to me he seemed to have neither ear, heart, nor anything but fists and lungs. I trust there was no invalid in Mansfield Street that night. As to the unfortunate instrument, it must have had a constitution of iron to have withstood blows which would have paralyzed the puny efforts of Mulciber, Heenan, and Sayers, with Jupiter Tonans thrown in. I have no doubt Erard was obliged to furnish it with an entirely new inside before it could be played on again, for re-leathering and tuning alone would have proved utterly insufficient.

Poor Mr. Whipperton seemed to have been scared by the music from his further contemplation of gold fish, for I saw him go up to Miss Spilsby, and actually heard him ask her if she were fond of those animals. 'I mean keeping gold fish,' he added, fearing, no doubt, she might misunderstand his meaning, and imagine he might wish to glean her opinion as to their excellence as a comestible.

The forlorn spinster seemed quite pleased at the young clergyman's attention, and told him she doated on them; but that the height of her ambition was to have a room full of flowers, which, in her opinion, belonged to the animal kingdom, as she had no hesitation in classifying them as 'perfect ducks.'

'After sweet meat comes sour sauce.' I beheld about this period a pampered menial enter the room, and saw him approach Mr. Marshall, when I could distinctly hear the word carriage. How I longed to pelt this varlet lackey out with cushions! How I hoped the horses would run away, and that not a cab could be found, in order that I might carry the object of my idolatry to her home in my arms! It, of course, never occurred to me for one instant that she might prefer walking under the guardianship of her father and mother, and that they themselves might consider such a more fitting way for their daughter to leave Mr. and Mrs. Eddison's house.

Miss Marshall gone, I hastened to take my departure. Mr. Jeffery left at the same time, and inquired of me in the hall which way I was walking. I fear the green-eyed monster had such possession of me that I barely behaved with common courtesy, as, although even had I never met her, I should have taken a dislike to him; still, I should in such case have answered him more civilly, and told him my way in place of replying, as I did, 'I think our routes are different.'

In fine, I fear I behaved rather like a blackguard. However, Mr. Jeffery took no further notice of it than by bowing; and on leaving the house he turned to the right. I also bowed, and bent my steps to the left.

I met Roberts at the corner of Regent Street and Waterloo Place, who asked me whether I would go with him to the Cyder Cellars. I told him to go to the devil. He replied, with some show of truth, 'That is no answer to my question.'

I begged his pardon, and told him I was going home. He asked whether he might accompany me, in order to smoke a quiet cigar and have a glass of brandy and water. Pleading fatigue and not feeling well as an excuse for putting him off, we parted—to meet again, however, on the morrow to witness and be participators in the last scene connected with Qui Vive's Derby.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. Who ever went to sleep the first night of falling in love? Had I caught myself winking I should have considered I was a disgusting reptile and untrue to her. No sleep for me that night. Morpheus was banished, and Cupid sat throned triumphant.

Was I happy? Was I miserable? Indeed, indeed I cannot say, for I was tossed at times by hope, at times by despair. One thing, however, buoyed me up, when I thought of meeting her again: it was the delightful knowledge that I was to dine at her father's house the following week; for, blessings on his 'frosty pow,' he had given me an invitation.

He and my father had been old schoolfellows, which fact I

gathered from him during some conversation I had had that evening, but they had lost sight of one another for many years; and my father no more knew his old schoolfellow had a daughter than the latter knew, until he saw me, my father had a son.

'Tis said we live again in our children. How I longed that the old friendship might live again through Mary's and my agency!

How fervently I prayed 'God bless her!' as, lying in my bed, I thought of the dear girl who had made life so new to me.

I was up betimes in the morning, and in the coffee-room of my chambers: a waiter asked me what I would have for breakfast: to save appearances, I bade him get me some coffee and toast; but, breakfast, indeed! what 'a screaming farce,' to borrow the theatrical language of the day! I was feeding on celestial food, and my banquet it was love!

MY FIRST INSURANCE COMPANY.

THAT some men are born great, while others have greatness thrust upon them, is an axiom which has long been held current in this country; and although I cannot say the former was my case, still I entertained the firm idea I should ultimately be a living example of the latter portion of the proverb. You must know, gentle reader, I come of a family more remarkable for its antiquity than its wealth. Burke and Debreton were more familiar with us, than Glynn and Coutts. My father, who had won 'the bubble reputation at the 'cannon's mouth,' and had attained the highest honours, save one, that are to be found in a military profession, rather piqued himself on his abstinence from anything like commercial connections, hated speculations, and preferred for his savings that which Lord Campbell, like a cannie Scotchman, designated 'the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents.' to the more dazzling attractions of joint-stock bank shares and foreign railroads. Beginning life with nothing but his sword, he imagined his children would follow his example, forgetful of the altered times and circumstances in which we lived. He made no allowance for disposition, and ridiculed the idea of a youngster having an opinion of his own as to the choice of a profession, on the ground that he could not know what was good for himself. A young T. P. Cooke he would have sent into a pharmaceutical chemist's, and a sucking Spurgeon into the army, just as the whim struck him. I myself, from my precocity of intellect, was deemed too good for powder; and our ancestors having been enrolled among the Judges of the land, I was sent into that liberal profession, the law, in the hopes of bringing back the ancient glories of our house. The law and I, however, never agreed; and I soon quitted it for occupation more congenial to my mind, and in the pursuance of which I contributed more to the pleasures than the miseries of my fellow-creatures. Launched, as it were, into some of the best sections of London society, popular at my club, and with an

acquaintance that combined every grade of life, from the duke, with the strawberry leaves on his panels, down to the racing tout of the Haymarket, who would always put you on a good thing, I led by no means an unpleasant existence. My *savoir faire* caused me to be consulted on various delicate points; and I was initiated into the arena of human life earlier than the majority of my fellow-creatures. Had a man a wife he disagreed with for some reason or another, it was to me he confided his grief. Was a loan to be raised, who so likely to be acquainted with a solicitor who would make the advance, provided he could see his way as regards a security? With tradesmen who wished to bring their new inventions before the public in a popular point of view, I was an immense favourite; and regarding a Derby horse I was looked upon as a perfect oracle. Tailors thought it better for me to wear their clothes, than they should emulate Moses and Son in the length of their advertisements; and authors courted me, because they imagined I could square reviewers. In country houses in the winter none were so welcome, for the latest intelligence, of every sort, I was sure to bring with me; and in the summer, my fondness for the turf led me to visit some of the most interesting places in England. Such a life, it must be admitted, was a pleasant one on the whole; and, as far as income went, I had no cause for complaint: but still I had never as much ready money at my command as I desired, and I never recollect an instance of my bankers writing, and recommending me to look out an investment for my balance. But others I saw got on better than I did, who, I thought, were not entitled to do so, either by their pecuniary means or their social position. I floated quietly down the stream, it was true, but beyond two greatcoats, a macintosh, and umbrella, I had never made that provision for a rainy day which prudence frequently suggested to me I ought to do. My Chester Cup horse was invariably beaten by 'one of the shortest heads Mr. Johnson ever gave,' and my Derby crack, upon whom I stood enough to purchase an estate, was only defeated by having been run against at Tattenham Corner, by which he lost several lengths. In Cæsarewitches and Cambridgeshires I was equally unfortunate, although always within an ace of realizing my calculations. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was not by racing I was destined to secure that coveted independence which would enable the evening of my life to be calm and comfortable. With the funds I had very little acquaintance, save with my own, which might, in the language of the House, be quoted as steady; and I can safely state I never had a Turk or P. and O. in my life. Stockbrokers got tired of telling me that Consols were 'five-eighths to three-quarters sellers,' and 'Mexicans were good to keep.' It would not do. I sighed for a new species of excitement, which, while it gave me occupation, would put money in my purse. At last it came in the shape of an Insurance Company, which, I learnt from their prospectus, remedied complaints that I, in common with my fellow-creatures, had for a

long time been suffering under. Here, at last, was the coveted opportunity for distinguishing myself, and proving I was not the *flaneur* some of my friends asserted. I confess, when the offer was first made to me of becoming a director of a company, I felt somewhat staggered. I assured the promoter—who was, of course, the secretary—that I was not a man of business habits by any means; that the duration of human life had never been associated with my studies; and as far as regarded the Northampton Tables, by which I was led to believe the premiums were to be regulated, I knew nothing of them, save those relating to the trains during the races. These statements, I should have thought, would have choked off any but a Company man; and certainly my tempter was as fine a specimen of London ‘assurance’ as I ever came across. For so dazzling were the prospects he held before me, and the visions he conjured up of shares rising in the market, a large ‘constituency,’ a popular chairmanship, with, perhaps, a testimonial from Hunt and Roskell at the end of the third annual meeting, that I felt my courage oozing out like Acres’s at the finger joints. To fling away such an opportunity, I thought, would be wrong, therefore I consented to give the public the benefit of my talents as a director of an association for which the metropolis had long sighed, and which was now placed on a substantial basis. My friends, whom I canvassed, however, to join us, I regret to state, were wholly insensible to the benefits we offered to them, and gently hinted their doubts whether my previous habits and education fitted me for a post, the qualifications of which were usually thought to consist of the possession of a large capital, great knowledge of figures, and a long acquaintance with the routine of an office life. Still nothing discouraged, and impressed more than ever with the truth of the sentiment ‘Rome was not built in a day,’ I made my way into the City, and presented myself at the office of ‘The Rectitude,’ in Hillgate Street. Here I was introduced to the staff of the company, who accorded me such a reception as might have been expected from the character that had been given me. In fact, I was the West End representative of the concern, and it was imagined I should very soon bring with me a strong board from St. James’s Street and Pall Mall. The novelty of my situation at first prevented me from considering our prospects, and looking into the character of those who were to be associated with me in the undertaking, but by degrees the feeling wore off, and I felt myself equal to the occasion. My first resolution was to do nothing that would throw discredit on my public character, which had hitherto been so stainless; and this fact I communicated to the officials, who could not fail to applaud it as much as my readers will do. By our prospectus, I perceived the capital of ‘The Rectitude’ was to consist of three hundred thousand pounds, in shares of ten pounds each; but it was thought we might commence business with something less; for in the then state of the money market, and the non-arrival of gold from Australia, we might not be able to get it all subscribed

for at once. And the names of many other young offices in the neighbourhood, such as 'The English Dissenter's,' which would not take a Churchman's life, if it was offered to them, was quoted in support of it. Our directors were the same in number as those of the London and Westminster Bank, and so chosen that there should never be a chance of a blank board day. Two medical men—one a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who imagined it would be a fine advertisement for him to look in twice a week, and examine the lives of would-be assurers, and the other a juvenile physician, with the strongest testimonials from Bartholomew's, and who viewed the appointment in the light of a stepping-stone from the East to the West—constituted our medical staff. The former, until an unfortunate occurrence, to which I shall presently refer, I thought was clever, and there was nothing to find fault with in his manners; but the latter had so strong a penchant for stout, and carried with him invariably so powerful an odour of bad tobacco, that I confess I was prejudiced against him, and should have been very sorry to have allowed him to go near an invalid about whom I was anxious. As he now rests beneath a cold tombstone in Kensal Green, I will make no further mention of his follies, and the dream of his ambition to have his name in Saville Row is, alas! unfulfilled. Our office furniture was of the most substantial character, and the chairman's seat a triumph of the upholsterer's art. Our ledgers would not have yielded in size to those of the Bank of England, and our iron safe for our deed of settlement, securities, and cash in hand, we rather prided ourselves upon, inasmuch, as far as dimensions went, it would have been capable of holding Nana Sahib, and it had been well tried for its heat-resisting powers. When I state that our auditors were gentlemen who had several capital letters of the alphabet attached to their names, and that we had three clerks in the outer office, as well as a porter to open the doors of the directors' carriages, some idea may be entertained of the nature of the establishment. For the conduct of the business excellent rules were laid down. It being hardly to be supposed that the directors should devote their time for the benefit of the shareholders for nothing, it was proposed and carried, that each gentleman should receive a guinea for his attendance on the board day; and, in order to insure punctuality in assembling, and at the same time to distinguish between the working bees and the drones, a quarter of an hour's law only was allowed; after that period, a line was drawn across the list of directors, and the late comers shut out of their fee. Our directors, I must confess, were rather an extraordinary set, and altogether a most miscellaneous lot. The majority, from what I could gather from their conversation, resided in that popular suburb of the City called Stoke Newington, and their style of dress, black coat, white neckcloth, and black satin waistcoat, in unison with the recognized costume of the neighbourhood. With figures they were extremely conversant, and spoke of thousands as fluently as an Overstone or a Baring. With the affairs of other offices they pro-

fessed an acquaintance that was truly surprising, and caused me to shudder at the idea of our own position being discussed in a similar manner. From them I learnt 'The Oak' was rotting, 'The British Mariners' shipwrecked, 'The Plough' out of repair. But these failures were easy to be accounted for, and we, of course, should steer clear of the rocks on which they had stranded. Our first council board, as may be imagined, was converted into a Committee of Ways and Means, but the discussions thereon (in which I found my Tattersall's knowledge of immense use), and the subsequent proceedings, when the Chairman obtained leave to sit again, must be reserved for another chapter.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

DRAWING A BADGER.

'THAT's ow we used to dror a badger, Alaster,' said Mr. Spiggles, who, after giving mortal offence to that gentleman three or four times, and almost getting a slash on the ribs, on one occasion, from his skene dhu when the piper was a wee bit fou, and not a wee bit pretentious and quarrelsome, had managed to drop the obnoxious 'Mister' at last. 'That's ow we drord 'em.'

'Hoot, toot! It was joost a Lawland or a Sassenach brock.

'Ye'd nae dra' a Hielan brock, as ye ca' it, yon fashion, I tell ye.'

'Them's your seniments. But h'I tell you wot it is now; h'I'll bring a twenty-pun dog now, h'as'll draw eer a badger, or brock, as you calls it, in this ere country. Draw!' cried Spiggles, rising in wrath and bumptiousness, and standing up for Cockneydom, 'why, Jem Burns' breed 'd draw the devil hisself, put 'n in a ten-foot bar'l.'

'An' the deevil himself's nathin' at a' to a Hielan brock; an' deil kens wha's grip's the warst o' the twa. Hoot awa, mon! Jam Burns an' a' the Jam Burns'd nae mair draw her than they wad dra' the goots oot o' Ben Gorm. An' gif ye want to dra' a Hielan brock, ye must aye get a Hielan doggie to do 't. Noo—here's the Dominie.' The dominie, who was equally at home in kitchen and hall, sat gravely smoking his pipe, and listening alternately to the disputants. 'Here's the Dominie, and thar's Teeger.' The little brute was scratching himself behind the shoulder with his hind leg, and looking up at his master with his sinister eye meanwhile. 'Thar's Teeger. An' wha'll fund a brock like t'Dominie hersel'? or wha'll kill'm wi' Teeger? Ten-fut bar'l! Hut! it's a' tillie wallie; an a ten-fut bar'l's no a Hielan cairn, mon.'

'A ken whar's a brock,' put in Johnnie Renshaw, who, since his

promotion by the major and Mr. Yahoo, had considered himself to an extent free of the kitchen, and a retainer of the family. 'A ken 'whar's twa brocks.'

'Here, Johnnie, my mon!' and 'Hey, Johnnie, noo!' and Johnnie became a focus of attraction; and innumerable questions as to the whereabouts, &c., were poured on him from all sides. They had been useless, but that Johnnie had already tried to interest Yoo in a little touch of badger-baiting, and had offered to bring his own dog, Bab, and the innkeeper's Bogle, and to steal Teeger for the time being, and had failed, Yoo not having much taste that way. Consequently, Johnnie carefully reserving, like a veteran diplomatist, certain conditions with regard to certain points, and desiring to ingratiate himself with Mr. Spiggles, took Spiggles into his confidence; and all being arranged between them, the Dominie and Alaster and the rest of the company were then consulted, and it was decided that the badger should be attacked by the whole disposable force of the company, Teeger included, on the ensuing morning. As regards the spoil, one badger was to belong to Spiggles, and the skin to his master; the hams of the others were to be duly shared and the skin was to be Johnnie's. Such were the conditions laid down by Johnnie, as Lord Warden of the chase.

On the next morning, half a score of men and boys, with pick and bar, and other digging materials, with sack and tongs, &c., with Teeger, and Bab—a lurching, poaching thief of a dog, whose eye would have hung him anywhere—and Bogle—a terrier with a coat of the consistence of an old door-mat—with a couple of mongrels, nondescript brutes, that were anybody's and lived anywhere, but always seemed to turn up when mischief was afoot, took their way to the badgers' abode. This was in a little, wild, sequestered glen, about three quarters of a mile from the house, across a rude natural bridge, formed of a single arch of rough stones accidentally fallen together, and bedraped with creepers and ivy, which hung down in wild and fantastic festoons, to kiss the surface of the ruby-coloured peat-stream that flowed gurgling below. About a hundred and fifty yards on the further side of the stream was a rough pile of rocks, and under these the badgers had partly excavated and improved upon various passages and dens which they found roughly fashioned out for them by Nature.

The dogs soon found out that the game was nigh, and commenced whining, scratching, and barking furiously. The two mongrels were let on first, and after questing a good deal at the various holes, they each took into one, and after a few seconds, a considerable bumping and a muffled noise below gave evidence of a fierce subterranean combat. As this proceeded, the excitement began to get up, and all sorts of words of encouragement were shouted into the holes to the two mongrels. In the midst of this, as MacAlaster was stooping down and bellowing into a hole, something bolted out suddenly in his face, and pitching him over (he being only insecurely balanced) on his back, with his eyes and nose full of dirt and dust, fled away

howling. It was one of the aforesaid mongrels, who, having been sharply nipped by the old dog-badger, cut ingloriously from the contest. But MacAlaster had only an imperfect view of the creature as it came out, and thought it was one of the badgers; and so lay, with his heels in the air, his back wedged in between two large stones, and struggling to regain his feet, shouting at the pitch of his voice to apprise the hunters of the fact—'The brock's awa! the 'brock's awa! Gane like the deevil wi' St. Anthony's tae to his 'scut. Gie's a lift, mon! Gie's a lift, an' I'll awa after 'm.'

And when the mistake was explained, he grumbled a good deal, but soon addressed himself once more to the contest. Next the other dog came out for breathing time, with several sharp cuts, and bleeding in many points. Bogle then went in, and the other dog with him, and another prolonged combat ensued, and the majority of the company were engaged in digging and tearing away at the earth and stones over the spot where the sounds told them the combat was raging, and prizing upwards such large pieces of rock as they found were moveable. They made a slow progress towards unearthing the badgers; soon, however, they came to the solid rock, and there was no digging beyond that: and presently the dogs once more appeared, presenting a scared and tousled look, one with two toes cut off, and the other with his nose bitten sheer through; and they did not show a very earnest desire to renew the combat. What was to be done? Were the brocks to beat them? Johnnie at this juncture suggested 'smok'm,' and the suggestion was received with a shout. A quantity of inflammable matter was collected to windward of the mass of rocks, and distributed at one or two holes, so that the wind might send the smoke in, while every means was employed to aid this. Soon the fire blazed, and the smoke arose in volumes, and by coming out of the holes to leeward, it soon showed that the holes were being thoroughly smoked; but whether it was that the badgers got into some other hole, out of the way of it, or no, it produced no effect, apparently, for nothing showed, and they stood it out like Trojans. The fires, therefore, were cleared away, and as soon as the smoke had fully dispersed, and the holes were freed, Bab and Teeger were let loose as a last resort, and another tremendous conflict commenced below, but not quite in the same spot as before. And the men again commenced with pick and bar, when, as they laboured, the sounds seemed to be approaching the surface, and to come near the mouth of one of the holes; and presently the hind quarters of Bab appeared, her stumpy tail wagging fiercely, like an iron peg, and her straining quarters and slow progress making it evident that she was drawing the brock.

At this, Johnnie's delight knew no bounds. Vociferously he shouted and squeaked with forty-Gael power: 'She's dra'in'm! 'she's dra'in'm! ha, I tell't ye; ho! ho!' and he danced and skipped like something bewitched, or a little mad priest of St. Vitus. Whether the smoke or the long and protracted fight had weakened him or no, matters not, but Bab, after one or two more vigorous

drags and hauls (there wasn't much growling over it, it was too hard work for that) pulled the poor badger out of his hole. The other dogs would have gone at him then, but they were beaten off, and the badger, a fine old 'dog,' of near thirty pounds in weight, was consigned, all alive, oh! to a large sack.

Bab, however, hadn't escaped scatheless. One of her fore paws was almost bitten through, and she was cut deeply in the shoulder, while what ears she had were become ribbons.

But still the combat went on below, and it was evident that Teeger was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the vixen. The men worked and dug tremendously, and the dogs aided to tear up the earth, but as they got deeper and nearer the sounds, they seemed to wax fainter.

'They're shifting,' said Spiggles, dubiously.

'Na, na, mon; the deel a bit. Ane or tither's gettin' the warst 'o't. Teeger will no leav'm,' said the Dominie, 'and it's a bad sign that he's no brocht him to light yet.'

A few more spadesful of earth, another thrust or two of the pick and bar revealed the reason, as they broke at last into the chamber. The earth was thrown aside. There lay the old vixen, dead, with three whelps behind her; and there, before her, lay Teeger, utterly exhausted, frightfully mauled, and as near dead as might be. The badger had somehow got her teeth fixed in the skin at the back of his head, and had torn it off so that it hung over his eyes. In fact, the poor little beast was literally scalped, but (and sing pæans of praise to the memory of Teeger, if courage be worthy of praise!) he stuck to the badger in spite of it, and killed her while dying; for the poor little wretch, who was a pitiable spectacle, bitten through and through, died in a very short time from his wounds. Brave Teeger! gallant Teeger! Sentimental young lady dogs may shed a tear to the memory of Teeger. The poor old Dominie shed a torrent, for the dog was almost the only living thing that he really loved; and he caressed the poor little thing, which licked his hand in dying, with the tenderness of a woman over a wounded lover.

'Wad Jam Burns' breed ding that oot?' asked Alaster of Spiggles, as they walked homewards, Spiggles bearing the sack with the badger in.

'Ay, by G——, they would!' said Spiggles, who was an Englishman, though a vulgar one. 'And hI tell you, 'hAlaster, hif you 'was to cut 'em into sausage meat, bit by bit, the last bit 'd 'ang on 'like grim death on a dead nigger, now!'

Alas, for Spiggles's vaunt! What a pity it is we are not bred up in the Stoic or Spartan school! No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he emitted a loud roar, dropped the sack with something that sounded like a complicated yell and oath combined, and writhing and twisting, with a countenance betokening decided anguish, clapped his hand tenderly to that part of his frame wherein was commonly reported to be seated the honour of all the Spiggleses.

It would not be pretty nor edifying to repeat all that Spiggles said

on the occasion. The company crowded round him with wonder and curiosity to inquire what ailed him so suddenly; and it was discovered that the inveterate brock finding his quarters somewhat stuffy and confined, and feeling his body and head bumped against something soft at each step taken by his persecutors, and being incited to revenge by the wanton attack upon himself and his domestic arrangements, on finding his muzzle come in contact with the substance aforesaid, had bitten it violently, and his sharp teeth penetrating the sack and also Spiggles's inexpressibles, to Spiggles's grief, pain, and consternation penetrated something further; thus presenting to his unwilling notice a phase of badger-drawing he had never yet realized.*

The blood dropped from Spiggles as he limped homeward brockless, for, having neglected to tie the mouth of the sack, during the confusion, while the attention of the company was otherwise occupied, the badger forced his way out and escaped unnoticed. Poor Spiggles! he was disagreeably quiescent for some time after; and, indeed, it was a sore subject with him for a long time—and Spiggles could be rendered very raw, and raised to ire, or reduced to subjection, by being asked at any time to relate 'how the badger drew *him!*' and Alaster was suffered to vaunt the superiority of Hieland brocks all uncontradicted by Spiggles for the future.

The next day being Sunday, they started early to get to the kirk and ministering of the Rev. Jabez Mucklethwackit. Mr. Yahoo thought the service tedious, and the style of preaching a trifle irreverent. Nor could he help smiling at one attempt on the part of Mr. Mucklethwackit to render himself intelligible to his congregation. He was speaking of the parable, that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven;' and he thus strove to explain it to the more ignorant of his hearers:

'Noo, my friens, ye dinna ken what a cawmil's like; aiblins, it's a great big yellow beastie, wi' a hoomp on his back three times bigger than Tammie's' (Tammie was a very humpbacked tailor, who was present); 'an' thairfor ye canna conceive its ganging thro' the ee o' a needle at ony gate. But I'll e'en mak' a simeelitude an' explain 't. Noo ye a' ken what Maggie Macleuchan's coo's like, and ye a' ken that she's no' the gift o' speelin',† whilk is no' an attribute o' horned cattle. Weel, ye see the big pine-tree ootside the kirk wundy. Weel noo, I tell ye' (and this was said with immense energy), 'it's aisier for Maggie Macleuchan's coo to speel up the big pine-tree ootside the kirk wundy, and to whustle "cock a bendie" at the tap o't than it is for a rich man, &c.'

Mr. Yahoo was referring to this passage as they wended towards home, and the laird said:

'It's a style of preaching which pleases his hearers, and which

* This incident is not imaginary, but strictly according to fact. It happened some years ago to a keeper of mine.—*Author's Note.*

† Climbing.

‘they’re accustomed to, and there is not the danger of its appearing ridiculous to them as it would to the same class in England, for their faith is considerable, far greater than with the lower class in your country; for old traditions and beliefs, and that natural reverence of their church, which belongs to all peoples before they become what we term civilized, though damaged to an extent by the progress they have made towards your civilization, yet still clings to them; and they take all that is thus told them with trust, and will hardly question the doctrine or discourse of their preacher, though amazingly keen among themselves on all doctrinal points. I have often smiled,’ continued the laird, ‘at the story of the old woman who was returning from kirk, and was overtaken by a gentleman, who had also been present, and who asked her what she thought of the discourse; her reply was so characteristic:

“‘It was gay an’ fine, surely,” answered the carlin, with a bob.

“‘And what was it about? Did ye understand it?’” he asked.

“‘Hut then! wad I be sae bauld? Na, na, mon, I leave a’ that to the meenister.”’

‘The reply was certainly unsophisticated, but I have heard another story,’ said Ethel, who had been conversing with Mr. Yahoo as they walked along, ‘which puts the intelligence of our auld wives in another light, and which occurred under somewhat similar circumstances. The minister himself walked in one day into old Maggie Macleuchan’s, whose cow formed the subject of the illustration to-day.

“‘Weel, Maggie,” said the minister, coming into the little back space where Maggie was washing, just as she had rinsed one or two sheets in the brook, and was hanging them out on a bush to dry.

“‘Weel, meenister,” said Maggie.

“‘An’ hoo’s a’ wi’ ye?”

“‘Brawly, thank ye kindly, meenister,” answered Maggie, dusting down a seat for the good man.

“‘An’ hoo liked ye the discoorse yestreen, Meg?”

“‘Oh, sirs! but ’twas fine; oh! ’twas gran’; ’twas verra im-provin’, an’ did me a vast o’ gude; sic doctrine, an’ sic waters o’ grace, an’ sic a power o’ hard words; sure we ought to be “thankfu’.”

‘The minister’s face expanded with pleasure. The “power of hard words” was a most skilful touch, another preacher having lately set up who excelled in polysyllables.

“‘Ay, ay, verra true, verra true. But” (a thought occurring to him,) “what was it aboot noo, Maggie?”

“‘Oh!” (with some hesitation,) “an’ hoo wad I ken what it was a’ about? It’s no’ for me to say, for I wadna hae the face to be speerin’ a’ the time at yere honour’s wartship, joost as gin a “were seeking what ailed ye to glower sae ’pon us puir sinner bodies, an’ sae—an’ sae—d’ye ken, a dinna joost remember it richtly.”

' At this the minister got very wrath, and reproached the old lady. ' How could she say it was "very improving" when she couldn't remember a word of it? and that it did her so much good, when so little of the "waters of grace," as she called them, remained in her?

' " Hey noo, meenister, dinna fash yersel' at a'. But joost tak " ae glisk o' they sarks that's dryin' oot bye yon't. Noo, d'ye ken " they've a' been doukit 'n the waters o' the brook, and d'ye ken " there's but an unco little o' thay waters that's biding in the sarks " noo; but ye'll no deny, meenister dear, that the sarks are a' the " better o't. An' sae it's wi' me, doukit 'n the waters o' grace. " Though the waters be gane, an' ll no stay by me, the grace " remains, an' I'm a' the better o't." "

' I should think the minister collapsed after that,' said Mr. Yahoo.

And thus they chatted as they walked homeward towards Dun-stuffin.

It was a lovely moonlight. Miss Cameron and Mr. Yahoo were walking up and down upon the elastic turf of the lawn which ran round two sides of the Lodge, talking sometimes upon indifferent subjects. Now and then a laugh, or the louder tones of the conversation of their seniors, who were, as usual, assembled under the verandah, broke in on them, and they paused to listen. Sometimes they were silent for a few moments, but the silence was always irksome, and seldom of long duration.

Mr. Yahoo, during his earlier intercourse with Ethel Cameron, had endeavoured to amuse her with the species of small talk by which young gentlemen seek to recommend themselves to young ladies in the present day, and which, bad as the compliment is, we are forced to own is often successful in that object. But although Ethel had mixed freely in society, she had been brought up on a different regimen, and Mr. Yahoo soon found his account in treating her to something a little more solid in the way of conversation. Having a motive for talking sense, he gave himself some little trouble to accomplish that end, and he found himself insensibly treating Ethel with a sort of confidence when speaking even on every-day matters, in which without his knowing, or at all intending it, he appeared to place much reliance upon her taste and good sense; and he so often acted upon her suggestions, in more than the mere every-day routine, that the most delicate species of flattery his imagination could have devised, had he racked it to the utmost, would scarcely have been so effective as this practical deference to her judgment.

When a man falls into this train of conduct towards a beautiful and lively girl, he is in a dangerous groove for his peace of mind if the lady's sentiments happen to run in another and a parallel groove as it were. But when a daughter of Eve begins to accept of this species of flattery without looking into the causes or probable results of it, and to feel pleased, she hardly knows or seeks to inquire why, although she may think herself perfectly heart-whole and safe, yet are there invisible links gradually but surely forging which, if not at once detected and

broken (and when are they ever?) are very likely to become of a very binding and firm texture. Men may flutter and flatter, and women may trifle and listen and believe, but the flattery that is based upon personal graces and mere accomplishments, though often sufficiently damaging on both sides, is by no means so sure in its results, and is far easier set aside than the other, which is seldom or never premeditated, but springs spontaneously—the homage of one mind to another. Not that Ethel was at all what is generally understood by strong-minded, which is too often a misnomer, though really she *was* strong-minded because she was right-minded. Simple duties and simple enjoyments blended together, made up the sum of Ethel's life; but beyond this she did not lack modern graces and accomplishments, and she was earnest, lively, and perhaps wilful and high-spirited.

There was, too, a certain interest for Ethel in Mr. Yahoo; she had, as it were, made a different, a new man of him, as the phrase goes. Mr. Yahoo had been fairly educated and well brought up—was tolerably accomplished, and moderately well read—travelled somewhat—holding a good position, and of good family; but he had mixed with the rising generation, and had insensibly imbibed some of their defects, and copied, perhaps unintentionally, and from mere companionship, some of their follies. The rising generation seeks to be thought very fine and grand, and very exclusive, while, in reality, it is the least exclusive generation that ever lived, for the worship of gold, no matter how obtained, has levelled rank, honesty, and good manners. Motley is the only wear; fashion changes their dress like a chameleon, monthly. From dress it has advanced to speech, and fashion has produced an anomalous compound. It clips some words, draws others, eschews three consonants out of five, and plays hide and seek with the vowels; labouring hard meanwhile to complicate and confuse itself, by tacking new names to old things, and inventing generalities, mere ropes of sand, with which their ignorance binds them, as though they were bonds of steel. Many other things, vicious as well as silly, does the rising generation; but Mr. Yahoo had not yet gone these latter lengths altogether, and was recoverable. And Ethel Cameron recovered him—laughed him out of some follies and shamed him out of others, and, as we have said, made a new man of him; but this kind of manufacture cannot be indulged in without its possessing a certain kind of attraction, very liable to be transferred from the *process* to the *production*. So far, nothing but ordinary courtesy had passed between them, and one of them at least was innocent of any guile, and ignorant of any danger.

Ah well! what is all this, after all, but the old, old story? Old, but ever new. Old as Adam and Eve, and new as Jones and Jemima. Old as the Eternal hills that lift their heads in mute adoration and love to their Creator, and new as—as—what shall we say? What is new? In arms, arts, science, fashion, what is new? Is crinoline new? Our great-great-grandmothers wore it, ma'am. Is civilization new? Nay, most ponderous and purblind sir! Thou offspring of conceit and Jack-o'-lanthorn principles, who do compass land and

sea with steel and gunpowder to make proselytes, who do cut throats and blow out brains in the interests of your Christianity and your civilization, know that the Chinese whom we now seek to destroy were civilized thousands of years before we were a nation. Is there anything new in progress, as it is called, save in the application of the word itself? Bah! we mundane mites move in a circle, and the world only repeats itself. Our orbit is our cheese, and we can scarce quit it and live. Perchance in the tremendous cycle some ten thousand years hence, if this world endure so long, and if we believe the 'Vestiges of Creation,' the Gorillas of Central Africa may be a great people with long-range guns, railways, and newspapers. Lord help their neighbours! 'There is nothing new under the sun!' and the experience of three thousand years was hardly needed to verify the proverb. Yes! the story is indeed old and new if love be new. It should be new at least to those who have never experienced it before. We may alter the story perhaps in its telling; we may vary the manner of it; we may invent surprises and forms, but we are after all but maggots on a plate. We may crawl in and out and round about. We may traverse the entire plain before we reach our object, but we reach the rim at last, and of our own will we cannot pass beyond it, for that ring is kismet—fate.

And so the world goes on; and the lambkins play while their mammas, as in duty bound, graze assiduously, and prepare themselves for the butcher. That is their kismet. The little birds sing and make love, sweetly unconscious of kismet; and the big cocks and hens strut and crow and cluck just as they ever did; they don't believe in kismet: they themselves are their own kismet; they have their reward. And Edwin and Angelina walk up and down in the moonlight, and fancy that kismet is a fairy tale, and will last for ever. Evallah! so mote it be.

CHAPTER XI.

SEAL-SHOOTING.

AT breakfast the next morning Allan appeared, and after a conference with the major, the latter announced the programme of the day to be seal-shooting. The seals had been somewhat disturbed by the kelp-gathering of late. This was now over for a time, and therefore there was a chance of sport. A couple of rifles were prepared, and a couple of large-bore shot guns with heavy wire cartridges. Baskets of provisions were packed, for a sort of pic-nic was to be combined with the sport, and some of the caves about the islands were to be explored, partly to show them to Mr. Yahoo, who was desirous of seeing them, and partly, should the seals fail them, for a few shots at the rock-pigeons and wild fowl of all kinds which abounded in and about them. All being in readiness, the party proceeded—Allan and the laird intending to occupy one boat, and Mr. Yahoo and the major the other. Mr. Cameron would not trust him-

self in a boat—he had a very sufficient horror of the sea—and having secured the co-operation of the Dominie, whom there never was any difficulty in persuading to give himself a rest from the arduous labours of pedagogueship, he determined that ‘they twa’ should joost hae a bit o’ a crack, and try the Brig pool, where he ‘gied that saumont sic an awfu’ ruggin;’ for he was very anxious circumstantially to relate that famous combat with all the attributes of the scene itself, and perhaps to fight it over again with another fish. A vast hamper of eatables and drinkables was therefore packed up, and with Johnnie and one of the gillies, they, soon after the departure of the other party, betook themselves to the river side.

In high spirits, laughing, chatting, and pointing out to each other the remarkable points of the scenery, our party, with Alaster the piper, mounted, and leading the way with an occasional skirl of the pipes, wended their way towards the coast. Here was a fine view of Ben Gorm, which towered up into the clouds thousands of feet. There a little brook made a pretty fall in its course; further on some ruined cottages, with a short story about them from Ethel, who was legend and story collector general, occupied brief attention, and so they went on. The sea breeze soon greeted them as they struck into a heavy sandy lane between two banked-up stone walls, with a few scattered fishermen’s huts, at the low entrances to which a woman or two would be seen knitting the rough hose used by their husbands, brothers, and sons. A stalwart race of Amazons, with strongly and somewhat uncouthly-marked features, they could well be imagined the mothers of a race of Bersaekers. At their feet shoals of bairns waddled, squabbled, or rolled in the sand, red as to their hair, and redder as to their faces. Eyes brightened as the laird approached, and grateful reverences and greetings were tendered as he passed. Occasionally Ethel paused to ask a question, or to utter a word or two of advice, to listen to a complaint, or to promise attention to some small want. She was much loved by them, and she deserved it, for she brought gladness and left it behind her. But the smell of seaweed and marine matters grew momentarily stronger, until, striking into a sandy shingly space after an abrupt turn, they came down to a little cove between high black rocks, the points of which ran out, broken at intervals, into the sea, forming rather dangerous reefs in heavy weather. The wind was light, however, now, and the sea broke gently on them, as the long heavy swell rolled in, swaying the wavy seaweed to and fro like the arms of some huge polypus, or the hair of a drowned monster. On the lower rocks, which were half submerged at the sides of the cove, stood at various points some score or so of urchins, with small poles for rods, angling with the rudest tackle, and with a bait composed of smashed crab, mussels, or a scrap of fish for the rock-fish, golden maids, and cuddies, which abounded in shoals amongst the rocks—every now and then pitching on shore a victim with a shout of glee. On the strand lay two boats with a dozen rough and hearty seamen standing around them. After scant greeting of the laird, the boats were

appropriately loaded. Allan had arranged that the major and Mr. Yahoo should take one boat, and himself and the laird the other; and in this latter boat he had placed several skins to form a pleasant couch for Ethel. He had calculated that Ethel would prefer to go under her uncle's guardianship; but Ethel disposed of matters otherwise, and wishing to point out the curiosities to Mr. Yahoo, she disregarded the arm proffered to lead her to the boat, and placing her little hand on Mr. Yahoo's shoulder, she stepped lightly on the gunwale, and passed from seat to seat aft. Allan turned white and then crimson with passion, and muttered something under his breath which boded no good to Mr. Yahoo, who, with a confused sense of exultation and delight, scrambled along and seated himself beside her.

'Thank you, uncle,' said Ethel, in answer to some request, as they were about to push off, 'I shall do very well here. I want to point out the sights to Mr. Yahoo, and you have seen them often before; so you can well spare me.' The major then having arranged the arms and ammunition favourably, came and seated himself on the other side of Ethel, and a slip of a laddie got into the stern sheets to steer. Four stout oarsmen stepped into the boat, and the like complement having formed the crew of the laird's boat, in the bow of which was perched MacAlaster, grinding a lively screech from the pipes, they pushed off, the laird's boat leading the way.

As soon as they got outside the cove, where they could catch the light wind, they stepped the mast, and hoisted the sail—a large lug; and the major having prepared a couple of lines, the like having been set out in the other boat, they commenced coasting along about a mile from the high shore, Mr. Yahoo taking one line and the major the other. Scarce had the line been unreeled to the requisite extent, and the trailing begun, than the bait, a strip of the silvery skin of a mackerel, was seized by something, and a smart tug—tug—told Mr. Yahoo that a fish was 'on,' and he commenced pulling in hand over hand, and brought in a nice little lithe of about 1½ lb., and ere he had well got it into the boat, the major began hauling in too, and brought in another a trifle larger. Then Mr. Yahoo and the major got another each almost simultaneously of about the same size, and then a mighty tug, and the tearing of some yard or two of line through his fingers, told him that something larger than ordinary was on. The boat backed, and the fish dived down into the deep, owing to Mr. Yahoo not holding him hard enough, and when they got over the fish, he had hopelessly entangled the line in the heavy seaweed at the bottom. After a good deal of pulling and jerking, something gave way, and the line came up minus the horseline—the fine whippcord, some two or three yards of which were fastened to the end of the heavier line. This at length was rectified, and a fresh hook and horseline were bent on, and they went to work again. And Mr. Yahoo got another tremendous tug—tug—and away went the fish—the boat following it—and after some heavy play, and a good deal of pulling and hauling, with much shouting, gesticulation, and excite-

ment, a big lithe of some 8 or 9 lb. weight, was fetched in by the aid of the gaff. Then the major got a big one—more shouting and gesticulation; and after cautious but strong play, a 13-pounder made his appearance, then some more small ones, with a big one occasionally. In the midst of this the principal oarsman pointed to the laird's boat, which had altered its course, and was steering out towards a pack of noisy sea birds, which were particularly busy over one spot some distance off.

'What is it?' asked Mr. Yahoo, as the major extended his arm, and pointed it out to him.

'A shoal of mackerel, if I am not greatly mistaken, and those 'thieves are hard at the fry,' he answered.

They then changed their course to the same direction. Watching the laird's boat, Mr. Yahoo saw that it was amongst them, and as soon as it came near, he saw by the unusual activity, and by the constant whipping-in over the side of small glittering objects, that the fish were biting fast and furiously. In a few minutes they too became the centre of a screaming cloud of birds, which skimmed all round about them, menacing them, apparently, for interrupting their sport, dashing down at intervals into the water after some unfortunate that came too near the surface, and keeping up a prodigious uproar. Almost immediately a sharp tug told Mr. Yahoo that they were amongst the fish, and the major hauled up simultaneously, and a couple of those beautiful and lively fish, which play very differently in the water from the lithe, were brought into the boat. How lovely they were when first pulled from the water! Not the dead dull blue they afterwards assume, but a series of bright transparent greens, and so wondrously silvery. But the fun began, and went on incessantly. They kept on hauling in as fast as they could, and it was scarcely necessary to let out ten yards of line before they got a bite—indeed, the horseline was often hardly out of their hands, when the smart tug—tug prevented its going any further.

Presently, the laird's boat, having run through the shoal, went about, and came dashing through the shoal again on the opposite tack; a hearty hail was exchanged as they passed, to the full as busy with the fish as their friends. In a short time, the major's boat had run through the shoal too, and the fish ceased to bite, when they went about, and again rushed away towards the gulls, when the sport recommenced, and went on as warmly as ever. After an hour or so of this it grew tedious, and having captured as many fish as they required, they reeled in, and setting the boats' heads for the islands, steadily progressed towards them. Meantime, they counted the brilliant spoil. Six score and a half of beautiful mackerel, and about a dozen and a half of lithe, large and small, ranging from 1½ lb. up to 15 lb.—the majority about 2 or 3 lbs.—had fallen to their lot.

The cormorants and other wild sea-birds, sitting upon the crests of the waves as the Atlantic swell rolled in, tempted Mr. Yahoo to try a shot at them with the rifle; but in every instance the

watchful and agile birds were deep in the water before the bullet reached them; and although he made sundry shots, he could not score a single hit; while Ethel laughed heartily at his constant failures, as a peaked tail flashed up and disappeared under the water a second before the bullet reached the spot in almost every instance. It was a beautiful sight: the high coast land broken into various coves and cliffs, now rising steeply, and now falling almost to the shore, with its distinctly marked and curiously defined strata, which had formed an interesting study for the geologist. Here and there a narrow strip of sandy beach, further on a ruined tower, and beyond that small rocks and large ones of every shape, and islands of all sizes and kinds, some high and rocky, some low and sandy, broke up the foreground, and graced the distant perspective. Above all, the bright blue sky, flecked only in spots by light fleecy clouds, more thin and web-like, and impalpable in appearance, than the most delicate young lady's most delicate kerchief. 'Zounds, what a simile!' says some romantic lover of nature. 'Sir,' I reply, 'a simile is nothing if it be not striking.'

Mr. Yahoo was happy, seated by Ethel Cameron, sailing under that summer breeze—rising and falling—rising and falling—as the crisp blue waves rolled onwards under their bow. There was nothing to disturb the pleasure of the hour, or the half-uttered half-implied conversation that murmured dreamily on at times. Now and then it would wake up, perchance, into a more lively tone, but it soon fell again. The good-natured major of course was always so employed with something appertaining to hooks, lines, and guns, that he scarcely had attention for anything else. Mr. Yahoo was very happy, now following the bent of her gaze, as Ethel pointed out some remarkable object, now looking into her eyes and reading the earnest but simple spirit within; while she, all unconscious of anything but interest in what she was relating, told some stirring or pathetic anecdote of things gone by and well-nigh forgotten. What cared he how jealousy gnawed its withered and trembling fingers, while black care sat cowering and brooding behind it in the other boat? What was it to him that his sunshine was another's hell? Could he help it? Not a whit. Indeed, it never crossed his mind. The world was *couleur de rose* to him, and if everything in it was not so too to others, it ought to be. Why art not thou happy, wretched one? Rejoice like me; art hungry, poor, famished, miserable? Pooh! laugh on thy empty belly; all nature laughs. Sing; all nature sings. Enjoy this lovely day, this sparkling water, this blue sky, and balmy air. Why hanker after flesh-pots? How easy to forget or contemn what we lack not!

'See yonder island,' said Ethel, pointing to a small sandy island about a half a mile in length, a mere succession of sand hummocks, clad with coarse grass in the centre of the island, the shore of which, however, was fringed around with low, jagged rocks to seaward, while the inland face was an abrupt rock, some seventy or eighty feet in height.

“ See yonder island, which is called “ Rabbit Island,” from the great numbers of rabbits which abound amongst those sandhills. Two English gentlemen had a somewhat serious adventure there once. It was some years ago, when I was a mere child. I recollect the circumstances well, for I heard them related by the actors themselves several times. They had been staying at the Lodge, and had been grouse-shooting for a week or two ; but one day they expressed a wish to vary their sport by running out to Rabbit Island, and having some rabbit-shooting. Accordingly, taking a boat by themselves, with a suitable supply of eatables and drinkables, and refusing any assistance, they rowed over to the island. There are but two landing-places, and they are quite unsheltered, both to seaward ; and therefore, when a strong gale sets in from that quarter, it is impossible to land there. Before they set out, my uncle advised them to take some of the fishermen with them who knew the coast well, but they declined, wishing to be by themselves, and on their own resources.

“ “ Well,” said the laird, “ take care to keep an eye to seaward, and if it threatens to come on to blow at all, get off the island as soon as you can, for a very little wind from the Atlantic gets up a tremendous surf upon those rugged and dangerous rocks, and you might have to stop on the island for a while, or till the gale blew itself out even, if you once get caught in it.”

“ They laughed at his caution, but promised to keep an eye on the wind ; and so, laughing and joking, they betook themselves to their boat, and rowed off. They had good sport with the rabbits, firing and loading away, and adding to their spoil, until they left them all about the place in small heaps, they shooting the rabbits as they popped out of the long grass towards their holes. Soon they got tired, and the game got shy, so they sat down to lunch, and gave the rabbits a rest.

“ “ I say, Wilson,” said the elder (whose name was Griers, I think, if I remember right), “ I say, do you notice how the day is clouding over ? The sun seems quite to have disappeared, and the wind seems rising too.”

“ “ All the better for us, and the worse for the rabbits. They won’t hear us so easily,” said his friend.

“ “ But don’t you think we ought to take a look at the sea, and see that the boat is all right ? You know what the laird said about being kept here, and I don’t think I should care about that.”

“ “ Pooh ! nonsense. What’s the odds, even if it should blow ? We’ve got our boat, and can shove off when we like ; and we are too old sailors to be choked off with a capful of wind. And if the worst should happen, it is only staying the night on the island, and we can easily manage all that. Not that even that is desirable ; still there is nothing to be uneasy about.”

“ This quieted the other’s scruples, and they fell to shooting again. But the afternoon got darker and darker, and they had

‘ stopped in a little valley between the sandhills, when Griens again pulled up as a low moaning sound, like a gigantic sigh, struck on his ear, accompanied by a subdued roaring, and a strong breeze swept the sandhills and dashed some of the sand against his cheek.

“ I say, old fellow, that sounds very like breakers ahead. I remember hearing something marvellously like that when we were in the Gulf of Lyons, and when we came in for such a gale as I have never seen since. This is serious, you may depend on it.”

“ It does sound rather like wind,” said Wilson; “ we had better go and see that the boat is all safe, at any rate.”

‘ And without another word, they hurried to the landing-place, which was quite at the further end of the island; and what with tramping up and down in the deep sand, climbing one hill, and going round another, they were a good twenty minutes reaching the landing-place. As they neared it, the sound of the roaring surf grew louder and louder, and they felt rather apprehensive; and their apprehensions were fully justified when they came in sight of the shore, and found a furious gale blowing, and one tremendous line of surf raging all round that part of the island for a hundred yards and more, to seaward, and not a vestige of the boat to be seen. She had been instantaneously smashed up into mere chips. The faces of the two young men became extremely blank as they found the state of things which existed.

“ There doesn’t seem much chance of the gale going down for some hours,” said Wilson.

“ Only just begun,” grumbled Griens; “ and I doubt if we are not in for a night of it, for it’s a great chance if the gale doesn’t last all night; and here we are, and here we must stay. No chance of getting off, for it’s impossible for any boat to live five seconds in that awful surf. Whew! how it does blow, to be sure!” and the fine sand was swept by them in clouds. “ And here comes rain, too. Let’s get to leeward of one of these sandhills, and get as much shelter as we can.”

‘ They got as much under shelter as they could, but it was, after all, but a miserable shelter, and soon the rain came down in torrents and soaked them through and through. During a lull in the storm they walked to the landward side of the island, and strove, through the increasing gloom, to make out if any attempt was being made from the shore to aid them; but the weather was too thick, and the evening growing too dark, and although the shore was but about a mile and a half off, it was totally invisible; indeed, they could scarcely see fifty yards from the shore. Crouching behind a sandhill, and huddling together for warmth and shelter from the pouring rain, they devoured the poor remnants of their lunch for supper. Gloomy and wretchedly the evening closed over them. They could not sleep, but strove to cheer each other by pleasant and light talk. “ It was but a night’s discomfort. It

"was certainly very uncomfortable, but when they were once on shore again, they would be able to laugh at it." Suddenly, Wilson jumped up with a violent exclamation, his hand clasped in his hair, his eyes staring.

"What's the matter, my dear boy?" asked his friend.

"Matter!" said Wilson, in a strange voice. "Matter! but suppose the gale were to last for days, nay, for a week, or more? There's nothing impossible in that."

"Suppose the gale were to last for a week or more!" said his companion; "Oh, pooh! you know; nonsense! What can you be thinking of?" And he attempted to laugh at the bare supposition of such a thing, but the laugh was a miserable failure, and it was too evident that the bare idea appalled him. If they were to be kept there, say a week—but no, it would blow out at this rate in the course of the morrow. They would have smoked for consolation, but their tobacco was soaked and their matches destroyed by the rain. This was a direful misfortune.

"You see, if we had not lost the matches, and the worst came to the worst," said Wilson, who was, although desponding enough, still inclined to look the misfortune in the face, "we could have got a lot of that drift-wood together, and made a fire; and, by Jove, old fellow—ha, ha ha!" (His laugh, by the way, savoured of the hysterical). "Yes, we could have cooked the rabbits, don't you see? so we needn't have starved."

"Starved!" said his friend, whose mind had evidently been running in the same tack. "No—no—of course not! Ha, ha! that's a good idea about the rabbits; and we've our guns, too, in case of accidents, and could get more; only, only, I'm afraid all my caps are wet and soaked through and through, like the matches, by this confounded rain, and not one will go off. No!" (trying one). "They are entirely spoilt, you see."

His companion tried his, and found them in a like condition. "It's a bad job, a very bad job. However, we have rabbits enough for a fortnight, if that's all."

"If the rain keeps on, you see, we can skin the bodies, and make coats to keep the weather out, by sewing them together with that rough tough grass. But there, we shan't want it; our friends will fetch us off to-morrow."

But the morrow broke slowly, heavily, and gloomily, and the gale, if possible, blew harder. All day long the shore was obscured, and although several attempts were made to put off to them, it was impossible to approach the island with any prospect of effecting a landing, this being impracticable save in fine and calm weather.

It now became evident to the young men that they were fairly caught, and that the gale was a regular Atlantic gale, and would in all probability "blow home," as it is called, that is, last for several days. And it did so: for four days the gale blew on, thick weather prevailing, with fog and constant showers the whole

‘time. Often in glimpses through the gloom, when it appeared
‘to be taking up, the wretched castaways saw boats in the
‘distance to landward, but they could do nothing to aid them, and
‘ran severe risks; and barely had the sight greeted their eyes, when
‘the weather would thicken again and the rain come down worse
‘than ever. Day followed night, and night followed day, until
‘they seemed to be running one into the other in one dreary
‘sum of helpless wretchedness. They passed some of the time in
‘making warm and useful capes out of the skins of the rabbits they
‘had slaughtered, by sewing them together with the tough grass
‘fibres, having converted an iron tooth-pick which was found in
‘the handle of one of their knives, into a sort of needle. These
‘certainly kept the worst of the weather out, and at night were
‘especially warm and useful. Their food was simply the raw flesh
‘of the rabbits: the invincible repugnance they had for raw flesh
‘having been soon overcome by overpowering hunger. At first,
‘a raging thirst threatened to destroy them, and they had been
‘compelled to suck the blood of the rabbits; but by chance, in the
‘course of their wanderings upon the landward side of the island,
‘they discovered some small fissures in the rocks which were out of
‘the reach of the salt spray (which perpetually sprinkled them
‘whenever they walked on any exposed part of the island), and these
‘were well and constantly supplied with fresh and pure rain water.
‘This was, indeed, a God-send, and alleviated much of their suffer-
‘ing. On the fourth day, Wilson, for the hundredth time, said
‘dubiously, after looking for some time out to seaward, “I think,
‘“old fellow, it’s getting lighter; cheer up, I certainly think it’s get-
‘ting lighter.”

‘His friend answered with a feeble growl; for exposure and bad
‘food had considerably reduced them, and a listless dreariness
‘had crept over them. This time, his predictions, however,
‘were correct, as the wind visibly sunk, and the weather took up
‘sensibly. In half an hour they could see the shore again, and they
‘soon saw boats coming off; but the wall of surf on the sea side
‘prevented the possibility of approach, while the precipice on the
‘land side equally rendered all attempts to relieve them futile; and
‘they saw the boats row round and round the island without being
‘able to get to them; for although the gale went down, the swell
‘did not, and it was three days before it was possible to effect a
‘landing. This was at length managed by one of our gallant and
‘hardy crews, and at the imminent risk of being dashed to pieces
‘a hundred times. They reached the island, and took off two lean,
‘shaggy, gaunt spectres, whom a week had converted from polished
‘gentlemen almost into the likeness of savages, and from whom all
‘trace of civilization had been rent away by the dreadful seven
‘days and seven nights they had endured.

‘But see, they are making signs to us from the other boat,’
said Ethel, as she finished her story.

THE THAMES GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA.

UNDER this title we have now to give an account of the grand boating event of the year as regards watermen. From circumstances to which it is unnecessary to allude, the Royal Thames National Regatta—a meeting which has been held with divers fortunes for many years, and which has displayed pre-eminently the perfection of rowing among those whose livelihood is gained by it—was found to be in the last stage of consumption; but to the praise of the committee and members of the Thames Subscription Club be it known, that at all hazards that club determined to attempt, for one year at least, to bring back the aquatic treat so long provided for the metropolis and the world. It is needless to say the path was beset with difficulties, not the least of which was the difficulty of obtaining the funds necessary for its success. In this, too, they came bravely to the fore, putting down one hundred pounds as a subscription from the club. We hear, however, with regret, that the general list was sadly deficient, notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of the honorary secretary, Mr. H. C. Smith; and it is evident, that unless the public come forward manfully for next year, the regatta must fall through; and when once discontinued, who can say that it will ever be recommenced? The amount required to carry it out efficiently, and yet with economy, is five hundred pounds; a mere bagatelle any one would think but those who impose on themselves the task of collecting it.

The one solitary mistake, and which was corrected too late, was that of calling it, till almost the last moment, ‘The Thames Subscription Club Regatta,’ thereby making it a private instead of a national affair, and depriving it of the patronage of royalty.

The practice-week was full of interest, which increased as the day drew near, for there were to be seen Kelley’s crew, Clasper’s crew, and the Manchester crew training for the Champion Four-oar; innumerable scullers, the Westminster eight, London Rowing Club four, and no less than four eights of that club, all engaged for different events, as well as pairs drawn from the above champion crews. We now proceed to detail the two days’ sport, by which it will be seen that the racing was of the highest order and the management everything that could be desired.

The course for the scullers and pairs was from Putney to Hammer-smith Bridge, and for the fours, to Chiswick Eyot, or *vice versa*, when the tide ebbed.

First Day.—The clerk of the weather was decidedly adverse to this regatta, for pelting storms of half an hour’s duration prevented, doubtless, numbers from attending. The enthusiastic admirers of this noble pastime are not to be denied by showers; they therefore were in full force, and the committee-barges were fairly freighted with the gentle sex.

Champion Four-Oar Race.

Open to the world. 1st boat, 100*l.*; 2nd, 20*l.*; 3rd, 10*l.*

This race, of course, was the grand feature, and as five crews had entered it was rowed in heats.

First Heat. (1st and 2nd boats to row in Grand Heat.)

Surrey Station. The Thames Crew (London).

T. Pocock, 1. J. Wise, 2. F. White, 3. H. Kelley, 4. Peters (cox.) . 2

Centre Station. The Lord Kilmorey Crew (Newcastle).

J. H. Clasper, 1. R. Chambers, 2. E. Winship, 3. H. Clasper, 4.
R. Clasper (cox.) . 1

Middlesex Station. The Confidence Crew (Richmond).

T. Mackinney, 1. E. Bell, 2. W. Bell, 3. J. Mackinney, 4.
— (cox.) . 3

After one false move, they got away even, Kelley's crew, soonest at their work, getting a few feet advantage opposite the Star and Garter; however, Clasper's came up, and at Craven Point was a half length in front, both crews rowing a most determined race for the pride of place. The Richmond being beaten at once almost, the two crews were entitled to contend for the final; but they seemed determined to row it out, and it resulted in the Newcastle being first by a length at the winning-post, Richmond a long way astern.

Second Heat. (1st boat only to be in the Grand Heat.)

Surrey Station. Hon. G. Denman's crew (London).

S. Peters, 1. T. Royal, 2. W. Martin, 3. R. Bain, 4.
J. Driver (cox.) . 2

Centre Station. A. P. Lonsdale Crew (Manchester).

J. G. Taylor, 1. T. Matfin, 2. H. Ault, 3. M. Taylor, 4.
— Harrison (cox.) . 1

This was an easy affair for Manchester, who at once got clear and rowed ahead of the other boat without a second effort.

Apprentice Scullers' Race.

In outriggers, open to all apprentices on the Thames.

1st prize, Coat, Badge, Freedom, and 2*l.* (value 23*l.*); 2nd, 5*l.*; 3rd, 3*l.*;
4th, 1*l.*

This was won by E. Agars, of Chelsea, beating in the final heat J. H. Clasper, T. Hoare, and J. Tagg.

Watermen's Scullers' Race.

Open to the world. 1st prize, 20*l.*; 2nd, 10*l.*; 3rd, 5*l.*; 4th, 2*l.*

This was won by G. Hammerton, of Teddington, beating in the final heat Everson, Pocock, and E. Bell. The trial-heats of this race were rowed on the first day, and the final on the second.

Pair Oared Race.

Open to the world. 1st prize, 25*l.*; 2nd, 10*l.*; 3rd, 5*l.*
(First and second boat in each heat to row in the grand heat.)

Surrey Station. G. Francis and G. Hammerton (London) . 1

Centre " M. Taylor and J. G. Taylor (Manchester) . 2

Centre " J. H. Clasper and H. Clasper. (Did not go.)

Centre " S. Peters and T. Royal. (Did not go.)

Middlesex " T. White and H. Kelley. (Did not go.)

This was equivalent to a walk over ; but Francis and partner were the favourites for the first prize.

Second Heat.

Surrey Station.	R. Chambers and E. Winship (Newcastle) .	1
Centre "	T. and J. Mackinney (Richmond) . . .	2
Centre "	W. Martin and R. Bain (Lambeth). (Did not go.)	
Middlesex "	T. Pocock and J. Wise (Lambeth and Kew).	

The winners got a lead at once, and rowed down easily a little ahead of the Mackinneys ; Pocock and Wise beaten off.

Second Day.—The fine weather and the excitement attendant upon the final heat of the champion four-oar, brought a great influx of spectators afloat and ashore, the latter availing themselves of the few dry spots on the tow-path, for the tide was a good one, or were contentedly perched on posts or rails, fixtures until the ebb came. The sport commenced with—

Champion Four-Oared Race.

Open to the world. Final Heat.

Surrey Station.	A. P. Lonsdale Crew (Manchester) . . .	2
Centre "	Lord Kilmorey Crew (Newcastle) . . .	3
Middlesex "	The Thames Crew (London)	1

It was the universal opinion that from the rowing of the day previous this must prove a very close thing indeed ; and yet each crew would be taken for choice, perhaps former prestige making the Newcastle most fancied, though London had the best station. In an admirably level start, London got first to speed, but in a dozen strokes the Newcastle led by a trifle, but only to lose it, and again these two became strictly level. Meanwhile the Manchester, from much the worst station, had been rowing splendidly ; so much so that they had made up their disadvantage, and at the London boat-house were leading the Newcastle men by several feet, while London were doing the same on the other side. The three boats were now getting dangerously close, and, to the intense disappointment of every one, a foul occurred that virtually ended a race that promised to be one of the severest on record. It seems to have happened in this way : one of the Newcastle oars just tipped one of the London, and the northern coxswain, fearing that it would be repeated, put his rudder up too sharp, and so came suddenly in contact with the Manchester on the other side. London, of course, made the most of this, and while Newcastle and Manchester were getting clear of each other, they were getting clear of them both, in an unmistakeable way, by several lengths. The Manchester went to work manfully, as soon as they were released, to reduce the gap ; the Newcastle protesting, and only formally paddling over the course for the purpose of claiming the race ; but though they rowed with amazing speed and strength, the task was hopeless from the commencement.

Immediately after the race, Newcastle claimed the first prize,

and Manchester claimed to have it rowed again; and could the laws of boat-racing be treated in that elastic way, the latter course would have pleased nearly everyone but the London crew themselves. The decision—the correctness of which has not been questioned, we believe, by any one conversant with such matters—was, that the Newcastle men caused the foul, and were therefore distanced; while the Manchester men, however much they might have been prejudiced by the foul, could not disturb the result of the race as regarded the Londoners, who were not to blame in any way for the foul. To them, therefore, was awarded the second prize, and the Newcastle were allowed the third in consideration of their heavy travelling expenses.

So disappointed were rowing men that a race they had looked forward to with such anxiety should so end, that a few Londoners, in as many minutes, had names on paper, guaranteeing a sum of fifty pounds to be rowed for afresh, by the three crews, on the 24th instant. Everything was planned, and a steamer even arranged for, to accompany the race, when one man declined to row, and thus put a stop to the good intentions of the amateurs; and sorry are we to say, that that man had sat, and rowed, and won in the London boat. Kelley was game, Manchester too, and of course the Newcastle were eager to show that superiority which they were so confident they possessed, and which they have before now displayed to demonstration. We record this as a proof that there are gentlemen on the Thames ever ready and anxious to promote sport in the most liberal way when it is developed by a manly, straightforward contest.

Pair Oared Race.

Open to the world. Final Heat.

Surrey Station.	R. Chambers and E. Winship (Newcastle)	. 1
Centre "	G. Hammerton and G. Francis (London)	. 2
Centre "	J. Mackinney and T. Mackinney (Richmond)	. 3
Middlesex "	J. G. Taylor and M. Taylor (Manchester)	. 4

The Londoners were the favourites, though many believed in the superior weight of the northmen. This race was rowed down from Hammersmith Bridge, and from the strong tide running, and the eagerness of all to seize an advantage, the start was delayed for some time; and much praise must be awarded to the Amateur Champion for the resolution displayed in getting a level start; and patience was rewarded by a very good one, although, from their position *under* the bridge toll-house almost, the Taylors were out of the race before it began; nothing but a pair vastly superior to all the others could hope to recover so much ground lost by station. The winners made a most rapid start, getting clear of the Londoners in a dozen strokes, and by splendid watermanship crossed them, with nothing to spare, and maintained the lead throughout, although at the soap works Hammerton and partner put on a beautiful spurt, but failed to reach them, and it was as much as they could do to beat the Mackinneys by a length. In recording this race we regret to

feel compelled to draw attention to conduct which must call forth the reprobation of our readers, as it did the indignation of those who witnessed it. As soon as the northmen had obtained a clear lead from Francis and Hammerton, a four-oared outriggered gig, with Messenger at the stroke oar, came out from the shore, and rowed in front of the Newcastle men for the purpose of 'washing' them; an operation which our aquatic readers know full well prejudices a 'pair-oar' to a very great extent, and this was continued until it was evident they must win in spite of it. Whichever way the Newcastle men went there was this gig; in fact, nothing could be more flagrant. If such conduct is to pass without censure, it will become universal, and then the sooner the exertions of gentlemen to support watermen's races are discontinued the better. Messenger, we believe, is the employer of Francis and Hammerton.

Watermen's Apprentices.

In old-fashioned boats, for Coat, Badge, and Freedom, and money prizes.

No less than fourteen started for this race, in four trial-heats, and in the final, S. Short, of Bermondsey, beat Brown, Joyce, and Goddard, producing some excellent contests.

This brought to a close a very successful regatta, the management and punctuality observed being worthy of great praise; and now that it is once more established, and we hope firmly, we trust the support so needed from the public will be accorded to the Thames National Regatta of next year.

The second eight-oared race of the season of The London Rowing Club came off on the 23rd instant. The following were the crews:—

Red (Middx. side). Blue (centre). White (centre). Blue & White (Surrey).

1. Jeffryea.	1. Price.	1. G. Finlaison.	1. Morley.
2. A. Finlaison.	2. Dempster.	2. Maltby.	2. Cosser.
3. Shearman.	3. Head.	3. Collins.	3. Matyear.
4. Lester.	4. Bell.	4. Wright.	4. D. S. Owen.
5. Henty.	5. Dempster.	5. Holman.	5. Hutchinson.
6. Belfour.	6. Ratclyffe.	6. Shirreff.	6. Noble.
7. Talfourd.	7. Catty.	7. A. Schlotel.	7. Lowe.
C. Schlotel, stroke.	Foster, stroke.	Custance, stroke.	Casamajor, stroke.
Atkinson (cox.).	Harding (cox.).	Camroux (cox.).	T. Owen (cox.).

Red was the favourite, the crew being considered the strongest. The weather was most uninviting, the rain descending in torrents, causing the company on the club steamer to be strictly 'limited.'

A fair start was effected, Red with a little the best of it, which it soon increased, and shortly led by its whole length. White fell astern gradually, when Blue and White closed with Blue, and a slashing set-to commenced between them, which was only marred

by the wretched steering of both boats, which at the Crab Tree resulted in a foul, caused by Blue and White. The two boats remained 'locked' long enough for White to come up; but that boat was soon shaken off and left in the extreme rear, while nothing, of course, could interfere with the victory by the Red, to which their rowing justly entitled them. The contest between Blue and Blue and White lasted to the winning-post, Blue being just defeated for the second place.

The following afternoon a club eight was manned for the purpose of giving the Westminster eight a spin over the course, they being in training for the annual race with Eton. It blew great guns, and the river was exceedingly rough, making it appear doubtful at first whether the scratch London crew could travel in what seemed to be a crank boat; but a few minutes together got them on better terms. The start was level, but the Westminster soon showed in front, and at the Point, were nearly their boat clear, London having been rather out of the tide, and from this point a fine race ensued. Shoot for shoot was the order of the day, and at Hammersmith Bridge, the agreed-upon goal, London, by its superior weight, had forged a few feet ahead. We hope another spin will take place before the Westminsters row their race, and on a smoother day. It will be of service to them, and the Londoners love such a contest; at least it appears so, for they generally contrive to measure their strength against any crew in training, whether it be Cambridge, Oxford, Westminster, or a watermen's champion.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES REGATTA.

THIS event, looked forward to by the amateurs as next in rotation, and perhaps rank, to Henley, was celebrated on the 27th ult., and, to continue the comparison, showed in some cases a lack of entries, although ten heats, and scratch eight-oar races to wind up may be considered a good afternoon's sport, especially as several produced the finest contests ever seen on these waters. Formerly, at all metropolitan regattas, the sculling races always produced the largest entries, and often the best races, now, they seem to be less sought after, while the number of pair-oars in both classes has decidedly increased: a 'pair-oar' race used to be a dead letter in, as well as a dead loss to, any regatta. We should much like to see this style of rowing still more encouraged; it produces the very perfection of rowing and watermanship, if constant practice together is allowed; and we are glad, therefore, that the London Rowing Club have, on the 8th inst., a race of this description, the entries for which we give below.

All the races were started from the upper end of the Waterworks, finishing at a flag-boat near Kingston Bridge, keeping the Surrey side of Messenger's Island.

The first race on the card was—

The Junior Sculls.

Surrey	Station.	G. Dunnage (K. R. C. and L. R. C.).
Middlesex	„	R. Beaumont (C. U. B. C.).

It must be premised that a great mistake had been committed in the placing of the stakes from which to start; that on the Surrey side being so close to the Waterworks wall, that it was in almost dead water, while the centre and Middlesex stations had the full benefit of a strong stream; a disadvantage that would exist, in the cases of two boats keeping level for a quarter of a mile, and would be more especially felt in the four-oar races. After a level start, Beaumont got the lead, but they came to the island quite level. Dunnage, in his turn, then led a foot or two, and so continued till close to the winning-post, when Beaumont gave in, after an exciting and severe race.

Four Oars (Open).

Surrey	Station.	London Rowing Club 1
Centre	„	Kingston Rowing Club 2
Middlesex	„	King's College Club (did not go).

London Crew.

1. W. Foster.
2. H. N. Custance.
3. G. Sherriff.
- A. A. Casamajor, stroke.
- H. H. Weston, cox.

Kingston Crew.

1. L. R. Lack.
2. D. Wilson.
3. A. Vesey.
- G. Bennett, stroke.
- C. Walton, cox.

King's College Crew.

1. H. F. Winslow.
2. F. A. C. Bergue.
3. G. Fortescue.
- J. Harrison, stroke.
- C. Workman, cox.

This was the great race, and so it proved in every sense. London, in a very bad station, was the first to get their speed, but Kingston soon deprived them of it, and gradually stole in front, and at the boathouse, urged by the deafening shouts of their friends, put on a fine spurt, and nearly got their boat clear, amid tremendous excitement, London being rather wild. The island passed, however, they got down to their work, and, splendidly 'coached' by their coxswain, put on spurt after spurt, and slowly but surely rowed down their plucky opponents: opposite the Anglers, and from there to the winning flag, it was spurt for spurt in each boat, London winning a punishing race by barely a length. Kingston, though a lighter crew, was certainly in better condition than London, and for that, as well as for having rowed as game a race as ever was seen, against what was thought to be a much superior crew, deserve the highest praise. It is singular that both these crews, with one exception, in each boat, had a defeat to wipe from their escutcheons, received at Henley.

The London crew (except No. 1, who rowed in the stroke winning Wyfold four, defeating Kingston) was defeated for the Stewards' Cup, by the First Trinity; and the Kingston crew (with the exception of No. 3) was defeated, as above, for the Wyfold.

With such an indefatigable and finished oarsman as their stroke,

Mr. Bennett, the Kingston Rowing Club cannot fail to meet with the success they so richly deserve for so steadily treading in the path that leads to victory.

The Tradesmen's Gigs, won in the final heat by Benn and Dunton, beating Wells and Wellbelove.

Senior Sculls.

Surrey Station.	G. R. Cox ('Twickenham)	. . . 2
Centre "	R. Beaumont (C. U. B. C.)	. . . 0
Middlesex "	W. Burgess (L. R. C.)	. . . 1

Burgess got the lead, and with Cox close on him, and Beaumont all behind, who gave in at the island, made a good race to the bottom of the Waterworks, where Burgess got clear, and won with something in hand by half a length.

Local Pair Oars.

Surrey Station.	L. F. Chapman and J. G. Stahlschmidt.	. . . 0
Centre "	St. Vincent Jervis and W. Busk 2
Middlesex "	D. Wilson and L. R. Lack 1

This was a fine race : Chapman and partner were out of it at the start, by Stahlschmidt getting the button of his oar beyond the rowlock. Jervis led, and got clear of Wilson and Lack, but their lively style, just suited to pair-oar rowing, redeemed it for them, and they won by two or three lengths, though past the island they were neck and neck. A slight foul took place there, which was claimed by Jervis, but not allowed.

Pair Oars (Open).

Surrey Station.	W. Burgess and G. Sherriff (L. R. C.)	. . . 1
Centre "	T. Whippam and R. Bullock (Oxford)	. . . 0
Middlesex "	G. Norworthy and L. P. Evans (Oxford)	. . . 2

The centre Oxford pair were the favourites, but the Londoners were too good, though it was a good race to the boathouse, where the winners got the lead clear, and kept it ; the other Oxford pair beaten off, the rowing being rather wild.

Local Four Oars.

Surrey Station.	Kingston (violet and white) crew.
Centre "	Richmond crew.
Middlesex "	Kingston (red and white) crew.

<i>Kingston (violet).</i>	<i>Richmond.</i>	<i>Kingston (red).</i>
1. D. Wilson.	1. L. F. Chapman.	1. St. Vincent Jervis.
2. J. H. Percival.	2. H. D. Brown.	2. A. Vesey.
3. R. Bainbridge.	3. J. Muzie.	3. J. T. Dean.
L. R. Lack, stroke.	J. C. Stahlschmidt, stroke.	F. W. Rowlatt, stroke.
F. Walton, cox.	H. Weston, cox.	C. Walton, cox.

This was indeed a close thing. The three crews rowed nearly all for a quarter of a mile, when Richmond drew away, and at

the island were a length a-head of Jervis's crew, second ; at the chapel, Jervis put on a spurt, and thereby rowed on to the stern of Richmond, who were first at the finish by half a length, Jervis only a few feet in front of the third. Jervis claimed a foul, which was not allowed.

The Tradesmen's Sculls (a cup given by the mayor) won by E. Wells, beating Gray and Benn, the latter breaking his stretcher.

Local Pair-Oar Gigs, with Cox.

Surrey Station.	G. Bennett and G. Dunnage, Walton, cox.	. 1
Centre ,,	T. W. Rowlatt and J. T. Dean, Walton ,,	. 2

Bennett's pair got the lead, but was close pressed by the other pair to the island, where they got clear, and won by two lengths.

The Eight-oar Scratch Races concluded a day of first-rate sport, carried out by admirable arrangements and great liberality on the part of the Committee. Such attendance has been rarely seen, even at Henley, this ancient borough being represented by all its rank and beauty.

London Rowing Club Pair-Oar Race.

For Silver Prizes, given by Mr. Sich.

Entries.

C. Schlotel and Henty.	Catty and Dempster.
Custance and A. Schlotel.	G. Finlaison and Lowe.
Foster and Chapman.	W. Sherriff and G. Sherriff.
H. H. Playford and Stahlschmidt.	Woodbridge and Morley.

CRICKET.

CRICKET during the past month has suffered a material depression, through the glorious patriotic Volunteer movement. This, of course, cannot for one moment be matter of complaint, albeit we fancy 'a leetle less drill,' and a trifle more cricket, would have been all the better for the national pastime, and none the worse for the national movement ; a movement that we all heartily wish 'may never be bowled out ;' and if ever our enemies are met in the field, the volunteers of Old England may 'win in a single innings,' and all their foes get 'well stumped out.' As we commenced our review last month, so will we this, with the match between

The Two Elevens. The May match up at Lord's was distinguished by the most artistic and finished display of 'Cricket all round' yet seen this year. The match in July at the Oval will remain celebrated for the most inartistic, discreditable display of fielding ever shown by the Elevens. On the Saturday (the third day) it was rotten to a degree. A country parish Eleven would feel disgraced by, and ashamed of some of the fielding shown. Whatever 'little game' they were playing on the Saturday—at one portion of the day it certainly was 'not cricket'—it mended afterwards, when Bennett at mid-wicket made two very fine catches ; when John Lillywhite made a brilliant catch off his own bowling from a drive of great force by George Parr ; when Carpenter

caught Clarke and Jackson at point—the latter catch being made with the left hand—one of the finest, coolest things ever seen; Willaher, too, made a rare catch at short square leg, which sent home Mortlock when he was evidently full of mischief; but these are, we maintain, the little gems of cricket, that are naturally looked for in a match wherein twenty-two of the first professionals of England are playing; and that such escapades as occurred when Caffyn and Clarke both (on the third day) let the ball twice pass clean between their legs; when Lockyer more than once missed stumping a man, and at another time threw hard at, but did not hit, the wicket, and thereby lost 3 runs; when Diver twice let off Carpenter from catches so easy, that a child might have secured them; when E. Stephenson dropped a ball hit by Parr, and missed Willaher; when the latter had scored but 26 out of his 25; and when at one time the whole of the United Eleven seemed not to care at all about fielding;—all this, and much more of this kind of thing, is not what is expected to be witnessed from the crack twenty-two players of England: nor was the hitting in the match of that high character expected. Tinley's 26 was a fine specimen of how to punish loose bowling. Anderson was in fine form, and George Parr fully maintained his fame as a batsman. E. Stephenson showed some excellent play, but Hayward's was the batting exhibition of the match; for although the hitting was not particularly brilliant, his defence was superb: bowling him seemed impracticable, and his only perceptible fault was his tendency to run himself and others out. Grundy's bowling in the A. E. first innings was very fine, and so was that of Jackson and Willaher throughout the match. Bennett was not successful. Caffyn seemed quite off his fine old trimming style, and Tinley's slows were sparingly used, but effective when they were. All England played Anderson for Tarrant; and the United, Bennett, E. Stephenson, and T. Sewell, jun. for Slinn, James Chatterton, and Atkinson. It would be a difficult matter to strengthen the A. E. Eleven, but an infusion of good bowling—such as Wisden's was—would wonderfully improve the United. Why don't they secure Robinson of York, who, we imagine, would be a very desirable addition both as a bowler and bat?

The All England Eleven since our last have played against 22's in five matches; lost one, drawn one, and won three. The 22 of York were the Eleven's victors by 14 runs. At Walsall the match was drawn. At Monmouth the Eleven won by 43; and at Gainsborough the Eleven had a majority of 50 runs: but their greatest victory was at Sheffield against 17 of Hallam with F. Tinley, which match the Eleven won in one innings and 156 runs, scoring 339, the largest innings they ever made. This match will be the more memorable to the Eleven from the fact of their slow bowler (decidedly the best in England), R. C. Tinley, taking no less than 27 wickets out of the 34. In the second innings of Hallam, Tinley accomplished the unprecedented feat of taking all the 17 wickets by his slows.

The United have since our last played but one match against 22—that was at West Bromwich, and turned out an easy job for the United, they scoring 249, and winning in one innings and 32 runs. Grundy played a fine innings of 72, as did Carpenter for 40.

The Eton and Harrow match brought old times back to the remembrance of the old stagers, on the old ground at Lord's, on the 13th and 14th. How brilliant, how gay! how fresh, young, and charming the old spot appeared, ringed around as it was by the beauty and chivalry of Old England! Near upon 6,000 souls were on the ground each day, and not one 'man' among them; we of the sterner sex on those days were all 'boys' again. There was the old

boy, the middle-aged boy, the fiercely-bearded boy of thirty, the dashing moustached boy of twenty-five, the gay boy of twenty, and boys of all ages down to the fearless, happy, hearty, gentlemanly, unmatched and unmatchable English boy of ten—whose shrill, defiant, hearty, partisan cheer ‘for the ‘nonce’ took years off our head. Criticise the play? ‘Pshaw!’ not for the life of us. We saw and admired the bowling of Mr. R. Walker, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Hornby, and shouted ‘Well bowled!’ We saw Mr. Daniel make his wonderful ‘not out 112,’ and Mr. Mitchell his truly great 70 and 26; and got quite hoarse in our long innings of shouting ‘Well hit!’ We one moment was hard at it with ‘Well played, Eton!’ and the next minute found ourselves coming out strong with ‘Bravo, Harrow!’ and oh, the finish of the play on the Saturday! what a scene of excitement ensued, as run after run was put on the Eton score by Mr. Hoare! And that fine cool bat, Mr. Pocklington: it was a grand contest, conferring honour alike on Eton and Harrow, and ended in the best possible manner, ‘neither defeated,’ but both honoured. May we see many such annual fights, and Winchester, ‘as of yore,’ join in them!

The Gentlemen and Players’ brace of matches this year, at Lord’s and the Oval, were unpleasantly decisive of the superiority of the professionals; the latter winning at the Oval by 8 wickets, and at Lord’s in one innings and 181 runs. The immense number of runs scored by the Players evidence at a glance that the principal cause of the Gentlemen’s defeat was their weakness in bowling. It was a great loss, no doubt, in the Lord’s match, to have Mr. V. E. Walker’s good right hand all but disabled; but yet it must be borne in mind, his bowling has nowhere this year had that telling effect that it was attended with last year. It will not be amiss for the Gentlemen of England to have constantly before them the figures resulting from these great matches; it may lead to a remedy. The aggregate scores were:

THE PLAYERS.

At the Oval—First innings, 328; second innings (with but 2 wickets down) 80: total	408
At Lord’s—First and only innings	394
Total number of runs for the 22 wickets down	802

This gives an average of about 36 runs for wicket. The following is the scoring of

THE GENTLEMEN.

At the Oval—First innings, 160; second innings, 245: total	405
At Lord’s—First innings, 137: second innings, 76: total	213
Total number of runs for the 40 wickets	618

Averaging not quite 16 runs for wicket—a good and fair average in itself, but ‘child’s play’ compared with the huge scores of the Players. Now let us figure down the result of the Gentlemen’s bowling, and in so doing we have ‘lumped’ the bowling of each gentleman in the two matches together. We find that—

	Overs bowled	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
*Mr. Traill	73	19 for 118	and took 0	
Mr. Fawcett	42 and 3 balls,	17	80	3
*Mr. A. Rowley	27	6	45	0
*Mr. V. E. Walker	52	9	90	4
Mr. F. P. Miller	46	7	102	4

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
*Mr. J. Makinson bowled 53 and 1 ball,	21	„	109	„ 5
Mr. C. D. Marsham „ 70	36	„	92	„ 0
Mr. R. Marsham „ 36	6	„	38	„ 3
Mr. Lang „ 47	18	„	64	„ 2
Mr. Hankey „ 9	3	„	13	„ 0

* Bowled in both matches.

A glance at the above proves that for the short period tried, Mr. R. Marsham's bowling was every way the most effective of the lot, and his brother's, Mr. C. D., in not obtaining wickets, the most unfortunate. But the most glaring want was that of an 'effective' slow bowler: this will be obviated in a year or so by playing Mr. Plowden, the present Cambridge University bowler, who has plenty of head-work in his puzzlers; and, when Mr. Lang learns to moderate his pace a trifle, and thus insure more truth; when Mr. Mitchell of Eton, and Mr. Daniel of Harrow, have more acclimatized their already fine batting to first-class bowling; with Mr. Waud or Mr. Lockhart as wicket-keeper, and Mr. Lee long stop, then the Gentlemen may stand a better chance for victory, till when, do not play any other match but the old one of Eleven against Eleven: fight on till you do conquer, and in the mean time, to equalize the match a bit, let the Players (as in 1837) defend wickets, something like 30 in by 10 in, against the Gentlemen's ordinary wicket of 27 by 8. Many of Mr. Lang's balls shot by so near to the Players' stumps in the Lord's match that would have destroyed wickets of the above dimensions. There was some fine batting by the Gentlemen. Mr. Lane's 40 (the top gentlemen's innings at Lord's) was a fine exhibition of defence and hit against first-class bowling; Mr. Benthall's 45 was truly a wonderful innings: the fine, fearless, and finished style he played Jackson's bowling, was a treat of the highest order. Mr. Miller's 16 not out, and 35, was another fine display of batting; as was Mr. J. Makinson's 49, and Mr. Waud's not out 39: but the innings in the match was, without a doubt, Mr. Bagge's 62 and 60: they were the most finished, artistic exhibition of cool, cautious, and effective hitting we saw in the two matches; and how this gentleman could be left out of the match at Lord's we cannot imagine. The Players' great innings speak for themselves. They never before in these matches obtained such scores collectively or individually, as Carpenter and Hayward did: the former's 119 with his tremendous square leg hit from Mr. Miller for 6, clean out of the ground, was a wonderful performance, but eclipsed, we think, by his townsman Hayward's 133, played without giving a single chance, until he ran in to the slow: but they were truly wonderful matches these two, wherein no less a number than 1,420 runs were scored.

Surrey, after her defeat by Cambridge, as commented on in our last, tackled with her Eleven sixteen of the sister University, Oxford, and a magnificently close contest ended in Oxford's victory by three runs only. Mr. Lane fought for his county, which of course rendered Oxford's victory the more difficult of achievement. The match was exciting in the extreme at the close, Lockyer working with his head and bat like the Trojan he is; but Mr. Traill finished the match, and defeated Surrey by one of the finest catches in the slip ever witnessed. Had H. H. Stephenson ran another run for the preceding hit, as he might have done, Lockyer would have had the ball, and *then*—well, perhaps it would have been still the same. On the 16th, however, Surrey at last won a county match, by beating Sussex at Brighton in one innings and 43 runs. The Surrey Eleven commenced batting with Mr. Miller and T. Sewell, and as the Sussex team could not part them, they scored

154 runs. This, we believe, is an unprecedented number of runs for one wicket, and speaks volumes for the utter worthlessness of the Sussex bowling. Little Wells got nine of the ten Surrey wickets, whose innings amounted to 284 runs. Mr. Miller contributed 105, Sewell 62, and Mortlock a very fine not out 49: *per contra*—and very much so it was—Sussex made 99 and 142. Mr. Hall made two 30's; and that fine old cricketer, Mr. E. Napper, a very fine innings of 52. Surrey played their professional colt Hartfield, whose bowling was so effective (he took 8 wickets) that he was thereupon reckoned one of the Eleven.—The gentlemen of the Surrey Club played and defeated the Eleven of the Essex County Club by 83 runs. There was some very tall scores in the match, but the bowling was 'raw' and loose, particularly by the Surrey gentlemen.—The gentlemen of the Surrey Club next played the gentlemen of the Midland Counties. The men of Surrey, scoring 321 in their first and only innings, played against the Midland's 142 and 228. For Surrey Mr. Harvey made 101 by powerful batting. The top scorer for the Midland was Mr. J. H. Marshall, a young gentleman who bids fair to become one of the best gentlemen bats we have: his 45 and 30 were made in a fine free style. After two days' play Surrey had 37 runs to obtain to win, and 9 wickets to go down. The Midland gentlemen did not appear to play the match out.—The Surrey Gentlemen next had a field day with Eleven of the South Wales Club, who scored 194 in about two hours and a half, Mr. Belcher making 66. Surrey made 210 for the loss of 3 wickets, Mr. R. B. Earle making 90, and the aforesaid Mr. J. H. Marshall a fine not out innings of 78.—The Gentlemen of the North v. the Gentlemen of the South next met on the Oval, and 758 runs were scored in the match before the South were proclaimed the winners by 8 wickets. The South's first innings was 334, of which number Mr. Miller made 133, Mr. F. Norman 48, and Mr. Bent-hall 39. The North scored 140 and 238, Mr. J. Makinson leading with two fine innings of 34 and 66, well backed up by Mr. P. Perera with 60, and Mr. J. H. Marshall with 24 and 18.—At the time we write Surrey are contesting against the powerful Eleven of Nottingham, to which city the indefatigable Surrey Secretary has nailed down his crack team. Ere we take our leave of Surrey, we must note that the members of the Surrey Club are about conferring honour on themselves, and pay a deserved compliment to their truly popular secretary, by presenting that esteemed gentleman with a testimonial, in estimation of Mr. H. Burrup's untiring and successful exertions on behalf of the Surrey Club and cricket in general. If the testimonial be equal to Mr. Burrup's deserts, it will be a very handsome affair indeed.

Kent has added two more victories to her list this year, beating the M. C. C. and Ground in their return match by 9 wickets, and the Gentlemen of Kent, having dressed off (on the first innings) the Gentlemen of Berks, Kent scoring 133 against Berks' 67. Whilst we are writing Kent are playing Sussex their return match at Tunbridge Wells.

Sussex, as above-mentioned, have received two unmistakable dressings from Surrey and Kent. We all know there appears a fatality attached to a county's exertions at times, and thus it is, we suppose, with Sussex; for we cannot imagine her 1860 exhibitions are anything like her 'true form,' or worthy a county that has the pluck to tackle Surrey single-handed. The Sussex Gentlemen have had one success and one defeat. Their success was against the Gentlemen of Hants, at Brighton, on the 2nd and 3rd ult., Sussex scoring 98 and 31, with 10 wickets to go down, and Hants 68 and 60. The Sussex Gentlemen's defeat was 'a clinker' by the Gentlemen of Berks, who made

the extraordinary innings of 427 runs, the brothers Edward and Spencer Leigh's scoring 309 runs between them, Mr. Edward Leigh distributing no less than 190 in the one innings, and Mr. Spencer Leigh 119. Both the 427 and the 190 are the largest single innings made or likely to be made this season. Never before, we are informed, were bowlers or fielders so 'tied up 'in a knot' as the Gentlemen of Sussex were on this occasion; but their bowling, we hear, was wretched, and the very proper penalty was incurred, therefore, of a fearful amount of 'leather hunting.' It has been surmised that this famous Berks innings of 427 is the highest ever scored. It is not so; as at Epsom, on the 24th of August, 1815, a match was played between Epsom and Middlesex, on which occasion Epsom made an innings of 476, F. Ladbroke, Esq., scoring 116, and Mr. F. Woodbridge 107; Middlesex, first innings 51, second innings 67.

The Marylebone Club matches played since our last have been few and unimportant. The Club took a team of four gentlemen and seven players (?) down to Canterbury to play the return match with Kent, and nearly caught a single innings dressing. Little Wells saved the M. C. C. this disgrace by making a fine 'not out' innings of 61 (out of the 124 scored) in their second go. The scores were, M. C. C. and Ground 52 and 124; Kent 156 and (with 9 wickets to go down) 23. The top Kent score of 36 was made by Mr. Bradbury Norton, who is a very promising cricketer. Another Club match was with Eleven of the South Wales Club, who scored 209 runs in their first and only innings against the M. C. C.'s 97, with 9 wickets down. The remaining match was the interesting Colts match. With three exceptions, they were a sorry lot. One or two had to undergo a mouth examination, so ancient were they. However, there were three whom we may expect to hear about hereafter: the first, Slater from Newark, is evidently an excellent bat (unlucky in this match), and a good active field; Mouncey of Cambridge is an earnest and really fine bat: he has a very fine defence, good forward play, and hits severely and in a good style. Truly, with Hayward, Carpenter, Diver, Reynolds, and Mouncey, Cambridge is rich in professionals of talent; but the pick, 'by long chalks,' of 'the Colts,' is Robinson (Yorkshire), who is no mean bat, having a free, manly, punishing style of hitting (not slogging), as a field is very fair, but as a bowler is very good, with a short run and easy delivery. He sends in a fast, shooting ball, that turned out in this match very destructive. He bowled 6 wickets out of the 10 in the M. C. C.'s first innings, and in their second he bowled 7 out of the 10, and one was stumped from him, making 13 wickets out of the 20. He bowled 31 overs in the second innings: 15 of the overs were maidens. He played in the Cracks' Match of the First Eleven v. the Next Fourteen, and in the first day's play maintained his position while he was kept on; but we will comment on this match in our next number. The United Committee ought at once to secure Robinson, than whom we know no bowler likelier to put a stop to a repetition of such an unmistakable thrashing and virtual defeat they suffered on the Oval last week.—The past month has been prolific beyond precedent in monster scores, of which the following is a specimen:—

The Gentlemen of Berkshire . . .	first innings . . .	427
„ Players (at Lord's) . . .	„ . . .	394
„ All England Eleven (at Sheffield) . . .	„ . . .	339
„ Gentlemen of the South . . .	„ . . .	334
„ Players (at the Oval) . . .	„ . . .	328
„ Gentlemen of Surrey . . .	„ . . .	321

The Surrey Eleven against Sussex . .	first innings	284
„ Gentlemen of Harrow . . .	„	274
„ United Eleven (at West Bromwich).	„	249
„ Gentlemen of England (at the Oval)	second innings	245
„ „ Eton (2 wickets to go down)	„	221
„ „ the South . . .	„	238
„ „ the Midland Counties .	„	228
„ Eleven of England against 16 of Oxford.	„	221
„ All England Eleven against the United .	„	221

The current month teems with first-class matches for decision, among them being Surrey v. England; Surrey v. The North; 16 of Kent against 11 of England (the Canterbury week); M. C. C. and Ground v. Sussex; Gentlemen of the North v. South; Gentlemen of Surrey v. Midland Counties; Surrey v. Southgate; The United Eleven v. 16 of Southgate; North v. South; and many matches between The Elevens and 22.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

AT this time of the year the drama very naturally declines, and music in her various shapes betakes herself hastily to the white shores of Albion; actors and actresses the most persevering grow to look upon their professional duties as peculiarly toilsome, and managers begin to fancy that there must be something very necessary to the prosperity of their establishments to be discovered round about the shores of this little sea-girt isle, or on the other side of the Channel, that separates us from our lively neighbours. The heat and the sun and the dulness of matters generally tell upon things theatrical, and few are those who remain to enjoy the amusements of the wide metropolis whilst a possibility exists of their gaining a sniff of the harvest, or of the breeze that blows up from the sea, or of the fine fresh air that wafts the 'scent' over the moors. Another fortnight, and the annual match in St. Stephen's will have been played out. Palmerston's Eleven have had a hard time of it with the Derbyites, and must want recreation: on the whole, their bowling has neither been very good nor very straight, and their batting not up to the mark. They don't hit hard enough, one half of them, and they have not much confidence in their own strength. The dexterous way in which Disraeli has caught one or two of them out has surprised the spectators, and the result of the game next season few could now safely predict. In a week or so, however, the tired-out Parliamentarian will abandon his visits, far between though they are, to the temples of art where the Muses dwell. The wilds of Scotland and Ireland and Wales; the swiftly-running, highly-sparkling Rhine, with its placid Bingen and Königs-winter, Ehrenbreitstein, and its hundred other pleasant retreats; Baden-Baden, with its never-ending coteries and its aspect of exhaustless wealth; Spa, with its highly respectable English inhabitants, who have a divided regard for their health and economy; and dozens of the other proverbially popular resorts of the Continent, are at this moment preparing for the reception of the ladies and gentlemen who, as a rule, have a good deal of money to spend, and do spend it pretty freely and very much to the satisfaction of the recipients. The 'more middling' classes, too, are turning their attention away from theatres and concerts and ball-rooms. For some time past, whenever the rain has condescended to give them the chance, their thoughts and their energies have been directed towards Cremorne, where the ever-busy Mr. Simpson is busier than

ever, and flourishes apace, previous, as it is rumoured, to his retirement from the property, which, report says, is to be purchased and conducted by a company; also towards the Surrey Gardens and Music Hall, which are growing into celebrity under the guidance of new proprietors, Messrs. Bishop and Caldwell—the former gentleman once the *chef* of Mr. T. B. Simpson's staff, and the latter well known through his connection with the terpsichorean establishment in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. Rosherville, and the more distant localities of the kind, have gained their full meed of support; but now even they will be partially abandoned, and the tide of favour turn towards the English watering-places. Brighton, the stately, the shadeless, will receive its seekers after 'twelve hours at the sea-side' at the most moderate cost and with untiring avidity; Hastings and St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, less glaring, more quiet and retired, together with Worthing, which looks like a large bit of Brighton that has wandered away along the sea-coast and lost itself in a shady place, open their terraces and crescents and villas and lodges to troops of adults and children, with here and there a motley group of invalids; while Margate and Ramsgate and Herne Bay, and all the charming, smiling, cool places in Kent, are getting as full as they can hold of the tired-out, town-sick denizens of our toilsome capital. Looking at the head of this communication, some of the numberless readers of 'Baily's Magazine' might feel inclined to ask what all this has to do with the drama and music? Why, everything, I reply. The places where critics most abound cannot flourish without audiences; and it is our special business, if they be not in their right place, to find out where they are—to look them up—to account for them—to know where we can put our hands upon them if we want them—and to tell them all that is going on in a sphere that they will again readily frequent when their vacations and excursions and recreations are at an end.

The Italian operatic establishments have nearly closed their doors, and have only to balance the accounts and find out in how far fortune has favoured the brave. It is generally believed that Mr. F. Gye has had an admirable season, and that the addition to his property of the Floral Hall has been of marked benefit; while, if rumour is to be credited, Mr. E. T. Smith is also stated to have finished on the right side, and to be fixed in his notions of the future occupation of Her Majesty's Theatre. His announcement shows a tolerable amount of confidence, and also discloses his intentions with regard to a winter campaign of English opera, for which he is organizing an excellent company. The names of Madlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Madlle. Parepa, though not altogether national, are perfect guarantees of artistic effect and weight in the *corps* of principals. It is, however, to be hoped that no diminished care will be extended to the orchestra and chorus, for the general effect of operatic undertakings depends quite as much on these departments as on the talent of the prima donna or the distinction of the tenor and the basso. The experience of the present season must have taught Mr. Smith that it is bad economy to grudge the expense necessary for a first-rate orchestra when you are spending so much in the engagement of a high-class company. It was scarcely wise of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison to allow Madlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley to slip through their fingers: they are both admirable singers, and it will be very difficult to replace them during the forthcoming season of English opera at Covent Garden Theatre.—In looking back upon the past month at the dramatic theatres which have enjoyed the largest share of prosperity, the palm must be awarded to the Haymarket, the Olympic, and the Strand. The managements of these establishments have hit upon the safest

policy in this class of speculations; they have found out 'specialities,' and worked them up to their own pecuniary advantage and to the moral benefit of the arenas over which they preside. This is the only right thing to do in dramatic undertakings: it is the principle which is at the basis of all French success; it pays in the first place; it makes a school of art in the second; and in the third it keeps you at peace with your neighbours—a consummation which any one acquainted with this particular phase of art and its disciples will acknowledge to be profoundly difficult of attainment. As a general rule, managers don't like one another much, and it is hard work to make actors—particularly good ones—fraternize. Macready and Edmund Kean hated one another fiercely; and the former even carried out his animosity in favour of the son of the eminent tragedian, of whom, when youthful, he used to talk as 'a young man, acting about the provinces, named Kern, or King, or Kean—yes, 'Kean, that was it!' as if the four letters had never before been joined together to the glory of the past, present, and future of the histrionic profession. As for the ladies—bless their bright eyes and their winning smiles!—they hold one another in active abhorrence; they are perpetually breaking up into cliques and coteries founded on a sworn code of *camaraderie*, which again breaks up into quartettes, trios, and duos, until at the end they unite all in diametrical diversion, and are prepared then to take their separate and individual stand, and stick to it to the last, and leave to posterity a practical realization of the Kilkenny fable, wherein two members of the feline race having slightly disagreed, were ultimately subjected to corporeal diminution, more the results of anger and force than of a determination to increase the gracefulness of their appearance or add to their bodily comfort. But even our dear little representatives of feminine dramatic ability are angels compared to the ladies of the histrionic profession abroad. There is no mistake about this, and not much attempt to hide it; it is boundless affection—it is endless respect—it is uncompromising virtue in the presence of *cette chère Madame Clerc*. But once let her back be turned, and 'way for the Niagara of abuse! it rages out—it floods forth—envy, malice, and calculation, in terms that make the bystander fancy that he would like to be the only male figure in a dream of fair women, each like the sample before him.

But, says the indulgent reader, what about the dramatic doings in London? Good! we are coming to them; but it is almost pleasanter to chat by the way than to go direct about our errand; loitering, however, is deemed an evil by employers even of watchful servants: therefore to our task. In actual dramatic and musical novelties we have had a barren month; there has been but little doing, and that little of a class that does not call for detailed comment or elaborate criticism.

In the early days of July one of the greatest artistic events was the visit of the French Orphéonistes, three thousand strong. They came, they saw, and they slept on straw mattresses in a huge building at the Islington Cattle Market. It wasn't our fault, for they intrusted the direction of their comfort to a certain M. Delaporte, and he made the contract and settled the whole business, and consequently brought his poor and energetic countrymen to great bodily discomfiture. The Emperor's enemies over here told us all that there were plenty of *mouchards* amongst them, and that Louis Napoleon wanted them to be very uncomfortable and hate England, and a great deal more of such nonsense. Neither circumstance, however, transpired, to the best of our knowledge, for they had a first-rate dinner at the finish at the Crystal Palace. We all hugged them a great deal in the immediate interest of the 'Belle Alliance;'

and so they went back by the way of Newhaven, and were, doubtless, most of them particularly bilious and sea-sick before they reached their native shore and their dwelling-places.—The production of 'Oberon' at Her Majesty's Theatre was another incident of marked importance. Everybody talked about it, and a great many people went to see it; critics in daily papers, who strive so hard to make matter and increase the English vocabulary, grew erudite and talked much about Braham and the St. James's Theatre and the original production of the work in London on the 12th April, 1826. As far as the embodiment of the chief characters was concerned nothing could be much better than the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Alboni, Tietjens, and Mongini gained verdicts of enthusiastic approval, and by their separate and united efforts achieved a triumph that was certainly the most notable of which the Royal Theatre in the Haymarket has lately had the opportunity of boasting.—On the evening of July 9, a new and amusing sketch was brought out at the Olympic, called 'Duchess or Nothing,' done by Mr. Walter Gordon, from 'La Marquise de Carabas,' which had already appeared on the English stage as 'Grist to the Mill.' Nowadays, it isn't enough to translate a piece; it must be done second hand, adapted from an adaptation, translated from a translation, or it stands no chance of popularity. 'Duchess or Nothing,' however, was a neat *lever du rideau*, and was well played, by Mrs. Stirling particularly, who always looks handsome and sparkling, and when she doesn't overact—which she too often does just now—is second to no one in her particular line. Messrs. Robson and Emden have made two new additions to their company, in the persons of Miss Louisa Keeley and Mr. F. Robinson. Miss Keeley has, it is said, signed for three years, an engagement likely to suit her and the management equally. She is full of talent—vocal and histrionic—and all that she wants is a first-rate audience, such as that provided at the Olympic, capable of appreciating genuine talent, and able to understand efforts that stand above the regions of clap-trap. Mr. F. Robinson has been a very good actor at Sadler's Wells; what he will turn out at the west end of London it is not easy to predict. Mr. Lewis Ball was funny at the Wells, but he was by no means humorous in Wych Street. Quaintness to an audience of one temperament is stupidity to an assemblage of another; locality makes a vast difference, sometimes, in matters of this description.—About this same time, the French performances at the St. James's Theatre—now at an end—were reinforced by the appearance of Madlle. Delphine Fix, a very accomplished actress from the *Française*, who made a very successful *début* here in a comedy by M. Victorine Sardou, entitled 'Les Pattes de Monde.'—Contemporaneously with these incidents, the Alhambra, the marvellous modern temple in Leicester Square, broke out in a fresh equestrian fever, which has been raging ever since. Every month a new kind of attraction claims the attention of the loiterer in the semi-foreign district; first it is Mr. Rarey; then it is the *par noble fratrum*, Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan; then it is a grand troupe, in which the chief members are the renowned Tom Matthews, Harry Croust, the Frères Daniel, together with many professional Dianas and mighty Nimrods, adapting themselves to the sawdust exigencies of the times they live in, with an amount of self-abnegation truly admirable.—A contest of brass bands at the Crystal Palace gave rise to such a braying as had seldom been heard before, and will not, we hope, often be heard again. Up from the country, from every direction, came the troops of instrumentalists, with their stock in trade under their arms, and tramping manfully to their metropolitan destination. In the great Handel Festival Orchestra, the united bands assembled, forty-eight in

number, and gave vent to their sentiments with an energy that defies description, and that must have been heard to have been appreciated.

At the close of the regular season of Her Majesty's Theatre, about the tenth of the month, Madame Marie Cabal made her first appearance, and created a highly favourable impression by her charming singing and piquant acting. She was received with genuine enthusiasm by an audience fully capable of appreciating the artistic finish for which she has earned a renown almost European.—A few nights afterwards, the revival of the 'Prophète,' at the Royal Italian Opera, was one of the most interesting events of the season, since it re-introduced Signor Tamberlik to a London audience in the part of Jean of Leyden, and brought Madame Caillag before them as Fides. It is five years since Meyerbeer's great work has been produced under Mr. Gye's *surveillance*, but it has lost nothing of its attractiveness, and was received on this occasion with every demonstration of enthusiasm.—A little American sketch, called 'The Fool of the Family,' exhibited Miss Daly in a new part, well calculated to display her naïveté, and vocal and dramatic fluency to advantage. The comedietta itself is unworthy of detailed mention, and belongs to that peculiar school of works which Mrs. Barney Williams and her followers must have called into existence.—On the evening of July 18, the Civil Service Rifle Corps gave an amateur performance at the Lyceum Theatre in aid of their 'Band Fund.' The example set by them is being industriously followed, and non-professional theatricals seem likely to be very closely connected with the Volunteer movement. The practice, as a general one, should be discouraged: the drill and the rifle-shooting take up quite enough time without there being the slightest necessity for the young men to devote a great deal of energy and talent to the pursuit of the drama under difficulties.—As an exceptional case, however—because many members of the Civil Service Corps are connected, more or less intimately, with the drama—the entertainment of the Lyceum Theatre was far more worthy of commendation than most undertakings of a similar character. A new comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor—not a good comedy, or else it could scarcely have been employed for this particular performance on this especial occasion—entitled, 'A Lesson for Life,' was one of the chief features of the bill: it was distinguished by some smartness of dialogue, but was, upon the whole, wearisome, from its length and from the non-originality of the intrigue. The various characters were very respectably played, perhaps the best actor of the company being the popular author himself. Mrs. Stirling played the principal female part with her usual *abandon* and spirit, and in the course of the evening gave great *éclat* to a neat, appropriate, and becoming address, written by Ensign Edmund Yates, and spoken with charming expression and taste. Messrs. Montagu Williams and F. C. Burnand, the authors of 'B. B.,' have written a farce for the Strand Theatre, called 'A Volunteer Ball,' which has nothing but its name to recommend it to popularity; the mere notion of a piece being *de circonstance* is not sufficient to insure its favourable reception.—On Saturday the 21st, the Dramatic College Fête and Fancy Fair, which was held at Maybury on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone, was adjourned to the Crystal Palace, where, despite bad weather, it attracted an assemblage of nearly thirteen thousand visitors.—The stalls were under the superintendence of the same ladies who officiated in the first instance, and the amount realized must have been very considerable: at fabulous prices the most useless of articles were vended; and so conducive was the result of the day supposed to be to the general interests and welfare of the College, that the fête was continued on the Monday, when the rain

poured down in torrents throughout the twelve hours. Everybody is delighted to hear that the Dramatic College is flourishing, and that the liberal and zealous efforts of its energetic master, Mr. Benjamin Webster, are unabated; but the reflection has occurred that it would not do for the dramatic profession too often to dress itself up and perform the same vagaries which—always, be it remembered, in the cause of charity—it employed itself with at the Crystal Palace on the eventful Saturday. Mr. Toole, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Paul Bedford and the rest, in their several characteristic costumes, worked indefatigably; but the assumption of the player's garb on the wrong side of the footlights, and in the sunshine and the midst of a gay and fashionable throng, was scarcely what was consistent with the 'dignity,' or what remains of it, attaching to that much-bespattered and vilified entity, the British Drama. It is said that the receipts on the first day of the fair amounted to about one thousand pounds, and that on the second day, the Monday, several hundreds were netted.—The Zouave company of dramatic *artistes*, who have been performing ever since the war in the Crimea, have been engaged by Mr. A. Harris, and have appeared with considerable success at the Princess's Theatre. They are decidedly clever, and their efforts are amusing, when you have got over the notion that stage-playing for pecuniary remuneration is not quite the occupation in which soldiers ought to indulge, and that the embodiment of feminine characters by swarthy warriors is not quite calculated to awaken admiration or pleasurable sentiments of any kind. Some people are regarding it as an extraordinary fact that these Zouaves do not play like amateurs. Why, they have been acting incessantly for the last five years; they have served a more severe apprenticeship to the art than half the members of the histrionic profession in London.—On the night of the 25th, a benefit performance was given at Drury Lane Theatre, in aid of the funds of the 'Brough Memorial'; it was fully attended, and I sincerely trust that the amount realized was very considerable. Still it is difficult to avoid the conviction, constantly forced upon us by the death, in perfect indigence, of literary men, that there is a desperate amount of recklessness about their mode of life; that there is an utter want of care as to the future, and a dangerous determination to leave things to chance, even in the face of domestic ties and obligations that ought to make men of this stamp less selfish than they appear to be. Forty pounds a year during a life provides a large sum in case of death; forty pounds a year is not so much to pay out of sums which, though they may be earned irregularly, amount to a good deal in the aggregate: it only wants a little regularity, a little system, a little resolve, and some resistance to temptation, and we should have more dignity about literary men who are not celebrities, a better general repute for the profession, and not so frequent a handing round of the hat when death has chosen his victim from amongst those who, having abundant work for their brain, do not try to keep it in proper order for its task, and act without just regard or estimation of the duties they have to perform. I sympathize deeply with those who bewail the loss of the late clever author; I do not misconceive the nature of the labour which working literary men have to accomplish, but I think that those who are left behind may deduce a moral from that which is past, may look about them, may try to set their houses in order, and, if they have weaknesses, might fight against them, may endeavour to conquer them, and not sit down with the firm conviction that there are peculiarities of temperament which must have their way, and which it is idle to make a stand against or strive to force into subjugation. The entertainment, however, of Wednesday, the 25th, was in every respect a complete success. The companies from the Haymarket, Princess's,

Strand, Olympic, and Adelphi, united with some efficient amateurs, and the result was an admirable evening's amusement. The comedietta of 'Cruel to be Kind,' and 'The Last of the Pigtaile,' commenced the programme, while a scene from 'The Willow Copse,' the farce of 'Fitzmythe of Fitzmythe Hall,' an address written by Mr. Shirley Brookes, and spoken by Mrs. Stirling, and the extravaganza of 'The Enchanted Isle,' were also included in the long list of attractions. The two most interesting features, however, of the bill of fare were, the delivery of a most impressive address by Mr. G. A. Sala, and the *début*, in the extravaganza, of Miss Fanny Stirling, who was received with enthusiasm, and exhibited a vast amount of talent, grace, and vivacity. Should this young lady determine upon joining the profession, she will certainly be a welcome and valuable addition to its ranks. Mr. Sala's poem is so admirable in every respect, and so much to the purpose, as to be worthy of quotation here.

'In triumph comes the Hero of the Day—
Strong in the council, stronger in the fray;
See in his car the conqueror—not the slave;
See o'er his head the silken banners wave;
Hear the loud trumpet's clanging blast proclaim
The grandeur of his exploits and his name.
He comes! He comes! his brow with laurel crown'd;
Behind his chariot captive kings are bound.
The town his advent surges forth to greet,
Maidens strew flowers 'neath his horses' feet;
The rev'rend senator and holy priest
Are proud to sit beneath him at the feast;
The peasant leaves his plough, the dame her bower,
To hail with shouts the Caesar of the hour.

Yes; Fame and Fortune now are in his hands.
Who help'd to win them? Yonder strong-limb'd bands,
The well-bronz'd legions tramping slowly by,
Who march'd with him to conquer or to die—
Some have return'd, unconquered, now, to share
In ev'ry gift our gratitude can spare.

At such proud moments darts there through one head
One transient thought of yon poor conscript, dead?
Of yonder pale-fac'd, well-nigh beardless boy,
Whom Nature seem'd to rear but to destroy?
He fought and bled. His valour help'd to swell
The glorious triumphs Caesar bears so well.
Now his cold corse in some dank trench is laid,
Or sleeps beneath some hedg'row's pitying shade.

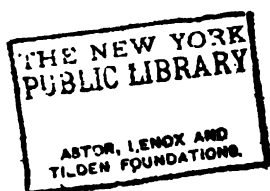
Too weak to cope in conflicts rude and rough,
So thousands die, and so died ROBERT BROUGH.

He was our conscript: fought the fight for years—
Fought it in sickness, poverty, and tears;
Till Heaven was pleas'd his spirit to release,
And hush those troubled waters into peace—
To still that heart and sheathe that dinted sword,
To "break the bowl" and "loose the silver cord."
He was our conscript; fearless in the strife,
And patient in that long disease—his life.

He drew the glaive for justice, honour, truth;
He fell a vet'ran, though in years a youth:
He mov'd your mirth—nay, sometimes, too, your tears;
He wore your harness, bore your shield for years.
His wit and fancy brought him nought but bread:
Your soldier yet deserves a mite, though dead.

The conscript's widow weeps, his children mourn ;
'Tis yours to help the feeble, the forlorn.
He never sought a mean or base reward ;
He never crav'd the bounty of my lord.
We crave it now. For alms we humbly sue ;
We hinge the knee, we bow the head, to you.
We ask your charity. Not for ourselves—
He needs it not who sternly digs and delves.
But can those babies work ? Can yon poor girl
Battle with life, its warfare and its whirl ?
Ladies and gentles, we are in your hand,
Upon your pitying hearts we take our stand.
Grant us your sympathy, your voices too.
Bear with us kindly. Think that all we do
To win your praise, to deprecate your blame,
Is humbly done in friendship's sacred name.'

J. V. P.





—

Letland

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND.

AMONG those noblemen who have been most successful in cultivating the goodwill not only of their tenantry, but also of that great portion of the English people who are attached to our national sport, is Thomas Earl of Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Grand Master of the Freemasons. The Earl of Zetland, who succeeded his father in 1839, was born in the year 1795, and is descended of a family to which the historian and genealogist have assigned an origin of high antiquity and splendour, and which has been still more remarkable for producing a series of men, eminently distinguished for their public services in the highest offices in Scotland. And when we regard the subject of this sketch either in the capacity of a peer in the House of Lords, a sportsman at Doncaster or Newmarket, or administering the important duties of Grand Master of the Freemasons, none will be disposed to question the possession, on his part, of those characteristics by which his ancestors were identified. Although an earnest politician, and a strong supporter of the Whig party, Lord Zetland has never taken a conspicuous part in the debates of the Upper House; but his endeavours to promote the liberal cause in his own districts, and, at the same time, to encourage reformatory institutions in those places where the bulk of his property is situated, have long been familiar to the followers of the pursuit of 'Social Science.' It is in the capacity of a patron of the turf, however, that his lordship has most endeared himself to the public; and in such a character, we deem it best to represent him to our readers, who in other quarters, and to other pens, must look for the portrayal of him as a statesman and an administrator.

Lord Zetland, although he had a few horses at John Scott's before he succeeded to the title, first figures in the 'Racing Calendar' in 1839, as the owner of a Physician filly that ran in the Dundas Stakes at Richmond in that year. She proved, as the trainers would say, of 'no account,' and Diavolina, the next mare he brought out, was very little better. In fact, for the first three or four years when he was with Gill, he never won a race; and tired of a public stable,

Lord Zetland engaged Robert Hill, a thorough old Yorkshire groom, born in a loft, and who thought it no disgrace to combine in one the united duties of trainer, head-lad, and strap, to look 'after his horses at home. This change proved decidedly for the better, for in 1848 we find him winning every now and then with Troica, Castanette, Queen of the May, and Ellen Middleton. In the following year Polonaise, Cantab, and Voltigeur were added to the string; and if they did not carry off any very great stakes, they at all events paid their way, while the promise which the latter held forth after having beaten Mark Tapley at Richmond, caused every guinea that could be scraped together in Yorkshire to be put on him for the Derby. As this horse was the foundation of Lord Zetland's fame, and he is identified with him as much as the late Sir Charles Banbury was with Eleanor, or Lord Exeter with Sultan, we shall dwell longer upon him than is our wont to do, more especially since within the last fortnight he won the first prize of a hundred pounds at the Cleveland Agricultural Show, 'for the best stallion calculated to improve and perpetuate the breed of the sound, stout, thorough-bred horse, not only for racing, but for general purposes.' Voltigeur was bred in 1847 by Mr. Robert Stephenson, of Hart, and was got by Voltaire out of Martha Lynn by Mulatto; and being a racing-like colt with so good a pedigree, he soon began to be talked about, and he was sent to Doncaster in September, as usual. The reserved price of three hundred and fifty pounds, not having been come to at the hammer, like a convicted prisoner, Voltigeur was sent back to the place from whence he came; and shortly afterwards, Lord Zetland, on the recommendation of his brother-in-law, that well-known sportsman, Mr. Williamson, was induced to purchase him, and he came to Aske, where Robert Hill soon fell in love with him, and was not slow in discovering what a secret treasure he possessed. All sportsmen have read in their youth, with pleasure, the anecdotes of the attachment of the Arabs of the Desert to their mares, and their reluctance to part with them, even for the most tempting European offers. But we much doubt whether in the annals of the turf, or the stories that have been bequeathed to us by our forefathers, if ever such a feeling of affection for a horse existed, as that which prevailed between Robert Hill, and Voltigeur. To doubt his being the best colt that ever was stripped, or discern the slightest fault, was almost sufficient grounds for a quarrel, while he would suffer no one to look after him but himself, and cherished him as the apple of his eye. His débüt was at Richmond in the Wright Stakes, in which, when only half-prepared, he won very cleverly, beating Mark Tapley, a colt of Dawson's, with a bit of form about him, seeing he afterwards beat Nancy at Warwick. Of course in such a country as Yorkshire, where the race-horse is the object of idolatry as much with the upper as with the middling classes, Robert Hill's stories of his pet soon got abroad, and coupled with his own performance at Richmond, and the confidence known to be entertained by Lord Zetland and Mr. Williamson in him, caused him to

be backed, without ceasing, for the Derby; and a more popular candidate for that race never left the north. The tenantry on his lordship's estates backed him to a man, and his domestics had anticipated their wages for months to come about him. Ladies'-maids could not sleep for dreaming of his success, and as, for a wonder, John Scott had no 'crack' that year, there was nothing to divide the affections of the Yorkshireman for him. Still an extraordinary prejudice existed against him in London, notwithstanding the number of horses he kept breaking down in his gallops: and a well-known Irish gentleman, who stuck to him as pertinaciously as Robert Hill himself, was enabled to get on thousands upon thousands between him and other horses.

As the time drew near, he still did not spring in the market as much as he was expected to do; but Yorkshire never wavered in its loyalty. His arrival in London, accompanied by the famous Tubal Cain of Aske, was like that of a foreign sovereign, for a special train of North Riding farmers accompanied him, and an equally large body of his London backers greeted him, and cheered him as the four posters whirled him on to Epsom. On the following morning (Sunday) there were crowds to see him gallop; but from having been shut up in the train the whole of the previous day, from stiffness he went somewhat short, and those who returned to Tattersall's in the afternoon voted him nothing but a lumbering coach-horse, which, coupled about mysterious hints as to a large amount of forfeits due from Mr. Stephenson, caused him to go almost out of the market, and bring Pitsford and Clincher into greater favour than ever. On the following morning the report as to the forfeits being due turned out to be no fiction, but a stern reality, as Lord Zetland received a communication from Messrs. Weatherby that upwards of four hundred pounds were due by the nominator of Voltigeur, which must be paid up. Irritated, and not without reason, at so unexpected a call being made upon him, Lord Zetland determined, on the impulse of the moment, to scratch him, and actually, it is said, gave orders that instructions to Messrs. Weatherby should be sent to that effect. But the intelligence of so fatal a step got wind in an instant in an establishment whose whole existence was bound up with that of Voltigeur; and the bare idea of their favourite not being permitted to run for his engagement was so dreadful that a casual visitor in Arlington Street might have imagined some dreadful calamity in the family had occurred. Mr. Williamson, who was in an equally desponding state, was at last appealed to in behalf of the domestics; and representing very earnestly the disappointment the scratching of the horse would occasion to everybody connected with him, more especially to the tenants that had come over three hundred miles to see him run, and his own belief, from the manner in which he had trained and watched him, that he could not be beaten, his lordship was induced to revoke his decision. Confidence was then restored, and every heart beat high with the thought of what the eventful Wednesday would bring forth. The day, it will be recollected, was

one of the most delightful in the annals of the Derby, and the attendance the largest ever known. The field muster was a couple of dozen, and Pitsford, whose coat shone like the brightest burnished copper, was thought, at last, to be able to accomplish the dream of Mr. Hill's life, and was supported with all the resources of the aristocratic Danebury stable. Clincher, also, was in great force, and Mildew, the D'Orsay of the lot, had as many followers as Spurgeon has on the other side of the London bridges. Sussex stood manfully, The Nigger, and Ghillie Callum, but our hero improved so much as he went down that he was gradually catching all the favourites, and the County Palatine of the turf saw its judgment not only respected but vindicated. Weatherby has now given immortality to the issue, and 'The Macaulay of the Turf,' in the following spirited verses, has so graphically described the struggle that we cannot refrain from transcribing them:—

Deicoon, and Lawyer Ford's Penang, are making to the fore,
Once up the hill, their places will never know them more.
Now fails the stroke of Bolingbroke, now Mildew feels the pace,
See Voltigeur comes forward in a merry inside place.

Come, Flatman, shake your Nigger, Rogers, rouse your Cariboo;
By Jove he is looking dangerous! No, Ghillie, it won't do.
Alas! for the game Mavors, too true was Fobert's fear,
There shoots Alfred on his chestnut like an arrow from the rear.

These seconds of deep agony each breathless gazer rack:
See! Clincher leads, and Marson takes a strong pull at his black!
Though every eye is on him, and a wild roar rends the air,
He sits not more cool, and quiet, in his Middleham arm-chair.

Now, Frank, lay on to Clincher (just glance to your right hand),
Pitsford is at your saddle-girths, they are three lengths from the stand.
There goes Job's finger off his rein, he clears them at each stride,
He wins—he wins, does VOLTIGEUR!—there's 7 up the slide.

'Tis done: mixed pain and pleasure sets each mad brain in a whirl,
And loud claps of vocal thunder greet 'the red spots' of the Earl,
While the delighted multitude by no means lack the will
To carry to the weighing-house, JOB, VOLTIGEUR, and HILL.

Speed! jolly tumbler-pigeons, bear your namesake's fame to France,
'Long some thousand miles of wire let the pleasant tidings glance.
Record, Masonic Wardens, in the archives of each lodge,
The triumph of your Master, who ne'er stopped to cross or dodge.

We have not time or space at our disposal to dwell upon the manner in which the victor was received, the presents which Job Marson had presented to him, or the rejoicings which were held at Aske on the conqueror's return. The fever heat of Yorkshire was aroused, and every Mason's heart felt elevated when he read of the triumph of his Master in that struggle which a monarch might strive for ever to accomplish, without success, but which was now gained by the simple means of a knowledge of horseflesh, admirable training, and consummate jockeyship. But there were other and greater victories still in store for Voltigeur and Lord Zetland. The St. Leger had to be won, the son of Voltaire to be bracketed in the

same class as Surplice and The Flying Dutchman, and the latter had for once to know his superior. Achieved they were, as a boy in his first 'Ruff' well knows; but owing to the unfair riding of Foley on Chatterbox, who was making running for Russborough, and who crossed Job so often and got in his way that he was obliged to come earlier with his horse than he intended, the first event was not accomplished without a second heat, and again the Tykes demonstrated their attachment to their Northern Lord Lieutenant, his horse, and his jockey. But the present race of Doncastrians can call to mind no parallel to the excitement of the Cup day, when Aske sent forth its champion to do battle with Irvine for the Cup, and the spots and the tartan came forth in their might. Job Marson being unable to ride the weight, the black was given up to Nat, while Marlow, as of old, was the representative of Scotland. The Dutchman made terrific running, contrary to general expectation, and his backers consoled themselves with the idea he would walk in; but Voltigeur, whom John Scott had most earnestly requested should be waited with, followed until they came to the Red House, when, although he was some lengths off, Alfred Day, who was standing by our side, remarked, in his quiet manner, 'He is 'near enough to win now.' And so it proved, for The Dutchman was gradually feeling the pace tell upon him, and Voltigeur was getting his second wind. Soon after they passed the Red House, the difference in the lead was fearfully diminished, and at the distance Nat was at the Flyer's quarters. 'Volti's got him! Volti's 'got him!' shrieked Robert Hill in an agony of delight; and the million taking up the cry, The Dutchman's flag was hauled down for the first time, and Voltigeur, amid such a scene of tumult and enthusiasm as an English race-course can alone give rise to, was declared one of the best horses that had been seen during the present century, and one who had fully realized the hopes entertained of him as a foal and a yearling. We fain would dwell upon 'The Great 'Match,' which followed next year, between the heroes, when, owing to Robert Hill's fatal weakness, he trained his horse so that he was two stone lighter than when they met the last time, and he was fairly defeated after a struggle, in which all but honour was lost. We should also like to have space at our disposal to speak of that dazzling impostor Lightfoot, which was his lordship's Derby horse in the following season, and which was backed by the public for such fabulous sums that his lordship thought proper to caution the world from sticking to him, as he was notoriously infirm, going one day like a bird, and on another being unable to move.

At this period the infirmities of Robert Hill assumed such an aspect, that Lord Zetland felt compelled to retire him on a pension, which he lived but a short time to enjoy, and Atkinson, who was the hunting-groom at Aske, had charge of the team. But although he brought out Augur, good enough to win the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, he was not up to his work sufficiently to keep in office; and at the recommendation of John Osborne, he was succeeded by

George Abdale, who remained with him until about eighteen months back, when a few weeks prior to his death, he gave up the horses to Coates, who was the head lad, and has since continued to train them, with what advantage the last return list of York will show. But with George Abdale, the star of Lord Zetland shone almost as bright as in the Voltigeur era, for Fandango with Ashmall made 'the spots' as terrible at Ascot, as Job Marson did at Doncaster; and Skirmisher and Vidette repeated the example the following year at the same place with Charlton and Challenor. Vidette was perhaps almost as good a horse as Voltigeur, but from being subject to chronic rheumatism, he was very difficult to manage. In fact, on the Two Thousand morning, he was so notoriously lame, that a gentleman who saw him in the stable telegraphed to Cambridge to a friend who was coming down from London to hedge some hundreds, and, while the train stopped for refreshment, the money was got off; and his annoyance may be easily conceived, when a couple of hours afterwards he saw him beat Anton in a very easy manner. After the retirement of Vidette into private life, with a career as unblemished and brilliant as that of Lord Clyde himself, the Aske stable slightly declined in its splendour; but at the present moment it is in greater force than ever, Voltigeur, the founder of its fame, seeming resolved to keep it up with Sabreur, Bivouac, and Vanquisher; and the public cheering their colours as they did when the great Richmond horse came before them in all the glory of his might.

Thus have we placed Lord Zetland's career on the turf before our readers; and that it has been as undimmed as his line of conduct in Parliament, or the bureau of the Freemasons, is an undoubted fact. In private life his lordship's conduct will stand the strictest ordeal; and, in truth, he has been distinguished as the 'Good Earl' from another of his order, with a totally different appellation. And although this eulogy may seem, perhaps, of too flattering a character, when it is recollected that for seventeen successive years he has been elected Grand Master of such a democratic body as the Freemasons of England, to which office he was elected on the death of the Duke of Sussex, he must be admitted to be no ordinary man; and when we state that his business qualifications are as great as his knowledge of every matter relating to sporting, we think he may be pronounced as fair a specimen of the true English nobleman as is to be found at the present period.

FROM OXFORD TO ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER VII.

AT two o'clock I hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to go to Tattersall's : on arriving at which place I found considerable difficulty in passing down the lane in order to get into the Subscription Rooms, such was the crowd there congregated. The physiognomy of several of those, both within and without the rooms, was a study ; and among the faces I saw some whom I should not have picked out had I been in search of trustees to any property, as it struck me they might have managed to merge the equitable and legal estate in a manner rather embarrassing to the *cestui que* trust. In the lane I observed one greasy-looking individual, with a lump of bank-notes in his hand ; and, what surprised me not a little, was the fact that he didn't look as if this were a novel position for him to be placed in. A punchy little outsider was making a dash through the crowd, a feat which the number of those present, and his own obesity, would have made one suppose a physical impossibility. His object in this quick and vigorous movement soon became apparent, for I saw him pounce on a man who was about leaving the yard, and heard him exclaim, ' Now, how about that quid ? You've been drawing, I ' know, so pay over that quid, or you don't leave the yard : here, ' hand us over that quid, won't you ? I've won a quid off you, so ' stump up, can't you ? ' The fat little man got so exasperated at last that I feared something would give way, and that the quid, if forthcoming, would only benefit his heirs. Turning round to the bystanders, he began explaining to them that the advantage of the game the person who owed him the sovereign was playing consisted in its being susceptible of being enjoyed by another man as well, or, to use our little friend's own expression, ' This is a game two can ' play at.' He added, ' I know the move, and don't intend to be ' beaten ; ' then, collaring his debtor, exclaimed, ' Now, as you ' see, I'm fly enough to give seven pounds and a beating to the ' knocker of Newgate, supposing you have first choice, and say ' part, it's a better call than pump.' This immediately produced the quid in question, and the little party sailed away in triumph.

This misunderstanding adjusted, I made my way down the lane, and by dint of Herculean exertion entered the rooms.

My creditors, with that attention inseparable from their class, gave me very little trouble to find them, being all very near the door, as if drawn up there awaiting my arrival. If debtors were always as attentive, what time and trouble might not be saved ? but, unluckily, the latter have so much business to transact that one finds them seldom or never when sought. I cannot help thinking that one thing which goes far to constitute debtors is their extravagance as regards their homes : they certainly must possess more than one, and the unfortunate creditor seems always doomed to call at the wrong house, and at whatever hour he may make his appearance, receive,

in answer to his inquiry whether Mr. So-and-so is at home, 'No' but he told me to say he would call and settle your little bill when 'passing your way.'

The first person I paid was down on me like a shot, and appeared to have been recently weeping. His hat was the only thing white I could discover about him; and he so far seemed to be a safe man to bet with, inasmuch as he certainly had never been cleaned out, no unless he joined the Anabaptists, was he likely to be so. I am no aware whether he was a stanch Tory, and wished to preserve ancient manners and customs, but I found he conformed to the provisions of an old law (now become obsolete) of wearing metal buttons to his coat, the original colour of which, as well as of his waistcoat, I was unable to form an opinion of, though, could I have got a good outside price about my naming it, I think I should have said blue. It struck me often, when I saw him afterwards, that in the event of his ever being knocked out of time at the Corner, he might have earned a trifle now and then by sitting to artists for the portrait of an unwashed suicide. Close by the individual I have just described, was another,

Par nobile fratrum;

which three words, *on dit*, Hodges once met with, and said he was told that *fratrum* was brother to something, so he supposed the words meant, 'Parr's horse, brother to So-and-so, has been nobbled.'

I discovered Adams almost stifled in bank-notes, which not a little surprised me, as he had stated before the race his object in backing Qui Vive was on account of having overlaid his book about the horse, and that if the animal won he should still be a loser. The notes certainly didn't look as if he had drawn them fresh from the Bank to pay his losses with, but

'Tag, rag, and bobtail,
Linsey woolsey brothers.'

Hodges appeared to have had a good day on the previous Wednesday, and was strolling leisurely about—his hand full of bank-notes and hat cocked on one side—as if the excitement of money-making was too much for him, and he was longing to recline peacefully on the sward, and lead a pastoral life with the cow.

The way in which creditors were down on debtors was something marvellous. I had noticed Hunt under the tree on the grass, and almost before I became aware I had caught sight of him, he was by my side, saying to Harvey, 'Two hundred and twenty, I think 'Mr. Harvey.' 'All right, Hunt,' he replied, 'I'll give it you in 'one moment,' and having completed his settling with another man he turned to Hunt, and taking a lump of bank-notes from between his teeth, paid him the money. 'Are you settling for Mr. Mason, 'sir?' inquired Hunt. 'Devil a bit,' Harvey replied, 'I've quit 'enough to do to settle for myself.'

A mild-looking individual in spectacles inquired whether any one

was settling for Mr. Morton, which inquiry was hailed with a shout of derision, accompanied by a remark from one person that 'Mr. Somerton had got his account,' and from another that, 'they'd both been and settled for theyselves.'

Despite the two or three cases of absenteeism, caused by parties whose business in the Levant trade prevented them from appearing at the Corner, all proceeded pretty quietly, until an anxiety was manifested on the part of some to touch a little specie from a Mr. Jobson. The reply that Mr. Jobson was not there, elicited a remark that he was seen not half an hour before, and had given some of his creditors waiting orders until he was enabled to finger a few Matthew Marshalls. The creditors rode to these orders, and Mr. Jobson received money, and escaped under his flimsy pretext, having been seen by Thomas to leave the rooms.

Two or three days after, Mr. Jobson was heard of as enjoying sea-breezes at Boulogne. Not being a visionary, he had taken a little money with him, (which, strictly speaking, belonged to other people,) as he was well aware he could not live on sea-breezes, or, as he himself happily expressed it to a person who met him there, 'Do you mean to say my creditors expected I could get food and drink, and pay my washing bill, out of sea hair?'

A Mr. James, less successful than Jobson, prepared to enact the same little part, but being discovered leaving the rooms with a light and airy step, was reminded that in this mercantile country, pleasure must ever give the *pas* to business, and being seized, compelled, not only to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, but very nearly sent to the yard to take the waters.

Roberts' settling passed off very satisfactorily to one or more of his creditors, as, though—despite of his having won from no one, and therefore having no bad debts to allow for—he had brought into the room two hundred pounds more than he had lost, he found himself not only without a penny, but had to borrow fifty pounds of me to enable him to complete his arrangements. Having at length finished what he had to do, I found him turning his attention to future events, and heard him back Tiverton and the Rip, who were both in the Ascot Stakes, for one hundred pounds each; I believe he was induced to do this on no better information than that of a laundress, who, he informed me, had once washed for John Scott when staying in town, and who was led to give him credit on that occasion in consideration of being now and then put up to a good thing.

Before I left, the Ascot events were pretty generally touched upon. I noticed two or three persons who were very busily engaged in looking over other people's betting-books when anything was pencilled down: whether they were endeavouring to learn to read or not I cannot say. Hunt seemed to have taken a great dislike to one horse entered, while Adams did not appear to be wrapped up in another; and so good was their judgment reckoned, that the public, after a time, came round to their views, and one of these animals,

which had been at six to one, soon fell to twenty, while the other, which had been quoted at ten, was driven clean out of the market.

Bucephalus, before I left, was first favourite, but at no better price than ten to one; and the second in the betting was quoted at fifteen. As I was quitting the rooms, a venerable-looking seer came up, and, tapping me on the shoulder, said, in a low voice, 'The field beats any two for a hundred, Mr. Thornton.' My powers of calculation not being of the highest order, I might not improbably have accepted his offer, but an angel was summing up the odds for me, and that angel whispered, 'Heed him not.'

Wednesday's papers contained an account of the settling of the previous day, and in that account two people were hinted at as defaulters, about whose identity there could be no mistake. But a few years—a very few years—before, they had begun life under auspices as brilliant as fall to the lot of most men; now, they were beggared outcasts, fugitives from their country, murderers of the peace of those who were nearest and dearest to them, their prospects blighted, their good name scattered to the winds.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEGASUS, I must whip you on quicker; you have been going at a wretched amble, and have consequently got over a very little road. To drop metaphor, I must begin to leave a greater space between events described, for I have hitherto been crowding so many matters into so short a period of time, that, according to the snail's rate at which I have been proceeding, I should fill the British Museum with my scribbling before I arrived at the time present, and only be able to procure fresh room from the librarian removing other matter from such bad company. This accomplished, every friend to literature would wish the inhabitants of Museum Street might wake some night from their beds, and find the said library in flames; or, if this wish could not be fulfilled, they would at least hope that the Sybil would again appear on earth, and present my voluminous narrative for sale to the public, which, being refused—as refused it naturally would be—they would pray that she might re-enact the burning process: in this instance, not leaving even a single 'book;' when a grateful country would make her a peeress in her own right, and give her for nothing just double for what she had asked for worse than nothing.

Lord Overstone cannot say what would be the effect of a foreign enemy landing on our shores; can any one foretell the fate of literature if deprived of its guardian angel, the cheesemonger? I tremble lest the good might perish with the bad. After a surfeit, the stomach recoils, and the delicate is rejected with the gross; the commencement of the repast, necessary to sustain life, is equally spurned with the end of it, which is only fit for an Apicius.

I have been soberly stepping along, like a diary; I shall now make

spring, although that spring will only carry me a week onward : till, as I do not intend to halt longer than is absolutely necessary, and shall soon make a more vigorous leap, which will be a decided movement in point of time, I hope the reader will bear with me.

The evening to which all my thoughts had been directed at length arrived : how long the time appeared between the night I dined with the Eddisons and that on which I found myself a guest at Mr. and Mrs. Marshall's ! How slow goes time with us in our youth, when, in its enthusiasm, we set up some great idol to worship, and happen to be away from it ! and though to many happy beings the shrine of this idol can be visited weekly, nay, even daily, the minutes they are not in its presence seem hours, the hours days : but what if away from it the long space of a year ? If gallant knights and true, do we not say

‘ Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet.’

And vote not we that one year—twenty ? But should we have been away from the object we adored for fifty years, not in seeming, but in reality—I mean, should everything have equally been fifty years with us, and not only did we call it half a century since we left the one we loved, but found it, in very truth, a practical half century, and could show receipts for poor-rates and Queen's taxes for that time—think you, candid reader (and let me not misname you, for 'tis your candid opinion I seek), think you sympathy would reign for ever, and you, the toothless, querulous, supported-on-crutches Methuselah, would go back to love and be beloved by the half-childish, decrepit old creature that you once made yourself so ridiculous about ?

Perhaps I ought not to say half-childish, but leave the intellect untouched as far as lapse of years would leave it so. Well then, out with the word and tell me, would half a hundred years of separation allow any seed of love to remain when you and your former idol met again ?

Bah ! *hoc age* ; stick to the present.

‘ Gather ye roses while ye may,
For time is still a flying.’

And you, too, Pegasus, gallop on ; why, you're getting into a worse amble than ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall must have been born bricks. (I believe it is impossible to achieve brickiness, though assaulting parties have before now had bricks thrown upon them.) It was actually a *partie carrée* ; and so happy did this make me, so forgiving of my enemies, I may add, that I believe, had I heard Jeffery was in a hospital, having had both his legs taken off to the stumps, I could have sent him sixteen ounces of the ‘ why pay more than eightpence per quarter lb. ? ’ There I was in my glory ; no one to be jealous of ! It did seem so snug, so cosy, so no end of comfortable ! 'Tis true we had an addition at tea-time in the shape of a Mr. Cowper, but I didn't feel the least annoyed at his presence ; indeed, I offered him a cigar on

going home. It was so plain to me that Mary and Mr. Cowper were nothing to one another, that there was a mutual manifestation of what almost appeared *gaucherie* between them when they addressed each other, which was but seldom; for while she for the most part directed her conversation to her father or myself, he nearly all the evening appeared to be absorbed in listening to what Mrs. Marshall had to say.

I own I thought Mr. Cowper a very agreeable man, though I don't exactly know why I did at the time, for he hadn't much to say for himself, and what he did say was with some embarrassment; still, I was quite prepared to look on him as delightful. Only one thing annoyed me for an instant on the evening in question—it was on his wishing Mary good-night. Her countenance changed, and I thought to myself, can he have said anything to offend her? but I instantly discarded the thought, inwardly saying, 'No, he's too much of a gentleman to do that.'

'Tis said love is blind, and blind, indeed, it is in more ways than one. What reason had I for disliking Jeffery any more than for liking Cowper? Had I seen sufficient of either of them to form a fair estimate of his character? Friendship, unlike love, must call reason in to justify it, and is the growth of time rather than the feeling evinced from the sympathy of a first glance. Had the former harmed, the latter benefited me? had I reason to think that either would ever harm or do me good? If not, why should I hate, why admire? Were it just to hate him who deals a blow you feel through life, however innocently dealt, and to change your sentiments towards one you had previously disliked, who had never dealt such blow, and we could regulate our feelings, who can say how altered mine might have become respecting these two persons?

Wait for the *dénouement*. Jeffery may never directly have injured me, wilfully or otherwise; Cowper may have given me a wound no one can probe, but yet my regard for him, which sprung up so soon after our first acquaintance, got more and more intensified with time.

The evening I spent the first time I dined at the Marshalls was the happiest of my life. I have looked back to the days from which Memory had its birth, and called to mind the bright spots of my existence, but how tiny are these spots compared to that glorious evening!

But glorious evenings must cease at last, and matter-of-fact people must ring the bell and tell the servants to go to bed, and go to bed themselves; ay, and to sleep too, waking up, and running through the next day and evening as if not aware that there was any material difference between them and the previous ones. Nay, matter-of-fact people may perhaps do violence to your sensibilities on hearing you say you shall never forget such and such an evening, the — of June, when you dined at their house, by referring to an old diary, and reading out the following entry,—'Very sultry the beginning of the evening, but about eleven a refreshing breeze sprang up;' and

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were quite matter-of-fact enough for all this, and I couldn't help discovering, on Mr. Cowper's taking leave, that their impression was it was time to go to by-bye.

I therefore made my adieux, and Cowper and myself left the house at the same time, walking together for some distance without scarcely interchanging a word. Suddenly we took up a theme for admiration, and were unmeasured in our praises. We didn't draw comparisons between the idol we had mutually set up and the angel we had just left; no, we were not quite humbugs enough for that; but we did what would have appeared a very extraordinary thing for me to do, and what events will show was an equally extraordinary thing for him to be guilty of, were it not human nature all the world over. We sang the praises of Miss Eddison so loudly, that had we both really been in love with her, the only thing remaining for us would have been pistols for two and mourners to follow.

I asked Cowper, who lived in St. James's Square, to come home with me, smoke a weed, and have 'only one glass of brandy and 'water:' to this proposition he assented. Strange, inconsistent beings, apparently, are we human creatures, and lucky for us it is that we are so, for a purely consistent life, unless dictated from the highest of motives, would be but a bit of humdrum vegetation at the best.

What do you say, Mr. Smith? 'Pure consistency can never be; different impressions momentarily given produce different results, and you can never calculate on what impression you may receive. You must work out what the tyrant of the moment decrees; his free will is the will on which you are constrained to act. The deed you were incapable of committing yesterday, you approvingly commit to-day, you are sorry for it to-morrow, to be sorry for your sorrow on the day which succeeds the morrow. Don't despair; impressions force themselves uninvited on your brain, your brain then bullies you, and you can't help it.'

Do I catch you rightly, Mr. Brown, when I fancy I hear you say? 'If you hadn't eaten that haddock to-night, Smith, you would not to-day disapprove of what you held to be right yesterday.' And is this your reply, Mr. Smith?—'My dear Brown, I was obliged to eat that haddock—I had no will of my own; but if I am wrong in my position, I have only to say, find me a regimen for the stomach that shall make me always true to my previous resolutions, and believe I am as right in keeping them as at the moment I formed them, and *malgré* the clockwork sort of existence I may have to lead in consequence, and the abominable food and drink I may expose myself to, I consent to submit to such regimen, even though entailing on me the penance of eating pike and breast of mutton, and washing them down with Marsala.'

'Well, never mind about Smith or Brown,' I hear some one exclaiming; 'bury them, if you please, under their own theories.' So be it! But there is one thing will ever stare us in the face, which we cannot bury, or if we do, 'twill instantly rise again, and

that is the fact I have already stated, viz., that we are strange, inconsistent beings. Here was I asking a man with whom I had interchanged but a few words, to come home to my chambers and smoke a pipe, and this immediately after leaving the presence of Miss Marshall, when, but a few days ago, I had refused my old friend Roberts (who had asked for what I now voluntarily offered) under similar circumstances.

But Roberts was not to be deprived of my sweet society the night I first met Cowper, for on entering my rooms I found him there, he having waited, as he informed me, to speak to me on a matter of importance, though he added, on observing Cowper, 'to-morrow will do just as well.'

We passed a very agreeable hour, Cowper coming out wonderfully. I should not have thought, from what I had observed of him at the Marshalls, that he would have had so much to say, and have said it so well; but I put it down to the fact that he was one of those who shone more in men's than women's society: this, however, I subsequently found out, was a wrong supposition, for it was often afterwards my good luck to meet him in the latter, and a more agreeable, well-informed man it has never been my fate to come across.

We were so enthusiastic about Miss Eddison (Cowper seemed to know the Eddisons well) that Roberts's curiosity became somewhat excited, and he observed that she must be very delightful. It was not long before I discovered he had something weighing on his mind of which he was dying to unbosom himself; and I soon became aware what the nature of that something was, for on my observing, 'There never was so pretty a girl as Miss Eddison!' (heaven forgive me!) and Cowper adding, 'No, nor half so pretty!' (and may he be pardoned too!)—Roberts coloured, and with something of a stammer, exclaimed, 'Well, you know that's rather a wide margin; I think I could show you one to equal her.' 'No, no!' we both cried out in well-feigned disgust, 'twould be impossible.' 'I'll bet you a hundred I do,' rejoined Roberts.

We didn't take his bet, of course, and for this most excellent reason—neither Cowper nor myself intended to win with the one we had made the favourite that evening. Miss Eddison (with all reverence be it spoken) was only a book horse, sent up in the odds by each of us to throw dust in one another's eyes.

Cowper having left, Roberts, who appeared slightly ill at ease, asked me whether I could spare him a few minutes to speak to me on the matter he had already said he wished to consult me about. On my replying, 'Yes,' he lit another cigar, and pouring out some brandy into a tumbler, two inches beyond the cut, which he said was to strengthen his nerves, informed me he had been and done it; in short, that he had proposed, was accepted, and his intended wife had already named the day. 'All that remains, Thornton,' he added, 'is to break it to the governor, and that's the rub. I don't think he'll take kindly to it, for she isn't one of the upper ten

'thousand; and I feel fully persuaded that if I marry her—as marry her I intend to do—he will cut me off with a shilling. It's a hard thing, old fellow,' he added, 'for if ever there were an angel, she's one. Where on earth is the necessity of marrying one among the upper ten thousand if the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies? and I suppose that saying applies to girls as well as women. Well, here am I, getting an article I look on as far more valuable than brilliants of the finest water, and having nothing to pay for it!'

I was quite prepared to hear that Roberts had entered into an engagement, not only likely to give umbrage to his father, but to surprise most people, though I own I was not ripe to receive the information he imparted to me; and when I heard the social position his *cara innamorata* filled, I must say I looked on the chance he had of inheriting his father's property as somewhat jeopardized. I felt the blow of this news would prove a stunning one to the poor old man, whose great object in life was to get an alliance between his son and one of the 'magnets.'

After having emptied the tumbler, he summoned courage to proceed, and wishing, no doubt, to gain approval from me as to his choice, continued: 'You know, Thornton, you are a bit of a radical, and I have heard you, over and over again, complaining of the way in which classes are separated in this country, and the great mistake it is in erecting such barriers as to place an almost entire stop to a marriage in our position in life, if the object of one's affection does not occupy the same position; you will therefore the more readily approve of the course I am about to take, and I am sure, when you once become acquainted with the future Mrs. Roberts, you will think me a very lucky fellow in having got the treasure I have obtained.'

'But, old fellow,' I interrupted, 'has this engagement been for a long time? I ask because I never had an idea, until this evening, that you had an attachment.'

'No,' returned Roberts, 'I was only engaged yesterday; indeed, I never saw my intended wife until the night before last. And she's

'All my fancy painted her,'

'as Shakspeare observes in his "*Dunciad*;" that is to say, she's everything I could wish. If ever I saw a brow fitted to grace a coronet, hers is the very identical one (although, poor thing, she would have been better without a coronet this morning, as she was suffering from brow ache), while in her you have ears calculated to do honour to the most expensive ear-rings. I'm so desperately gone, Thornton, that I've been writing poetry, and will give you a specimen, which, without vanity, I don't think bad.

'Lizzy, when with you life you sweeten,
You cannot, loved one, know my heart.
Away! I've pain as though I'd eaten
A great deal too much gooseberry tart.'

'To these verses I have received the following reply, signed "By
' "a friend of R. S., for E. S.," from which I glean that the lines
' are from a friend of her brother.

' Yes, dearest Johnny, I believe you,
We'll married be; but to me hark,
Lest Gov. without a quid should leave you,
Oh, as you love me, keep it dark !'

' This may not quite come up to the style of the aristocracy,' continued Roberts, ' but there is a freshness about it which charms me.'

' Just so,' remarked I; ' it's more fresh than green, anyhow.'

' Come, come, Thornton,' said he to me, ' a truce to punning; guess who it is I am going to marry.'

' I haven't the remotest conception,' I replied; ' but I hope not the young lady who has written those pretty lines; you are joking if you say yes.'

' I told you it was a friend of her brother who wrote them; he has, doubtless, put her thoughts into verse. I suppose all women are not born poets any more than men. To make a long matter short,' said Roberts, endeavouring to be facetious, ' I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar, Eliza, the lovely and accomplished daughter of John Sowton, Esquire, of Middleham, in the county of Yorkshire, sister of Richard Sowton, the famous traveller.'

' In heaven's name, Roberts!' I exclaimed, ' what are you talking about? Are you sober, or have you been drinking?'

' I have been drinking,' returned Roberts, ' but only to drown care, and you well know, "When the heart of a man is opprest
" with care," brandy and water only serves to mitigate sorrow, and leaves the intellect untouched. When I think of my stern parent I cannot resist taking a calmer, for I cannot hide from myself, Thornton, that this is not news which will prove acceptable to him.'

' I should think not, indeed,' I continued; ' at any rate, to judge by my own feelings, it is not such news as would induce me, as a father, to burst waistcoat buttons through emotion, while exclaiming, "Bless you both, my children," and surreptitiously to place twenty thousand pounds under the bride's plate at the wedding breakfast. Now, my dear Roberts,' I went on to say, going up to him, and taking a chair by his side, ' if I am really to believe you are in earnest, let me beg of you, for the sake of all that's worth having in life—let me beg of you to banish this ridiculous fancy from your mind; I will not say heart, for there can be no permanent heart-impression in such a feeling as this. It is quite true that I have, in the abstract, insisted on the advantage, nay, the duty, of a man marrying the woman he loves and who loves him, notwithstanding her being much beneath him in the social scale as constituted by what is called society. You will not, I hope, accuse me of prejudice if I state that the person you talk of marrying is in every way unsuited to you. Long since, you told me that her brother

'had informed you that she could not write, could only read imperfectly, and was so stupid as to be only one remove from an idiot. Look, too, at the equivocal position he himself fills, and answer me; do you think she is likely to make you an eligible partner for life? Grant that she's a white crow, how can you ever present her among your friends; and as to trying to educate her, what good is that likely to effect? You will, depend upon it, find that a failure; and in contracting this match, will not only make yourself miserable for life, but in all probability herself as well, and bring down your father's just displeasure. Come, perhaps the matter is not so far gone with her but that you can honourably call off, and make such arrangements as will prevent her from thinking herself a forsaken Dido. Take the advice of an old friend, and pardon him if he has said anything calculated to wound your feelings.'

'I like that,' said Roberts; 'you abuse beyond measure the person I am about to make my wife, and then finish up by adding, "Pardon me if I have wounded your feelings!" Besides, what's my intended to do with Dido? You know Dido popped it and Æneas hooked it: in my case Eliza hooked and I popped it,' he continued, not seeming to be aware he had said a good thing, or, indeed, appearing to know what he was saying.

'Look here, Roberts,' I replied; 'pure love between a man and a woman must spring from pure sympathy, or it ceases to be love; and what sympathy can there be between this woman and yourself? Believe me, you are not in love, but the victim of a foolish day-dream, and will sooner or later awake to the reality; then, when the scales have dropped from your eyes, whatever you may think of your Mentor now, you will at length acknowledge that all he said was dictated from a feeling of kindness and a wish for your future happiness. Would that you could think thus at this moment, when it is not too late to stop in your career!'

'Well,' rejoined Roberts, 'I thought I should have had more sympathy from you, at any rate, old fellow; but as you see the matter in the light you do, we'd better drop the subject, since I'm determined to marry the girl, and you seem to have such strong objections to my taking such a step. So, good night; I conclude we shall not meet again, of course, as I shall not be grand enough for you in future.'

'Don't be angry,' said I, 'but sit down a minute or two more, and hear me patiently. Is it not true that Miss Sowton cannot write, and reads but imperfectly?'

'What then?' he added: 'I don't think a woman's the worse for not being able to write or read either, for the matter of that; it wouldn't do much harm if there were more men in the same position. Besides, if I wanted her to write, I could easily teach her.'

'I dare say, indeed, and she but one remove from an idiot. Why, she's utterly unfit for any one but a clod.'

‘A clod, indeed, Thornton! I dare say she’s just as good as your precious Miss Eddison; she’d be a nice party to give a horse a ball, I’ll bet, and wouldn’t turn up her nose at her wedding break-fast coming off at the Coach and Horses, oh, dear no! Supposing now,’ continued Roberts, ‘my father does disinherit me, can’t I work for myself, and won’t my wife be able to live on her brother’s stable secrets? Love in a cottage for me!’

‘Oh, by all means!’ said I. ‘But find out first that it is really love before you take a lease of the cottage. Say, if you please, you love at this moment; your love will disappear directly you feel you have to blush for the object of it, and you will too soon feel that if you carry out your present foolish intentions. I repeat, say you love this girl, your love is but a sickly plant, which will not long survive, and almost ere you know of its birth you will become aware of its burial.’

‘Stuff and nonsense! How consistently you are acting, Thornton, with your former avowed principles! And do you really expect me to listen to what you have been saying? Were you in my position, and I holding forth as you now are, think you I should make you convert?—No, no! so keep your advice for others who may ask for it, and may, perhaps, be fools enough to act on it, but do not reckon me among their number. Good night; I thought I had a friend until this evening!’

‘Good night, Roberts,’ I said; ‘may you live to know that never so surely did you prove your friend and find him true as on this very night. Nay, nay,’ I continued, perceiving him move towards the door, ‘part not in anger; at least you’ll say good-bye? Friendship takes long time in firmly cementing, little incidents, occurring in course of years, contributing to its solidity. Let not that sacred feeling, of so slow a growth, now that it has got its strength, and arrived at manhood, be dashed to the ground by a momentary misunderstanding!’

‘Well, Thornton,’ continued Roberts, somewhat mollified, coming up, and taking my hand, ‘I can’t refuse this much; good night! but I feel you have acted harshly towards me, and I know you will be sorry for it.’ With these words, he turned and left the room.

COWES REGATTA.

FROM ‘glorious Goodwood’ the *beau monde* repair to ‘courtly Cowes,’ the rendezvous of Her Majesty’s pleasure fleet and of the first amateur marine society in the world, the Royal Yacht Squadron. Here, by the 30th of July, were congregated a flotilla numbering from sixty-five to seventy vessels of all rig and burden, from the Sylphide and Brilliant, of 481 and 480 tons, to the May Queen and Fox of 37 and 35—the minimum tonnage of those flaunting the white burgee and ensign of the R. Y. S., which constituted the majority, the remainder being composed of some goodly craft bearing

the red flag of the Victoria Club of Ryde, the blue of the Western Division of Plymouth, and a few of those exquisite models of 25 tons which reflect so much credit on the metropolitan mariners who sport so adventurously the blue and white cross of the R. T. Y. C. Considering that, exclusive of prime cost ranging from 13,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* or 800*l.* sterling, it is within the mark to rate the average annual expense of maintaining each yacht at 1,000*l.*, we may boast that in no other country of the world can be seen an amount of private property confided to the bosom of the deep, outweighing the fee-simple of a German principality.

The business of the week commenced on Tuesday, July 31st, with a race between cutters of the R. Y. S. for a splendid 100-guinea silver cup, presented by H.R.H. the Prince Consort. As competitors for this trophy, the Arrow, 102 tons, T. Chamberlayne, Esq.; the Lulworth, 80, J. Weld, Esq.; Brunette, 70, Colonel Smith; and Osprey, 59, Colonel Huey, started by signal from a gun at the Castle, from moorings immediately opposite, at 10 A.M. The breeze at first was so light that it was little better than drifting by Ryde up to the Warner, which was first rounded by the Osprey, closely followed by the Arrow and Lulworth, the Brunette bringing up the rear. On rounding the Warner light, and hauling up, the wind freshened and gradually increased to a fine strong working breeze under reduced topsails. The Arrow instantly flew off with a commanding lead, far weathering the Osprey in her first tack. The Lulworth also felt the weight of her canvas, and taking second place, the two largest soon left their minor rivals far astern, and a most exciting double match commenced, it being well known that the spirit of contention ran equally breast high alike between Arrow and Lulworth and Brunette and Osprey. The two latter being soon out of the race, held on with no less pertinacity for the test of long-cherished controversy, while the former pair contested every inch for glory and the prize. On rounding the Calshot light the Lulworth, incomparably handled by the redoubtable Jack Nicoll, the premier jockey of the Solent, had gained 3 minutes from the Warner upon the Arrow. They rounded the flag-boat off Egypt after 4 hours' sailing, in too close proximity for the pleasure of the backers of the Arrow (the favourite), she having to allow 4 minutes 45 seconds to Lulworth. On passing through Cowes roads at a tremendous pace before the wind, the hopes of the fielders were not a little in the ascendant, Lulworth being within 50 seconds of her old flighty antagonist. In this second round the distance to the Warner was soon accomplished, with little variation between the two, while Brunette and Osprey were hull down in a stern chase. No sooner, however, were they once more upon a bowline than the old Arrow seemed as if aroused to the assertion of her long and often-proved superiority. Keeping her reach upon the port tack, she rounded the Calshot light sufficiently in advance, and by a number of successful boards, highly creditable to her new helmsman and former mate, Parker, she weathered the flag-boat off Egypt

9 minutes ahead, and then bowling up to Cowes passed the goal some 10 minutes before the arrival of the Lulworth; thus winning, amidst universal cheering from every yacht and all spectators on shore, with nearly 6 minutes in hand. The veteran owner of the Lulworth was many years since the designer and owner of the Arrow, since which, with his Alarm schooner and Lulworth, he has been invincible. On this occasion it might have been supposed that

‘Keen were his pangs, but keener still to feel
He nursed the pennon which impelled the steel.’

But, to the honour of the feeling ever prevalent in generous rivalry, no congratulations offered to Mr. Chamberlayne were more ardent or sincere than those of his old friendly opponent Mr. Weld. With the two truculent colonels, ‘Let you and I the battle try’ was still the song. Hank for hank they hammered at it, the Osprey amply avenging former defeats by beating the Brunette to nothing with time enough to spare beside. The performance of the latter—the most successful *débütante* of last year—was unaccountable otherwise than as an illustration of the glorious uncertainty of all racing.

Wednesday, August 1st, was celebrated by the annual dinner of the R. Y. S., the Earl of Wilton, the commodore, presiding; the Marquis of Conyngham, as usual, in the absence of the vice-commodore, taking the vice-chair. With visitors the number sitting down was about seventy. Major-General Lord William Paulet, Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, with his staff, and the officers of the royal yacht were amongst the guests. Captain Denman was prevented attending by the death of a relative. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, and that of prosperity to the Royal Yacht Squadron had been duly honoured, the Duke of Rutland proposed the health of the commodore, who, in returning thanks, gave a flourishing account of the increasing prosperity of the Society since his accession to office in 1846. Earl Vane gave the health of the vice-president, the popular commodore of the St. George’s, the Royal Irish Yacht Club, Lord Conyngham, who good-humouredly adverted to the necessity again imposed upon him of representing Mr. Talbot. Mr. Ackers, commodore, and Mr. Chamberlayne, vice-commodore of the Victoria, and winner of the cup of the preceding day, were next toasted, the latter gentleman paying a graceful tribute to Mr. Weld’s generosity under defeat. Lord Wilton then gave the health of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, the yachting representative of fox-hunting, who responded with wonted energy in a lengthened harangue, expatiating on the merits of the two pursuits alike characteristic of English gentlemen, and conducive to those friendships which constitute the amenities of life, and of that good fellowship the soul of all association. Remarking on the difficulty of finding variety of language for ideas which he had represented annually for fifteen years, he observed that, nevertheless, every twelvemonth had been marked by some event confirming all that he had advanced as to the animus inspiring the votaries of both pursuits, instancing the

number of fox-hunters to be found in the Volunteer army as the event of the present year, and the conduct of his fox-hunting friend and neighbour, Mr. Harvey of Ickwell, Bedfordshire, in proof of the manner in which the flag of the R. Y. S. was borne in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Harvey had, in the Claymore schooner, seized the opportunity of emulating the heroism of Sir J. Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, who, in the Royalist schooner, first achieved immortality at Borneo. Finding that an attack of the Druses on the city of Tyre was delayed only by the appearance of the Claymore—mistaken for a man-of-war—Mr. Harvey insisted on carrying out the imitation, placed his guns in position, and mustering all available hands, showing a determined front, which stood in lieu of numbers; and thus was the city as effectually saved as though Sir C. Napier had come to the rescue of Tyre with his Sidon. Mr. D. Radcliffe then paid a due compliment to the qualifications of the commodore as leader of the first yachting or first hunting society in the world, whether ploughing the Solent or charging the Whissendine, and to the regard which he had acquired whether at Melton or Cowes; adding, as touching the absence of Mr. Talbot, that as the Zodiac was said to be in dock under repair, it was not to be wondered that they had yet no sign of the Capricorn;* concluding by giving the toast which awakens a responsive echo in the bosoms of all men, ‘The Ladies.’ The Duke of Rutland proposed the Secretary, Captain Browne, in well-merited terms of eulogy, when the party broke up, the majority to inhale

‘Divine tobacco, which, from east to west,
Soothes the tar’s labour and the Turcoman’s rest.’

On Thursday, August 2nd, a very beautiful cup, the gift of Her Majesty, was sailed for by schooners—the Aline, Captain Thellusson, 216 tons; the Enchantress, Sir T. Whichcote, 213 tons; the Resolution, the Duke of Rutland, 164 tons; the Lalla Rookh, 125 tons; the Myrtle, J. Brown, Esq., 186 tons; the Albatross, T. Brassey, Esq., 110 tons; and the Zouave, R. Arabin, Esq., 105 tons—assembled at the starting-point. The breeze was all that could be desired, a magnificent race realizing the hopes entertained of the Aline previously to her first essay and triumph. The Zouave led first round the Warner; the Aline weathered on her, and first rounded the boat off Egypt, running her also a minute through Cowes roads. In the second run up to the Warner the Zouave recovered her lead, rounding the light-ship on the weather quarter of the Aline, but soon after, by a long board, the Aline gained a lead of a mile and a half ahead of the Zouave, all other vessels being out of the race except Lalla Rookh. The time at the finish for the three first yachts was—Aline, 6 h. 55 m. 30 s.; Zouave, 7 h. 25 m. 30 s.; Lalla Rookh, 7 h. 41 m. The Aline having to allow Zouave 28 m. 30 s. won by one minute and a half. A brilliant display of fireworks concluded the day’s diversions.

* The vice-commodore’s yacht Capricorn, screw steamer, 418 tons.

On Friday it was intended to sail in two lines, Lord Wilton, in the *Zara*, leading the weather, Mr. Ackers, in the *Brilliant*, the lee division, from Egypt Point to the Nab and back; but although the muster was numerous, affording a pretty sight to Cowes, the wind did not suffice to stem the tide, and before 2 P.M. the signal was made to return to rendezvous. The Town Regatta filled up the afternoon, honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and the Court, who remained from 4 till 7 P.M. witnessing the boat-races and duck-hunts, much to the diversion of the royal children. The ball at the R. Y. S. Castle this night was attended by upwards of two hundred of the rank and fashion located within reach, and adorned by a display of beauty beyond a poet's dream, and far exceeding the anticipations of the most ardent of the Faithful as to the paradise awaiting those who fall in the cause of the crescent.

On Saturday ten vessels entered for the 100*l.* prize given by the R. Y. S., for which nine started. A commanding breeze soon gave the old *Arrow* and *Lulworth* such a lead that it was evident nothing had a chance, even with the utmost allowance of time, but these two, between which the contest must have been severe, both having what they profess to pray for—plenty of wind and a lop of a sea on. Unluckily the *Arrow* had, with a new gaff, to replace a spar sprung on Tuesday, and, on coming to wind, this green stick bending double, it was impossible to carry sail, even had there been a chance of the gaff standing. The *Arrow* was thus compelled to haul down her flag off Ryde at a most interesting point of the contest, and the *Lulworth* continued the course at her leisure, winning as far as she pleased.

Thus ended the R. Y. S. Regatta of 1860, without one *contretemps* to mar the general success of the meeting. The brilliancy of the gathering was unclouded by the shadow of the shade of a dispute, and the arrangements of the Sailing Committee, Messrs. Ponsonby, Frankland, and E. Harvey, whose path in their function is not invariably strewn with roses, gave complete satisfaction. May this year's celebration of our grand national carnival be a precedent enduring for future ages, till

‘ the great globe,
Yea, all that inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.’

THE EXPERIENCES OF SYDNEY GODOLPHIN YAHOO, Eso.

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

LOOKING towards the other boat, they saw that she was lying-to, and waiting for them. Accordingly, they bore up and ran towards her. They were now approaching an archipelago in miniature, and was a beautiful scene. A hundred islets, of all sizes and shapes,

from the small rock which was submerged at high water, and covered thickly with a rank growth of slippery seaweed, to the more imposing island of near half a mile in length, and showing a waste of sand hummocks clad with harsh, wiry grass, in the more sheltered spots. Some were high and abrupt, some low and flat; all conspiring to make one picturesque and strange scene. Birds were to be seen skimming, sailing, and diving in all directions. Here the graceful cormorant glided along the surface, or dived beneath it, with a speed that rivalled the natural inhabitants of the depths below, while over him wheeled and stooped the huge gulls; and lazy herons, disturbed by the approach of the boats, flapped along from point to point, from rock to rock. Flocks of curlews, puffins, razor-bills, oyster-catchers, and a variety of other birds might be observed actively engaged or sitting stolidly on the strands in all directions.

They had scarce time to note these things, when they ran alongside the other boat, and a conversation as to the course to be pursued took place between them. Allan proposed that they should separate, and go one on each side of the larger island, which was favourable to the repose of the seals. Widish and deep channels ran between this island and two other smaller ones that lay on either side of it, while the other face was towards the shore, which presented a high and craggy coast. Thus, if they disturbed a seal, it would be hemmed in between them and the shore, and would have to pass one or the other of the boats in escaping through either channel to the more open sea beyond, and the chance of a good shot would be afforded.

Accordingly, they lowered their sails, being now within a quarter of a mile or so of the island they proposed to search, and the men betook themselves to the oars and rowed slowly along, at a short distance from the shore, carefully scanning every point, hollow, and indentation for a seal. A young Highlander had scrambled into the stern-sheets and taken the yoke-lines in place of the major, who now sat, with the rifle in hand, on the bow seat; Mr. Yahoo beside him, with the heavy double, loaded with green cartridges of B.B.'s. Silently they rowed along, keeping a bright look out for the prey, but as yet they saw nothing. Two or three venerable gulls amused them very much. The old villains were evidently aware that they were not the objects of pursuit, and coming near, they hovered and wheeled around over their heads, bullying them, and clearly lecturing them on the impropriety of their conduct, and apparently somewhat in this wise:—'Chee-aw! Here's a pretty go! here's a boat load 'of scoundrels bent on mischief! Chee-ee! Look out, you seals! 'It's you they're looking after. Chee-aw! A parcel of ugly man 'monsters, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Chee-ee! You 'in the wide-awake, shouldn't I like to pick your eye out. Chee-aw! 'Only let me catch you in a good squall when the waves roar 'white, and the scud flies, and won't I pay you then!' Here Mr. Yahoo raised his gun, and pointed at the biggest as if to take summary vengeance. 'Chee-ee-ee,' screeched the elderly sinner,

bolting out of harm's way ; ' hit one of your own size, can't you ?' And then, keeping at a more respectful distance, they kept up a sort of ' Cowardly-cowardly-custard' cry, with perfect safety ; now bearing up *almost* within shot, and then with a sweep upwards turning again and swooping seaward with a scream. But the seals did not show.

Presently they heard a shot from the other side of the island, and their attention was now strained to the utmost, and they rowed quickly in order to get to the mouth of the channel, so as to command both directions, and to meet the seal should he take round their way. They got to the point in a very few minutes, and just as they reached it, they saw the other boat rounding a further point, and pulling towards them at a furious rate, the water foaming under her bows, and the rowers bending to their oars as if the stout pine blades would crack again.

Scarce had they appeared, when a huge head, nearly as big as a man's, rose suddenly, about fifty yards off. ' There's a ma—!' Mr. Yahoo was going to say, ' a man overboard !' never having seen a seal in the water before, and, in spite of his expectation, being taken by surprise ; but the head suddenly disappeared at the sound, as the major's rifle cracked, and the bullet sped harmlessly over the spot where the head had been.

' Powers o' Moll Kelly, he's a whopper ! Confound it,' said the major, in vexation, ' what made you holloa out at him ? It's odds ' we see him again now. Which way did he head, Sandie ?'

' Deed, then, an' his neb was to sea, an' I doot but he's gane ' richt under the boat.'

' Round with her head, and give way like fury.'

Round came the boat, somewhat slowly though, and then the men laid down to their oars, and made her fly through it. And soon Sandie's surmise was shown to be correct, for, fast as they went, the seal went faster ; and after watching and wondering what could have become of him, he popped up about two hundred yards off, outside of them, and having taken a short breath, went down again. It was useless following him, as they could not possibly catch him, and when he came up again he was far out to sea, and a mere speck on the water. The other boat closed with them. They had seen the seal basking on a low rock, but he was wary, and as soon as they came in sight, he flounced off the rock into the water, and made ' straight shirt-tails,' as the Yankees say, Allan taking a snap shot at him just ere he did so ; but whether he had struck, grazed, or merely frightened the seal he could hardly tell. Allan of course thought he had made a hit of it, but the laird declared that the smack of the bullet was too sharp for seal's skin, and that it had struck the rock, though it might have done so off a graze.

They now once more consulted what was to be done, and it was agreed that one or two other islands, which were likely enough to hold a seal or two, being favourable places of resort, should be tried,

and they accordingly coasted round them as they had round the others. But they met again and again, after diligent search, and found nothing. What could have become of all the seals? Had the kelp boats so completely disturbed them as almost to drive them away, or had the late storm driven them northwards? Various were the surmises. Sandie prognosticated that they would come upon a herd of them presently, somewhere; but after a long round no seals could be found, so they resolved to search the caves on the mainland, for blue-rocks, with the chance of an otter; or perhaps a stray seal might have taken up his quarters in one of them. Accordingly the boats' heads were put shorewards, and they soon neared the huge frowning rocks, which beetled over the ocean. At a distance, a small rift or two, looking like rabbits' or rats' holes, was all that could be discerned; but as they neared the shore, these rifts grew to the proportion of considerable caves, some of them sixty or seventy feet high at the mouth, and into them the sea rushed with a hollow, cavernous sound. Through some of the smaller apertures a wave would at times rush, completely filling and choking the entrance, and driving the pent-up air up into the further corner by the weight of the water; and when the wave had partially receded, the restrained air would burst forth, driving the lighter water before it, like the spouting of a huge fish or the blowing of the waste-pipe of a steam engine. The largest of these singular holes was called 'the Devil's Bellows;' and Mr. Yahoo was for a time much amused in watching it, and discoursing with Ethel over the curious phenomenon.

They now approached the mouth of one of the largest caves, a deep, dark orifice of considerable height, divided some distance within the mouth into two by a huge pillar of stratified rock, round the base of which the waters roared and chafed, uniting their volume behind it, and rolling onwards into the gloom, as if they were diving into the very bowels of the earth. As the two boats neared the mouth, the major called out to the men to 'back water,' as the tide was likely to carry them too far into the recess; and the boats being thus stationed, the major gave the signal, and immediately the men in both boats commenced a prodigious uproar of shouting, and hammering on the gunwales with anything they could lay hold of. At the sound, out came rushing, almost in their faces, a cloud of blue-rock pigeons to see what was the matter. The guns were discharged; the four barrels, bellowing and echoing in the cavern tremendously, like a park of ordnance, two of the birds falling to the fire; the other two, if they were hit, carrying off the shot to die elsewhere at their leisure—a process Mr. Yahoo had the dissatisfaction of seeing very often repeated subsequently, as they were very large, hard, and strong birds, flying with amazing speed; and very different from the smaller and half-tame brutes he had been in the habit of seeing trapped at the Red House as blue-rocks.

Having dispersed the inhabitants of the cavern, at Ethel's desire their boat now ventured within the depths. Feeling their way slowly

and cautiously, they advanced with great care, as from the heavy rush of the swell, at times, there was considerable danger of their being bilged against the sharp points and angles at the sides. Gloomy and more gloomy grew the cave; the waters looked dark, swelling, and mysterious as those of Acheron plunging down to Hades.

The major had been busily engaged in some unseen process for some moments. There was a slight flicker and a sudden light, and as he held aloft a blue light he had ignited, a flood of brilliancy was shed around them, lighting up the sombre recesses, and flashing on the water drops and dripping points in the roof, which looked as though it were studded and fretted with diamonds and sapphires. The dark waters were illuminated with a glow that for a moment made them look like molten silver. Ethel had taken the blue light from the major's hand, and was holding it up to throw the light upon the more favourable points. The major was standing up, resting on his gun, when something dashed off a ledge of rock into the water below. With the sudden and irresistible instinct of an old sportsman, his gun was at his shoulder, and bellowed forth its contents simultaneously. The suddenness of the action caused Ethel to drop the blue light, which hissed, bubbled for a second, and disappeared. The dull roar and concussion of the gun in the confined chamber, the stifling smoke, the sudden and pitchy darkness succeeding to the brilliant light, caused Ethel to sink back into her seat in sudden terror, and clasp the arm of Mr. Yahoo somewhat tightly in her momentary alarm. The involuntary action sent a thrill of delight through his frame; the clasp was almost instantly relinquished, however. The darkness, smoke, and noise embarrassed the men too, somewhat, and the boat got more than one sharp crack against the cavern sides, as they backed oars to extricate themselves. Nothing serious happened, fortunately, and when they got into the open sunshine again it was almost insupportable. Mr. Yahoo's face was a trifle flushed, but Ethel's was crimson. The major blamed himself for being the cause of such a *contretemps*; but when, after a few minutes, a fine sea otter came floating out of the cave, quite dead, he forgot all about it in his delight at capturing such a prize.

After this, they went to several other caves, without entering any, however; for beautiful as the momentary glimpse had been, neither Ethel nor Mr. Yahoo proposed again to explore their labyrinths. They shot at and missed many blue-rocks, getting one or two now and then, but the balance of misses was a large one. And as the process in each instance was similar to the one above described, it is unnecessary to go into it.

At length they landed upon a low sandy islet, and a suitable spot being selected, the lunch was brought out and judiciously arranged. Cool drinks, minus the hill refrigerator, however, which the cold salt water in the deep gullies of the rocks indifferently supplied the place of, were dispensed, and all were merry and hungry but Allan, who ate little and talked less. Once Ethel caught a glance of his

eye, glinting with a savage glare upon Mr. Yahoo, who was unconsciously assisting her to some lobster salad, and although it troubled her for the moment, as yet she had not examined closely enough into her own mind to interpret the glance, and therefore it soon passed from her thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRACAS.

LUNCH despatched, they sought the boats once more, and again commenced the search after the seals, and at length their patience was rewarded. They were rounding a low, sandy cove in one of the further islands, when Sandie stood up in the boat and held up his hand. The men immediately ceased rowing, and all eyes were strained towards the further side. The sun was shining brightly. Mr. Yahoo, with the rest, tried to make out a seal, but the distance was too great.

‘Ay, by the piper, there he is, sure enough,’ said the major.

Still Mr. Yahoo gazed hard, but beyond a small shiny spot, where the sun seemed to catch and be reflected from a wet rock, or a pool of water, our hero could make out nothing.

‘I can’t understand how you can see the seal at such a distance,’ he said, at length; ‘I can’t see him.’

‘Yonder he is; don’t you see him?’ asked the major, pointing towards the shining spot before referred to, and at which Mr. Yahoo happened to be looking.

‘Is he anywhere near that shining spot?’ he asked, at length, quite puzzled at the wonderful range of vision which the dwellers in the north appeared to possess.

‘Why, that’s him,’ said the major, as regardless of grammar as the monks in Ingoldsby’s ‘Jackdaw of Rheims.’

‘The dev—I mean, hem! is it?’ said our friend, checking himself.

‘Oh, don’t mind me, pray!’ said Ethel, with a smile. ‘A sportsman on his first game may be pardoned a little undue excitement.’

‘I was only going to say that—’ and again he hesitated.

‘Going to quote an individual who, as folks say, shall be named less.’

‘Pon my word I’m afraid I was,’ he replied, again turning his attention to the seal. ‘So that shiny spot is the seal?’

‘That’s the seal,’ quoth the major.

‘But what makes him shine so? Why, he’s like a looking-glass, I declare.’

‘Yes. It’s the sun reflected from his wet, glossy skin; and that often betrays them to us when we shouldn’t otherwise see them, perhaps.’

The other boat now came alongside, and after a short discussion it

was decided that they should close in with the land, so as to shut the seal out of view, and then coast along towards him, one boat keeping close in-shore for the shot, and the other more in the offing, to catch him as he came up from his first dive, which is never a very long one when a seal is suddenly disturbed.

The major's boat was to have the first shot, as the discoverers of the seal, while the laird's boat took the outside berth. They then rowed steadily in towards the shore, which was near a mile off, and in a short time a projecting point hid the seal from their sight. Cautiously muffling the oars, and rowing quietly onwards, they approached the spot where they had seen the seal, Mr. Yahoo standing up in the bow with rifle in hand ready to take the first shot as soon as they should open the seal sufficiently for a fair chance at him. The major sat with the heavy shot-gun across his knees, with a couple of green cartridges in it. Gradually the point was neared, the small bay opened more and more, and suddenly, within seventy yards, on a low flat rock, Mr. Yahoo saw first the head of the seal, then the body slowly rose into view, and he could see the beast distinctly. It was a large one, about the size of a good bacon-hog, and seemed to be asleep, or nearly so. The rifle came up to his shoulder, and he took a steady sight at the head.

'He's moving,' said the major. At this moment the seal, which they had thought asleep, elevated its nose slightly, as if winding them: immediately he gave an ungainly wallop towards the water. Another flounder brought him to the brink, and fearing to lose his chance altogether, Sydney pulled at once; but the forward movement of the seal saved his head, and the bullet struck him very sharply in the shoulder, just below the neck. He dashed off the rock, however, with a tremendous plunge, and disappeared in a mass of foam, one of the major's wire cartridges pattering harmlessly against his back as he did so.

'Ye pinked him smartly, me boy,' said the major; 'and though ye missed his head, bedad he's little to thank ye for. What the deuce I must needs waste cartridge for when it couldn't do any good, I can't think. But somehow one can't help pulling when one's got the game before one.' And the major crammed another cartridge home in place of the one he had so uselessly expended.

'Yes, I think I hit him,' said Mr. Yahoo, his hands trembling, his eyes flashing, and his general appearance wild with the excitement of the chase. 'I think I gave it him.'

'Ye did that, be the powers, and no mistake; and he won't be long showin' his ugly phiz again, I'm thinkin.' And the major pressed a cap on the nipple with the ball of his right thumb, looking out sharply on all sides meanwhile. 'And there he is, be the —.' And bang went another cartridge at the seal as he rose, floating high, with his whole back out of water (a sure sign he was badly hit), about forty or fifty yards from them, surging out of the water like a small hippopotamus as he went down with a heavy wallop, and as he did so the blood could be seen distinctly pumping out

of him. Unfortunately the seal rose obliquely from them, or the major's fire would have been a *coup de grâce*. As it was, the large shot did not take direct effect, many of them evidently glancing off from the hard, slippery skin altogether.

'He'll make a longer dive for it this time, you'll see, although he 'has it badly.'

'Oh! no doubt he has it badly,' echoed our friend. 'No doubt 'he—what the—? what—where? What can I have done with 'them?' he spluttered, as he rummaged pocket after pocket—the rifle standing upright clipped between his knees, and the heavy rod held between his teeth, as he slapped and foraged pocket after pocket—'I can't think.'

'What have ye lost? Is it the bullets, or the powdther-horn, or 'the patches, or the caps?' asked the major, blowing and brushing the exploded cap aside preparatory to placing another on the nipple.

'Why, the bullet—no, the patches. That is, I mean the powder-horn.'

'Why, there it is stickin' out of yere breast-pocket.'

'Lord! of course it is. How stupid of me, to be sure.' And taking the horn from the pocket indicated (which, as usual, was the only one not turned out), he blundered three charges of powder in, at least, while looking after the seal. To get rid of this it had to be fired off, which caused the other boat to think they had got either another seal or were doing to death the one found.

Then, the powder being properly distributed, the bullet had to be hunted. That was soon found. But the patches, what a job it was to find them!

'Here they were. No, that wasn't them. That was—no—that—'well. Dear me! where could they be?'

But they were found at last, and once more Mr. Yahoo's rifle was fit for service. The major looked on at it all with imperturbable gravity, and did not offer to perplex his friend with suggestions or questions, well knowing how useless anything of the sort is on such occasions. Such a fix, however, could not, it is needless to say, ever have happened to him under any circumstances. At this moment they saw a puff of smoke from the deadly rifle of the Laird, who was a superb rifle shot, and the next instant the sharp crack of the piece came downward to them, and they saw the crew wave their bonnets, and a lusty cheer was borne on the air to them, and the next moment the boat shot forward at full speed.

'Give way, lads! Heave ahead, Sondie, mon! Give it to her, 'Jock!' cried the major. And stretching to the oars, under the lusty sinews of the rowers their own boat also sped towards the spot, and was in a few minutes on the scene of action. The laird's crew were trying to haul the seal over the gunwale.

'The skin is yours, Mr. Yahoo, in virtue of the first bullet,' said the laird. 'But we will take him into our boat, as he will not be 'pleasant company for a lady, owing to the oily, fishy smell which 'speedily exudes.' Our hero disclaimed all title to the skin, but the

major insisted on his right to it according to all laws of venery, so no more was said on that head. It was a large brute, with a mottled skin.

‘Make a very tasteful waistcoat, Mr. Yahoo,’ said Ethel.

‘Hum!’ quoth he, only wishing he might see himself walking up Pall Mall or St. James’s Street with a seal-skin vest. But he said nothing, and turned his attention to getting the seal into the boat.

They had managed to gaff the beast just as it was sinking slowly in the last death-throes; and with a hand at each flipper, and one at the gaff, it was as much as they could do to get the seal in. A hearty shove, however, from two of the major’s crew sent it rolling into the bottom of the boat, a helpless, rigid, unwieldy mass of blubber, and very unlike the graceful creature that in life rode over and dived through the waters with such ease.

Then arose a Babel of Highland tongues on the subject of the chase, and a thimbleful of whisky having been handed round to each of the men, once more the oars were grasped, and they recommenced their search. For some time they searched in vain.

‘How very curious it is to observe how all the gulls keep on one side of yonder rock and all the cormorants on the other!’ said Mr. Yahoo, pointing to a lofty rock, the top of which was sloped on each side like the roof a house, and on each plane of which the birds were assembled as described.

‘Yes,’ said the major. ‘And if you were to watch them for hours you would never see one of either trespass on the other’s territory. Should such a thing ever happen, the whole of the community intruded on immediately fall upon the intruder and peck him to death, so that the boundaries of either territory are religiously and carefully observed and kept. Nature doesn’t appreciate intervention. What is it, Sandie?’ and the major broke off abruptly.

‘Holy Moses! and the other boat’s out of sight.’

Mr. Yahoo followed the bent of the major’s glance, and saw a number of seals on a promontory of a largeish island—some five or six, apparently.

‘We must go in and do our best by ourselves,’ whispered the major, drawing one of the cartridges from his double and slipping a ball in instead. ‘There’s six of them, I think.’

‘Five an’ a coof (calf), meejor,’ said Sandie.

‘Very well, then. I’ll take that outside fellow, and you take the calf, Syd, and then you’ll be sure of the mother as well. Kneel down, and we shall drift slowly within eighty yards of them. Don’t pull till I say the word “now!”’

Mr. Yahoo did as he was desired; not a soul moved; and the boat drifted with an almost imperceptible motion towards the island. The major was in the bow, our hero in the stern.

‘You won’t kill the cub, and make the mother’s natural affection a lure to her destruction,’ said Ethel in a suppressed voice, but with a slightly heightened colour.

'God forbid!' said our hero, who had not at first liked the task set him, but now determined to take one of the others for his mark. He had scarcely formed the resolution when the seals began raising their heads and lifting up their noses to scent out what was in the wind, if possible. They were within eighty or ninety yards, when one of the outermost gave a wallop towards the water. Mr. Yahoo marked a large one which lay broadside to him, and took him about the shoulder, the head lying awkwardly.

'Now!' whispered the major, and bang went both the guns simultaneously. A tremendous plunge took place as the whole six darted into the water at once, dashing the foam up in all directions.

'I hit him! I hit him! I'm sure,' said our friend, in great excitement.

'Then jump ashore, for they'll not go far from the island, and you'll get another shot, and I'll go after the others,' said the major, thinking he referred to the cub; and in his excitement Mr. Yahoo did not detect his mistake, but when the boat was backed to a low rocky point, jumped up with the intention of stepping out.

'There they are,' said the major, as three or four of the seals put up their heads for a second, one of them, which appeared to be hit hard, with his back out of water. 'And one hit, by the powers,' he continued. 'I thought I'd missed. Now then, make haste, and I'll be after that baste.'

'I think this is the island where the samphire grows; and, if I don't mistake, the *Asplenium marinum* is found there too. I am very desirous of getting some, so I shall take a stroll on the island too,' said Ethel, rising to step ashore also.

'Out wid ye, then,' said the major in desperate haste, anxious to be after the seal, which he supposed he had hit, though he had really missed, and not dreaming that Sydney had not fired at the cub. And as just then the wounded seal slowly sank from view the major was all the more anxious to be at him, and stopped neither to hear nor consider.

Accordingly, Mr. Yahoo stepped ashore with his rifle, and offering his arm to Ethel, supported her over the slippery rock to the island, and the next moment the major was away in full chase.

Of course our hero would most gladly have given up the waiting for the seals in order to accompany Ethel in her search for ferns and other wild plants, but she would not hear of it, and insisted on his fulfilling the express object for which he came on shore; saying that, in all probability, she should fall in with her uncle's boat, and, should she miss it, their own boat might return in their absence, and finding them gone some awkward mistake might occur. 'And I have no wish that we should run a risk of performing any part at all similar to that undergone by the two rabbit-shooters I told you of. So,' concluded Ethel, 'most willing knight, you must e'en be content to stay where you are; and I shall be well rewarded if I find a specimen of the plant I am going in search of. But whatever you do, do not shoot the poor little

‘ seal if it should return.’ And she turned away. And with this arrangement Mr. Yahoo, though it was much against his will, was forced to be content.

‘ Upon my word,’ said the deserted sportsman, as he sat down with his back to a gray rock, his rifle leaning against his knee, and gazing down through the clear green water at the many-hued seaweeds that grew luxuriantly below, forming fanciful waving groves and cool shades of such beautiful and varied foliage that the most glowing colours in the landscape of the most fanciful of artists would fall short immeasurably, in variety or gorgeousness of tint, of this nature-painting beneath the waves,—‘ upon my word, Sydney Godolphin, you are ‘ playing a very dangerous game;’ and he paused to watch with eagerness a large Father Lasher, who, with all his fins set and his spines erected in all the golden panoply of war, was chasing a little Blenny to its hole. ‘ Hum !’ he continued ; ‘ fish and men have ‘ more points of resemblance than one. But,’ casting his eyes further out on the water, ‘ but, upon my word, Sydney Godolphin, ‘ yours is a very dangerous game. Are you really in love with this ‘ pearl of the Highlands?’ and he put himself, as it were, in the witness-box. ‘ In love ! Am I half mad or whole mad about her ? ‘ Can I think of anything else ? Didn’t I begin a letter to Charley ‘ Gwynn, of all people in the world, the other day, “ Dear Ethel,” and ‘ conclude it with “ profound love and everlasting esteem ?” And, ‘ brute and fool that I was, didn’t I very nearly post it too ? ‘ Wouldn’t I rather cut off my right arm, pull out my right eye, ‘ than she should suffer a moment’s uneasiness ? Wouldn’t I ‘ consent to be old, ugly, stupid, decrepit, destitute ?’ (The reader will please to remark that the mental conviction expressed by this sentence is that the utterer was quite the reverse of all this. Why shouldn’t a man have a good opinion of himself ?) ‘ Wouldn’t I ‘ consent “ to do, to be, and to suffer,”’ said our friend, quoting Lindley Murray unconsciously, ‘ anything, everything to gain her ‘ esteem, her love ? The love of Ethel Cameron ! Oh, Ethel ! ‘ Ethel ! there does not live the man on this earth that is worthy ‘ of that. Oh, that that dear, dear face were ever there before me, ‘ that I might gaze for ever and ever into those heavenly eyes ! that ‘ I——’.

But here our rhapsodist stopped, and with a slight start, for, as if in a kind of absurd answer to his aspiration up surged on the very spot of water he was gazing at a huge, grim, bluish head, very unlike the one he was conjuring up. Apparently, the face was seamed and scarred like that of a fighting bull-dog ; and immediately after, some few yards behind it, another, but a much smaller one, made its appearance. Most fortunately Mr. Yahoo was so very much surprised that he sat quite still, gazing at the apparition with his mouth open. It was the old seal returned with her calf to the island. They were not forty yards off, in the mouth of the cove. Apparently the calf was very tired, for as the mother swam towards it it scrambled somehow on to her back, and hung there, the mother supporting it thus

while it rested, and turning her head towards it, as if to caress it, from time to time. Then she would gaze fixedly at Sydney, as if trying to make out whether he were really a portion of the rock or no. His plaid being a dull green and gray assimilated a good deal in colour with the rock behind him, so that much of his outline—there being no sky behind him—was lost and obscure. Once or twice the old seal raised her nose, as if striving to discover the nature of the object that had arrested her attention, but the wind fortunately was blowing *towards* the island, and, like the stone, he was motionless. The seal came ten or a dozen yards nearer, paddling backwards and forwards, and not an eyelid of Mr. Yahoo moved. He almost held his breath. It became a very trying and irksome position.

At length, as if satisfied, the seal threw up her nose and sank gradually into the water, a huge swirl like the boiling of a caldron marking the spot where she had gone down. It was a small narrow cove, at one point of which he was seated, and he took the opportunity to relieve the irksomeness of his position, and barely had he resumed his attitude when the seal, with the young one beside it, appeared again at the extreme point of the cove, some fifteen or twenty yards from the spot where he was sitting; but by the change in their relative positions almost the whole of Sydney's body was concealed behind a jutting and intervening rock. Raising herself from the water, the old seal took a careful survey of the shore, and being apparently satisfied, she commenced assisting her calf on to the rock, which it was striving to climb on to, using her snout for this purpose, and half pushing half lifting her offspring on the ledge. Much interested, and somewhat touched, if the truth must be told, by this instance of maternal tenderness, our sportsman was looking on still motionless. He had no thought to slay either, and would scarcely have attempted it had not they been, as it were, committed to his care by Ethel. As it was, they were sacred to him.

The young seal had just succeeded in reaching the rock, and the old one, after swimming to and fro and jealously regarding every nook and corner, was following its example, when a white puff of smoke suddenly shot out from the opposite shore of the cove, and almost before the report of the gun which immediately followed reached him, the poor little seal, in which Sydney had become so interested, threw up its head and fell over on its side in a death-struggle. At the sound of the shot the mother immediately instinctively dashed back into the water, from which she was emerging, and disappeared. And on the spot whence the shot had come Allan suddenly jumped up, and with long bounds from rock to rock came springing round the cove towards the place where Mr. Yahoo had been sitting, but who had now risen to his feet boiling with rage at what appeared to him such a wanton and cruel piece of slaughter; and as he stepped on to the plateau above him he met Allan face to face. At sight of him Allan's eyes flashed and his brow grew rugged with passion. No whit behind him, Sydney burst out, 'It was a cruel and cowardly act, sir,' referring to the killing the young seal.

'Ye lie, damned Sassenach!' shouted Allan, in a voice hoarse with rage. Not another word was spoken, but the young men rushed at each other like bull-dogs. When he rose up from his seat, our hero, though greatly excited, had sufficient command of himself to lay his rifle on one side; and it was fortunate that he had so much prudence, or Allan Campbell would have stood a fair chance of rolling over on the rocks with a bullet through him. Equally fortunate was it that Allan had not stopped to re-charge his own piece, or a similar mishap might have chanced to his antagonist. As it was, whirling the empty gun round his head, he aimed a blow at him. Seeing it coming, Sydney stepped back to avoid it, Allan, at the same moment, half stumbling in his forward rush, and the butt of the gun missing its mark, came with full force against a projecting piece of rock, and was shivered to atoms, the barrel flying from his hand with the force of the blow.

They closed accordingly with only the arms which Nature had given them. They were equally matched in height and bulk, Allan's frame, perhaps, was more inured to sustain a lengthened struggle, and certainly he was, from his very mode of life and practice, endowed with far more activity than his opponent. But Sydney made up for this by well practised skill, for the 'noble art of self-defence,' as it is termed by its admirers, had formed an integral part of his education. And as Allan rushed in, he was met with a flush hit full in the mouth, which not only loosened two of his front teeth, but sent him staggering back some paces. He rushed in again, however, and grappled with his foe. They struggled, tugged, and tore like maniacs all over the level space, and for a moment passion deprived our hero of the advantage of his skill. Suddenly remembering it, however, from a favourable chance offering, he gave Allan what 'the fancy' term 'the crook,' and threw him heavily. But scarcely had the young Highlander touched earth than he was up again with the activity of a mountain cat, and the struggle was renewed. Near at hand there was a steep fall over the rocks into the cove, of about forty feet in height, and by a simultaneous resolve each determined to force the other over this. Now one gained an inch or two, then the other, but they gradually approached it. The struggle being so prolonged, Allan's better trained wind and harder muscle began to tell, and he gradually gained the advantage; and Sydney, in spite of every effort, was inch by inch forced towards the brink. Just as they were within about a yard of it, he suddenly dropped on one knee, allowing Allan, who was bearing with all his force against him, to fall clear over his shoulder. Allan, however, kept too stern a grip of his adversary's collar to be shaken off, and the result of the manoeuvre was that they both went over the rock together, our hero rather undermost. Down they went, full forty feet, with a tremendous plunge into the deep cold water of the cove.

Sydney had loosened his grasp, and in order to keep himself above water, Allan released his hold also, and struck out by instinct

immediately for the shore, which was only a few yards off. Coming out, and scrambling on the rock, he gave himself a rough shake, sending the water flying from him like a huge water-dog, and preparing to renew the combat. Somewhat surprised that his adversary had not followed him, he looked round, and saw him feebly beating the water in a wild mechanical way, without an effort to save himself. In falling, he had struck his temple against an angle of the rock, and was partially stunned. Allan turned away with a grim smile of gratified revenge, and all had been over with Mr. Yahoo, but at this moment Ethel Cameron came darting along the shore to the spot. Hearing the shot, she had turned back towards the point where she left her companion, and she arrived soon enough to see a part of the struggle and the concluding scene; and hastening to the place, reached it at the very moment that Allan was turning away.

‘Save him! save him!’ she gasped, pale and breathless with excitement and her haste.

‘Not I. Let him die, d—— him!’ said Allan, coarsely and sullenly.

‘Save him, Allan, I implore you!’

‘What!’ said Allan in a vehement burst of rage. ‘You who love him, ask *me* to save him!’

‘What right have you to say so, sir? Is it because I would not see my uncle’s guest murdered before my face that you should dare offer this insult to me—Ethel Cameron?’

Her eyes blazed and flashed, her colour came and went rapidly, and her whole form appeared to dilate, so that the young girl looked positively sublime in her anger.

‘Stand aside, sir! what you refuse, I will undertake: and you may say, henceforth, that Ethel Cameron saved the stranger, while Allan Campbell looked on.’ And she cast aside the light plaid which was wrapped across her bosom.

‘By heaven you shall not do it!’

‘I will, though,’ she said, briefly and determinedly, and she prepared to spring into the water.

‘Stay, stay!’ and Allan put her back.

‘Stop me not, murderer!’ she shrieked, thinking he was going to prevent her from assisting the drowning man, who was now rapidly sinking.

‘Stand back! there, if you will have it so!’ And putting her by, he plunged again into the water. One stroke of his arm brought him beside his foe. Stretching forth his hand, he grasped him by the hair of his head, lifted it above the surface, and held it there, while he supported himself by treading water beside him.

‘What prevents my letting him go to the bottom even now? I might do so if I chose, and nothing could save him. Nay, I might do better; make what terms I chose, might I not?’ and he held him a moment so, as if in doubt.

Ethel was fearfully agitated, knowing his determined and somewhat savage character. At this moment her eye fell on the

rifle our hero had laid aside : it lay within two yards of her. A thought struck her : with one bound, she secured it, cocked it, and brought it to her shoulder, saying, as she did so, 'The instant you do so, I send a bullet through your brain, Allan Campbell. You know that I can use a rifle, and I know that I have the determination to fulfil my word. I make terms now.'

'Tempt me not, Ethel, for I am desperate in this matter ; and, perhaps, were you to fulfil your resolve, it would be the greatest kindness you could do me, and therefore I care nothing for threats. But, you think me a rough brute, incapable of feeling ;' and taking a long stroke or two, he reached the shore, and drew his foe on shore after him, and laying him by her on the rock, said, 'There, take his life, though with it you take the light from mine.' He spoke the latter words with deep sadness and dejection, his whole manner changed. 'He will come to, presently, that scratch on the temple has but stunned him. On the other side of the creek I left my spirit-flask ; a little of its contents will soon revive him, and I will fetch it. Meantime, do you loosen his neckerchief, and give him air. All I ask is, that nothing be said of this ; the boats will be here in a short time, and I leave it to you to arrange that it be so.' And he turned away gravely, and walked rapidly round to the spot whence he had fired at the seal ; and Ethel was left alone with Mr. Yahoo.

Our hero was now senseless ; his face was ghastly pale and streaked with the blood which flowed slowly from his temple. Placing her hand tenderly under his neck, she partly supported him, and gently undid the neck-tie, which rather, in the attitude in which he was, impeded his powers of breathing. Then she threw open his collar, and in doing so, her fingers became entangled in a thin silken cord which was round his neck, and in disengaging them a little blue silk bag was brought into view. The silk she recognized as a fragment of some which she had missed from her knitting box a few days previously. The bag was of her own manufacture, and obtained from her about the same time by Mr. Yahoo, under a pretence of his wanting it for some ordinary purpose connected with his toilet. Her heart beat violently ; was it some love token from one far away ? and was he perchance another's ? With that curiosity which the sex has *enjoyed* from the time of its great progenitor, she determined to take a peep, '*just one little peep*,' inside, to satisfy herself, for she was so very, very anxious to see what it was that was treasured up so carefully.

Shut up the book, ye strong-minded females and stern critics. 'Dishonest, is it ? Spoilt my heroine ?' Pooh ! not a whit. One no more expects a total lack of curiosity in a young lady than one does perfection. It was wrong ; granted. It is womanly to be wrong sometimes. Shall our daughters be wiser than their mothers ? If so, how ? Shall the heirloom left them by their common parent die out ?—Never ! Eve indulged her curiosity though Adam's downfall and her own hung upon her act. She had not her Adam

senseless at her feet, doubtful if he were hers as yet, and fearing possibly he might be some one else's. She was not uncertain as to his love, having but just discovered, without a moment for reflection on it, the full force of her own. She had not just passed through such a trying and agitating scene, mayhap, as Ethel Cameron had. Yet how would æsthetic critics howl if we denied that Eve was a fine model of her sex! Why so! Then surely Ethel suffers little by comparison. Go to, go to! Heroines are or should be human. Young ladies are but young ladies, after all, and we must take 'em, my dear friends, as we find 'em.

We must own it—she peeped. As she did so, her face, previously as pale as his before her, flushed up a brilliant carmine, and the crimson blood went coursing through her, till her neck, arms, almost to her fingers (for her plaid being still off, left them bare) became suffused in one rosy glow, as she saw within the bag a *little withered Scotch rose-bud*, the fellow to the one she had picked up from the lawn a few mornings previously. Quickly restoring it to its place upon his breast, covering it over, and concealing it from view, she glanced round hastily, and stooping her face towards the pallid countenance of her still senseless lover (for we must call him so after this; mustn't we, young ladies?), and murmuring, 'Dear, dear Sydney,' with a world of tenderness in her tone, and a deep sigh, like a breeze over the rose-beds of Persia, she softly touched his brow with her lips, and rose up suddenly after doing so, like a guilty thing; and seeing the flushed appearance of her neck and arms, covered herself again with the plaid she had thrown aside.

As if the kiss of his beloved had power almost to recall him from the gates of death, as it were, Sydney heaved a long sigh, and moved slightly. The colour returned to his cheek, and when Allan came back with the flask, a few minutes afterwards, he was sitting up, and though somewhat confused still, was rapidly recovering his consciousness. Allan, seeing things so far mended, left the flask, and walked away, saying, 'I will go and prevent the boat from coming for a short time yet.'

And when at length he returned with the major's boat, Mr. Yahoo and Ethel were looking as if nothing at all out of the way had occurred.

'Why, Syd, me boy, what an awkward slash you've got over yere eye!' said the major, inquiringly.

'Yes; I had an accident, and slipped over these confounded rocks.'

'It must have been a severe blow; and yere head's thicker than ordinary if ye got up directly.'

'Well, it did stun me slightly, but I'm all right again.'

'Hum! Smashed your rifle too, I see. That must have been a severe blow too, from the flinders in all directions. Be the piper, ye must have taken a header, rifle and all.'

'Yes, it was an awkward fall;' and our hero was quite indisposed to be over-communicative.

‘Why, now, by all the books, it ain’t your rifle at all!’ said the major, picking up some of the pieces, ‘but Allan’s.’

‘Ah, yes,’ said our hero, confusedly, and colouring deeply, being unused to lie; ‘you see we had exchanged rifles.’

‘It’s much to me if that’s *all* ye exchanged. Ah, young blood! ‘young blood! Ye didn’t exchange shots now, did ye?’ he asked, in a whisper.

‘Oh, dear me, no! Absurd! Why should we?—ahem! that ‘is, of course not, certainly not.’

‘No, I’m thinkin’ ye didn’t neither, for I only heard one shot, ‘now I think of it, and jontlemen don’t murther one another. ‘Hang me, now, if I can make it out at all;’ and he looked at Allan, who was, quite accidentally of course, but very persistently, gazing in altogether another direction.

‘I wonder what could have become of the seal,’ Allan broke in, much to Mr. Yahoo’s relief.

‘Oh, ye *did* shoot a *seal* then?’ said the major, apparently much relieved or much disappointed, it is difficult to say which.

‘Oh yes, I shot one, there; the cub seal it was,’ pointing to the spot. ‘But the old one, I suppose, must have carried it off.’

‘Oh, *you* shot it. Now, by the holy poker, this is more mysterious still; for t’other gun’s loaded, and then they changed. ‘However, as ye don’t incline to be communicative, maybe one or ‘the other’ll think he’s a right to call *me* out if I’m too inquisitive. ‘So come along, for here comes the laird, post haste.’ And the other boat came rapidly round the point.

‘Now then,’ said the laird, as they came up; ‘hurry, hurry, for ‘the wind’s getting up. We shall have a rough night of it, and we ‘must make haste home, as it’s getting late. Did you get either of the seals, Terence?’

‘I killed one, but he sank before I could reach him. However, ‘I put a buoy over him and took his bearings, so they can take the ‘gravelines, and come and creep for him to-morrow; they’ll easily ‘retrieve him.’

‘Well, that’s better than having to carry him, perhaps, under the ‘circumstances. But make haste; Etty love, will you come with ‘us or remain in Charles’s boat? If you like to stay there you had ‘better have these furs to keep the damp and cold off.’

Now will it be believed, after all that had passed, that she actually replied, ‘Oh, never mind moving them, they will be very comfortable, and I’ll come with you, uncle?’ And will it be believed that she did go, and that she chatted gaily with her uncle the whole way home; now and then even addressing Allan, as if to rouse him from the reverie in which he appeared to be plunged? So it was, however. Young ladies may be able to account for it, but we don’t offer to.

They had a very rough and even stormy voyage home, having to reduce sail considerably, in consequence of the heavy squalls that struck them at times, and getting a most thorough ducking. At length they opened the narrow cove, which, with its gigantic frown-

ing rocks on either side of it, looked like a small dark streak in a line of tumbling, roaring breakers. The small rag of sail was lowered, and hastily stowed, the oars got out; there was a large beacon-fire flickering and blazing on the beach beyond, to guide them in. Slowly they feel their way in between the surf. Now they near the shore, and waiting until they were poised on the crest of a huge wave, 'Now then,' said the laird, and with three long heavy strokes, they went with it, until the keel grated on the beach, when twenty pairs of strong hands seized the boat and ran her up, with all her contents, high and dry, beyond the reach of the rollers, which came foaming disappointedly after them. In a few minutes, the other boat followed, and soon lay high and dry beside them.

MY FIRST INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

OUR first meeting opened not, as the Royal British Bank did, with prayer, but with sherry and sandwiches, a much better proceeding in the estimation of the directors; and after slaking our thirst and appeasing our appetites, time was called as punctually as at the battle of Farnborough, and we took our seats, with a white-chokered hybrid clergyman in the chair. I was invited—and the distinction was considered a great one—to take my seat on his right hand; and the minutes of the past meeting, and the report of a sub-committee having been read, the 'agenda,' which had been prepared by the Secretary, but which I regarded in the light of a race-card issued by a clerk of the course, had to be considered. When I glanced over its contents, so voluminous were they that, in the language of the turf reporters, 'it was enough to satiate the appetite of the veriest 'insurance gourmand.' First, we had to procure the taking up of sufficient shares to enable us to pass the Registration Act. Secondly, it was imperative upon us to make the directors pay up the amount of their qualifications. Thirdly, we had to determine on the choice of a banker. And, fourthly, on the appointment of town and country agencies. This was pretty well, it must be admitted, for one afternoon, and it occurred to me seriously that even at this early period of our establishment, we should have to adopt the House of Commons' procedure of morning sittings. As may be imagined, the taking up of the shares gave rise to serious discussion. Each director avowed the necessity for it, but declined taking those steps by which alone it could be accomplished, and endeavoured to 'shunt' them on to his neighbour. In fact, at one moment matters seemed to be approaching a crisis, and our young Company looked like being smothered in its birth, for the purity of our magnificent scrip-book was scarcely dimmed.

It will never do, I thought, that an undertaking which promised such immense advantages to the community at large, and which was

to give me such a position in the City of London as would cause me to be pointed out as a model for the young Whittingtons, should be abandoned for the want of so aristocratic a signature as Ernest Vivian; therefore, Curtius like, I threw myself into the gulf, and by a minute and a half's use of my right hand, I had inaugurated a Company, complied with an Act of Parliament, and acquired an amount of influence at the Board that was truly wonderful. This great point having been got over, we passed on to the next resolution, requiring the absolute payment from the Board of Directors of the sums that qualified them for their office. This second fence, as I anticipated, proved almost as formidable as the first one, every sort of excuse being made to shirk it. I had previously informed the solicitors of the Company that, when I joined, for some little time I could only give them the benefit of my name, as my ready money was all tied up; and until the return of a relative from the East, whose signature was requisite to a disentailing deed, it would be impossible for me to put myself in the same position with the other directors, who, nevertheless, I strenuously recommended should send in their united cheques, which would not only evince their sincerity in the undertaking, but give confidence to all embarked in it. The majority of my honourable colleagues, however, as I was wont to designate them, were of a very costive temperament, and far more desirous of commencing operations with the deposits of the public than with their own resources. The few who had parted with their 'pony' to furnish the machinery with some slight portion of grease, were of course loud in their demands that they should not be the solitary contributors to the fund. But every member of the opposition had some sort of excuse why he should not unbutton. One thought the question of the raising of further capital should first be considered, and others submitted the appointment of the bankers ought to take priority, as by that means the public would be imbued with greater confidence, and there would be far more security for our deposits. This latter remark brought our secretary on his legs, who trusted that nothing personal was implied in the observation, as, if so, his resignation was at our disposal. A strenuous denial on the part of the speaker of any idea of reflecting on the honesty of our official, and a high compliment to his financial powers, enabled the discussion to be renewed; and although every endeavour was made to come to some definite conclusion, the non-paying members were sufficient to carry the question of adjournment until the following week. This was hardly encouraging, I confess, to one so warm and enthusiastic in the cause as myself, and I confided the state of my feelings to the solicitors of 'The Rectitude,' whose position was worthy of the title of the office. I was told, however, not to be discouraged; that with all new undertakings the same diversity of opinion existed as to the mode of management, and the same discordant elements were to be met with at all Boards. Comforted with this assurance, I attended the next meeting with confidence that everything would be set straight and flow on in an

easy and uninterrupted manner. Being informed I was on the rota for chairman, and anxious to set an example to my fellow-directors of punctuality, I descended from a well-known Army and Navy Hansom to a second of the appointed time. My costume I endeavoured to render unimpeachably civic, and not a vestige of west-end dandyism was perceptible. Thomas at Tattersall's, in fact, could never have known me, so changed was my whole demeanour, and so impressed did I seem with the importance of the office I had to fill. The routine of a chairman's duties I had carefully studied, and I had got by heart those stereotyped expressions with which a long course of newspaper reading had rendered me familiar. In a complacent state of mind I entered the office, a porter of Crimean height and beard opening the door, and the clerks bowing to the ground at my entrance. This would have been all very well, and very gratifying, but for an unlucky incident, which dispelled my dream in an instant, and completely exposed the nakedness of the land in Hillgate Street. Not having any silver in my pocket, I took half a sovereign from a sovereign purse, and bade our chief clerk give me the change, and pay the cabman half a crown, for I could not bear to be a screw on an occasion of this kind. I have witnessed many an expression of surprise in my time, but the look of wonderment of that man when he gazed on that small piece of gold I shall carry to the grave with me. Robinson Crusoe, when he saw Friday's footstep in the sand could have been nothing to it. For a time he was utterly speechless, but seeing I was getting rather impatient and desirous of an explanation, he gasped out he had not got so much change as two-and-sixpence about him; and as his fellow-clerks were drawn equally blank, the neighbouring public-house had to be resorted to before the exchange of precious metals could be effected. The discovery of the state of affairs in the outer office was hardly encouraging to the success of the proceedings in the inner one. And although I was determined none should perceive their chairman had cause for apprehension, or doubted for an instant the success of our plans, it was some few minutes ere I could banish from my recollection the ordeal I had to go through with the servants of the company.

To control such a body was no easy task, and to listen to the arguments that were adduced for or against any particular proposition required the patience of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Of course I was hardly as much privileged, as those who sat beside me, to obtrude my opinions; but when appealed to I invariably gave such reasons for my vote that succeeded in turning the scale in my favour; and I discovered that by maintaining a gracious reserve, I had my colleagues in greater submission than if I had been hail fellow well met with them at once, and consented to have hobnobbed with them at public-houses. The debate on the directors' qualifications was rather a fierce one, and it required all my diplomacy to prevent a motion being carried, that, unless the whole body contributed the full amount of their shares within forty-eight hours, they should cease to act. As others of the Board, however, were absent on urgent

private affairs, I suggested that such a step would be harsh, and if they were determined to scratch them, as we should term it on the turf, I was ignorant where we should look for their successors. The force of this idea was happily seen through, and a respite of a week given to the defaulting body. The appointment of our bankers was rather an anxious point. Some were for going to the old private banks, who, they thought, would be glad to add our business to their practice; while others hinted mysteriously about Sir John Dean Paul, and imagined there would be greater security for us with the joint-stock concerns, as theirs was a more speculative mode of doing business; and, besides, from them we should receive interest on our deposits, which would be extremely advantageous. I confess I had read repeatedly in the City article of the 'Times' of the rashness of bankers in travelling out of their path for custom, and, consequently, sustaining losses they were unable to justify to their customers and constituents. But as far as we were individually concerned, not the most timid shareholder or largest depositor could complain of the encouragement we received from the banking interest. Not only did they not seek us, but when we sought them, and stated our desire to be credited with the small sum of five hundred or a thousand on the joint bond of the directors, we met with so stern a negative, that the gentleman who would have renewed the application was at least deserving of the Victoria Cross.

The distribution of the agents also led to some strong expression of opinions, in which the various speakers betrayed, as I thought, hardly that knowledge of the world, or of their own art, for which I should have given them credit. For, considering the slight amount of business we had before us, I really imagined our interests would not have been much perilled if their appointments had been delayed until at least we were, in sporting language, 'on our legs.' But my remonstrances were of very little use; and in the opinion of the Stoke Newington division—men who had grown gray in insurance companies—it was determined that in every borough in the United Kingdom 'The Rectitude' should be represented; and our secretary was ordered to take the requisite measures to establish a 'corps,' who, for their industry and efforts in our behalf, were to be munificently remunerated; and this body, consisting of town agents, had to be raised, who were to canvass the metropolitan suburbs, and they crowded our office like supernumeraries at the treasury-door of a theatre. When brought in for inspection, I cannot say I liked their inventory; and to my own mind they looked, from the state of their attire, more like officers of the Sheriff of Middlesex than the paid advocates of a society with such magniloquent pretensions as 'The Rectitude.' On the question of their salary the Board was much divided, one portion of the directors being for giving them a large salary and a small commission, while another were for a small salary and a very large commission. I need hardly say on which side the chairman was found; and I advocated the latter doctrine with the financial ability of a Gladstone, and at last succeeded in

making converts of my colleagues. On myself devolved the task of acquainting the fortunate individuals with the fact of their services having been accepted; and in doing so I was enabled to address them in a style that would have reflected credit on a prime minister or an archbishop. Thus was our company established, and all we stood in need of was simply money and lives. The former we wanted 'as badly as bread,' to use a common phrase with the opulent Hebrews of the Stock Exchange, and the latter we waited for with a degree of patience worthy of commiseration. At last, just when our medical officers were getting tired of examining our directors—for they had nobody else to try their skill upon—a female, anxious to take advantage of the benefits we held out, and professing to be sounder in health than the first favourite for the Derby, presented herself for inspection. Our Galens, of course, were but too glad to receive her. And whatever her representatives may say, they cannot, at least, accuse us of want of attention to her. Having gone through such an ordeal, and paid her premium, which we received with a species of 'welcome little stranger' kind of gratitude, we were so elated that an inauguration dinner at the Trafalgar at Greenwich was hinted at, and not discouraged, especially as other lives were promised, which would set us fairly afloat on the great insurance ocean. Having worked so hard at the direction, I thought I was entitled to a little rest; and having engagements in the north of England, I tore myself away from my desk to find health and recreation on the moors.

On my return to town a month afterwards, I of course made my way into the City, and on entering the office I could not fail to be struck with the cast-down countenances of the clerks, which resembled those of mutes at a funeral; but I buried my thoughts in my own breast, and entered the council-room with apparently the same spirits in which I had quitted. But I quickly discerned there was something up, as the directors were discussing some momentous question in knots, and so serious were they in their conversation that they merely nodded to me, without rushing into my arms, as my vanity had suggested to myself they would have done. The secretary was the first to reveal the cause of so much anxiety and mystery, by informing me, in a heartbroken tone, that 'a life had fallen in.' 'What!' I gasped, in broken accents, 'that woman's?'—'The same,' he replied. 'Then,' I remarked, 'if the life has fallen in, the company will fall out.'—'Very likely,' he rejoined, in a tone that made me think his appointment could not be of long duration. However, complaining was of no use, and I at once told the gentlemen who were assembled there that the death of this unfortunate female was a contingency which we might have expected to have arisen, and, in fact, on which we had speculated, although the issue had come off against us much earlier than we were warranted in anticipating, and that the best thing for us to do was to pay the money and advertise the receipt. This proposition, I regret to say, was but coolly received, and the first victim to our

fury was the surgeon, against whom I could not prevent a vote of censure being proposed and carried. It was in vain he remonstrated and talked of the strictness of the examination to which he subjected the deceased. He was told, in the plainest terms, she ought never to have died; that he knew nothing of female lives; and that, at all events, he had not a *specialité* for the diseases of woman. I pitied the man from my heart, but I found I could do nothing for him; and as there must be some victim to our Nemesis, he was perhaps the most fitting one. But how to discharge our obligation was the chief thing to be considered, as it was not to be imagined but the representatives of the deceased had complied with all the formulæ for receiving the amount of the policy, and even assured us they were willing to allow us a discount of five per cent. for immediate payment, as, with praiseworthy precaution, we had already called their attention to the clause in our deed which gave us three months' time to settle any claim upon us. Some of the old offices, I was aware, would have been too glad to have accepted the offer; but our Board, from the pecuniary straits in which we were placed, could not entertain the idea for a moment, and threatened resistance on the ground that many important particulars connected with the state of health of the poor woman had been held back. Although I could not, perhaps, say anything against the postponement of the claim, I must admit that the thought of resisting it was monstrous, and aroused all the better feelings of my nature. I therefore told the Board that as we had applied the amount of the premium to the wages of our clerks, if we did not by the proper time discharge the amount of the insurance, the affair would have such a very Central Criminal Court aspect that I should at once resign, and make sure of the assistance of my friends Edwin James and Hawkins before they had a prosecutor's brief put into their hands. The threat had no effect. My colleagues, I saw, were bent upon compromising themselves in a manner which would be fatal to my reputation, though they might have passed scatheless in their Little Pedlington world. I therefore placed my resignation in the hands of the secretary, and took leave of the City and its companies, as I thought, for ever. I had scarcely done congratulating myself upon having lost nothing by my civic business but my time, when I was woken up from my dream of security by a demand from one of the Vice-Chancellors of England to show cause why I should not pay into the hands of the accountant of the company the small trifle of seven thousand pounds, being the amount of shares to which Ernest Vivian had subscribed. If, however, I paid the bagatelle before twelve o'clock on the following day, I was kindly informed there would be no necessity for going before the learned judge in question, and that things, as Mr. Frail would say, would go smooth and pleasant. To take no notice of these demands, I thought, would be foolish, as Vice-Chancellors are awkward sort of men to be trifled with. And having previously written to the accountant to say I could not furnish the sum in ques-

tion by twelve o'clock he might not object waiting till one, when I would see what able to be done for him. The hour arrived, but no seven thousand with it; and it occurred to me very forcibly that as neither by coining nor forgery I could realize the sum, the company must be wound up without my aid. And a sporting solicitor, aided by a racing barrister, both of whom I had recommended just before to back Leamington for the Chester Cup, coming to my assistance, and assuring the learned Judge that the scrip for which I had signed had never been delivered to me, and narrating the whole circumstances of the case, he was pleased to strike me off the list of contributories, at the same time accompanying the act with a gentle hint, which I advise my readers to follow, viz., never to dabble in dirty waters, or it may be they will not get off as well as I did in my First Insurance Company.

‘REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.’

By COLONEL HAMILTON. *A Review.*

THERE are few who in their schoolboy days were sufficiently acquainted with Horace to understand his meaning, who, confounding not the poet's faults with their own, viewed the occasional visitation which their ignorance of him called down solely in the light of *Hæc olim meminisse*. There are few, we say, who have not a kindly feeling for that old boy in the ‘Satires’ who was such an inveterate playgoer. Imagination is one of Nature's kindest gifts. To sit night after night alone, and looking down from the front row over empty pit and boxes, to repeople the stage with its full adornment of actors and actresses—the introductory scene—the gradual development—the full, bustling action as the plot goes on with its alternate mirth and pathos—Kemble—Macready—O'Neil—Jack Banister—Mrs. Stirling, or graceful Carlotta Leclercq—call on which you will—fill up the interlude with glorious music—come tragedy come comedy—come Kean or Robson, it is all one to our glorious old schoolfellow, who from his own mind can create these treasures at will. And yet, *demptus per vim*, some man of the world, some good-natured friend (such existed even in Horace's time), must needs step in with the cold unvarnished brush, touch our poor friend by the elbow, and rudely disillusionize him. And so farewell to the old man's one enjoyment in life. We have been led into this train of thought by being asked to read ‘The Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman,’ by Colonel Hamilton. The colonel, who, it is needless to say, is a gentleman as well as a sportsman, is unfortunately blind, and finds a not unnatural solace in his declining years by calling to mind former exploits of flood and field, and seeking, through the means of his pen, to disseminate them amongst his friends: with this we find no fault. Bereft of the opportunity of following them in person, his mind wanders back to its old pursuits; and in the numerous dreary hours which must needs occur to one so

unhappily situated, every recollection of the past rises with fresh vividness, and the kaleidoscope of a sportsman's life is kept perpetually on the turn, offering some consolation in the memory of the past for the denial of the present and the future. Here, however, we must stop. That the colonel should have written his memoirs was natural. That he has published these present volumes is a mistake.

Had he, like an old friend, been contented to sit in the front seat, and form within himself both actor and audience—to re-shoot the game—re-hunt the wild boar—share once more the jovial bivouac, and conjure up anew old much-loved scenes of Peninsular warfare, well and good. His friends and guests would have then been glad to have shared them with him, and only thought him a bore at intervals. They would have sipped his port, and loved the good old man for his *bonhomie*, weighed his geniality against his tediousness, and, if his wine be as old as his stories, sat the evenings out with decorum, and nodded an attentive silence. But 'what is writ is writ,' and our duty is to pass our judgment on this book as we find it.

The author commences, *ab ovo*, with the origin of the game-laws, which, to say the least of it, is somewhat beyond the reminiscences of Colonel Hamilton, and then, by an easy transition, finds his way to the different varieties of game and their pursuit, which, together with incidental remarks and anecdotes, form a considerable proportion of the book. Now the whole of this is written in a bald, meagre style; no novelty—no charm of diction—old, old stories of the Joe Miller school, including even the inevitable, but, alas! unfortunate Jack Snipe, and compilation after compilation from better authors. Every chapter begins with a most copious quotation from some poet or other, and these are also dotted up and down both volumes at intervals like rosettes on a May chimney-sweep. The style is intensely didactic, and invaluable as a text-book for boys in two syllables, as the following specimen will show:—

'It is generally asserted that there are more fine days in this month (October) than in any month of the year; and I believe it to be the case. Charles II. said that ours was the best climate in Europe, for that a gentleman might take exercise either on horseback or on foot any day in the year. This I cannot admit, for certainly this cannot be done without much discomfort, and on some occasions not without risk. Torrents of rain fall sometimes for twenty-four hours, and the gales of wind from the south-west so violent as nearly to blow a man off his horse, or even his legs; and we know, from accounts in the newspapers, that travellers on foot in the north perish in snow-storms, or sometimes in drifts of snow. These, I think, are sufficient proofs that King Charles looked with too favourable an eye on the climate of England.'

In the next page we are treated to the equally original remark that the sportsman fully enjoys a glass of October ale, apparently for the sole purpose of introducing the quotation from Thomson appended thereto; while we are also informed that a cock pheasant cannot be rivalled for the beauty of his plumage and the elegance of his shape, and that, when hung a sufficient time, he is a great

delicacy on the table, which piece of news is also served up with its usual garniture of poetic sauce, Mr. Pope acting as the Ude on this occasion.

Blaine, Daniel, Bewick, White, St. John, &c., are freely drawn on for all facts in natural history, not, of course, *totidem verbis*, which, by-the-by, is only so much the worse for the reader. It is true that this science can only be written in one groove, viz., that of truth, guided by reflection and experience; but it is one which, as to its more familiar points, has already been better handled, and of which, as to its higher and more abstruse branches, the colonel has few pretensions to treat. Take the chapters on the plover, the magpie, the raven, the owl, the eagle, fox, stoat, and badger, and what on earth have they to do with the reminiscences of Colonel Hamilton, beyond a series of venerable anecdotes common to every one, and the two important facts that wild geese were excellent eating when the author was quartered at Carlow, and that he also hunted with the late Mr. Meynell's hounds?

It is too late in the day to be told that wild geese fly in the form of the letter V; that quail and reeves are pugnacious; that plover and dotterel are excellent eating, and were formerly trapped in the fens by means of decoy-birds; that foxes will bury their prey; that otters have been tamed; that weasels are very destructive to game, and have been known to attack men; and, finally, much too late to quote White's well-known history of the felling of the Selborne Oak, and consequent destruction of its ill-fated occupants the ravens. There is not a boy in the fourth form at Eton, who, if his father lives in the country, is not quite up to all this, and would not consider himself insulted by your thinking the contrary. And yet nearly the whole of the first volume is filled with no better material, the best chapter in the book being that containing 'A Civil Growl' from an Old Sportsman,' reprinted from 'The Field.'

The second volume is chiefly occupied with chapters on dogs and hawks. The former are as full of anecdotes as the anecdotes themselves are of years. Our old friends Daniel and Jesse are again laid under contribution; petty larceny is committed on Bewick and smilingly acknowledged. Llewellyn's 'Gelert' is once more exhumed and placed side by side with Lord Grenville's 'Tippoo;' and, that the coping-stone may be worthy of so goodly a foundation, the chapter is headed with a motto, that motto being nothing more nor less than Byron's inscription on the monument of a Newfoundland dog, copied from beginning to end. What! another and another ghost of good but defunct worthies? Shade of Scroope! Here come 'Tresham,' and 'Glenvalloch,' and 'The Forester;' and the grand 'Deer-Hunt,' with its glorious word-painting, is reproduced from Cooper. Certes the picture stands out in strange contrast to the bald and meagre colouring by which it is surrounded. So have we seen a veritable Schneider surrounded by paltry daubs of dead game and hunting scenes—a royal eagle in the same menagerie with jays and carrion crows. And so also have we seen

dignity and impudence combined in one masterpiece by Landseer. Of the chapters on hawking we say nothing, as the colonel admits that he has no personal acquaintance with the sport. It is, however, somewhat strange that one-fourth of the reminiscences of a sportsman should consist in the narrating facts which he has never seen and describing a sport to which he is an utter stranger.

We pass now with a great deal of pleasure from the literary merits of the book to the animus of the writer, and this is so downright good and honest that it half redeems the many faults we have mentioned. The colonel seems one of those genial, straightforward men who do unto others as they would be done by; and, without claiming any special merit for themselves, neither fall into mawkish sentimentality on the one side, or, from fear of being thought to do so, commit the very opposite fault. An open and avowed enemy to the modern system of battues, he sees no objection to a fair head of game on any gentleman's estate, with all its requisite expense of keepers, feeding, &c. While wishing to destroy vermin, such as magpies, stoats, &c., he not unnaturally sets his face against the annihilation of all our nobler birds. He has none of that confounded bird-stuffing, barn-decorating spirit about him which is now so rampant. Every snob who styles himself a sportsman is always for killing a rare bird as soon as seen, so that 'he' may be duly glorified and set on a big pinnacle of Snobdom in his county newspaper, or, perchance, even be chronicled in 'The Field.' He does not truckle to that miserable philanthropy which can see armed men issue in gangs from the manufacturing districts and murder those who, in the execution of their duty, justly oppose them, and then either vote it manslaughter, or bring in a verdict of not guilty! 'Suppose the keepers had shot their man, what would have been the verdict 'then?' says the colonel. Who does not remember poor murdered Bagshawe, Eton's best oarsman and Cambridge's famous stroke—the winner of the skulls at Henley what time Oxford pinned the light blue over her own darker colours and shouted for the Cantab against their own man? Those who were there remember well the cause. This same Bagshawe but a few short months afterwards was carried a stiff, dank corpse from the waters of his own river, which he had been gallantly protecting, and his murderers suffered *two years' imprisonment!* The water was netted again the Sunday following his murder openly and by way of bravado!

The difference between a poacher and a poaching snob is well illustrated in the following story:—The colonel had a manor between two farmers, who shot hares and partridges sitting when and as they could, and a nobleman whose preserves were very extensive. The former, of course, he left to themselves, but the latter he invited to his best day's shooting, an honour, however, declined on the ground that there were too many guns. The sport was waxing warm, and all enjoying themselves, when a continued bang, banging on the right caused the colonel to send his keeper forward to see what was the matter, when the nobleman—and in this case the snob also—

was seen pursuing the gentlemanly avocation of waiting for his neighbour's birds to be driven out to him, and then quietly potting them. This is worse than the common injunction to kill all hens going out of bounds, but spare the rest, which is simply a farthing-minded proceeding, and means, 'I don't want you to kill my hens, but you may my neighbour's.' And yet how continually one meets with this dirty piece of littleness! The following extract with regard to farmers, although what every gentleman does spontaneously, is, nevertheless, worth quoting as a sample of the author's good feeling:—

'I particularly recommend gentlemen who preserve game not to be niggardly towards farmers, whether their tenants or not. A liberal supply of game, a hare, and brace of birds, will make ample atonement for the peccadilloes you have been guilty of in pursuing your game in their standing barley. If the farmer keeps greyhounds, then give him a leash of birds. As coursing is his field amusement he may habitually feel annoyed at your shooting hares; and it is not doing as you would be done by to destroy them on his farm. I strongly advise that every endeavour should be used to be on friendly terms with the farmers, whether you rent the shooting, or whether you have the exclusive right from a relation or friend. This, I conceive, may be accomplished by displaying always a conciliatory manner towards them, and, if they have wives and daughters, by paying them occasional visits. Civility costs little, and generally gets compound interest.'

We must now take our leave of the colonel. If we have been somewhat harsh in our remarks it was because the subject compelled us, as our honest wish was rather to praise than to blame. Francé, however—with all deference to Jules Favre—is not the only place where the beatitude of panegyric reigns absolute: it has long been too much in vogue in the world of letters; and if criticism is good for anything it is so only in proportion as it is impartial. Had these two volumes been compressed into one, and the book remained what it professed to be, namely, the reminiscences of an old sportsman, the good would have so far outweighed the bad that we should have been contented to remain silent. As it is, we like the writer, but dislike his style. And although we cannot recommend his work to our fellow-sportsmen who have already better on their shelves, it is, nevertheless, not impossible that it may serve as a useful horn-book to their grandchildren.

CRICKET.

It's tolerably certain that St. Swithin could never have been a cricketer, for had he been one, the sniggelling, weeping, crying, swamping old curmudgeon would never have picked out, of all periods of the year, the 15th of July to assert—

'When I, St. Swithin, have my rights,
'Twill rain forty days and forty nights.'

His rights, indeed! the drenching old devil of a saint! and a pretty long innings of 'his rights,' he's had—'stumping out' the farmer; 'catching out' the tradesman; 'running out' the poor man; and 'bowling out' us all from

our usual glorious month's enjoyment of cricket in August, as the old sinner of a saint has done during the past month with his too constant supply of 'heavy wet.' But we don't wonder at his keeping *his* charter up at such a pace as he has been, for 'saint' as he is, he must weep 'for very shame' to witness the corn he has laid low, the hay he has rotted, the meadows he has flooded, and (oh, the watery old sinner!) the cricket matches he has caused to be postponed and left unfinished. We trust his saint-ship is now heartily ashamed of the devastation and ruin he has caused, and that he will never again 'shower' down on us the like of his 1860 favours.

The Marylebone Club season of 1860 had nearly reached the end of its tether in our last Number, but they had one very important match then left for decision, in The Eleven of England v. The Next Fourteen. George Parr was unable to play, which necessitated a change or two from the original selections, the sides settling down as follows :

THE ELEVEN.		THE FOURTEEN.	
C. G. Lane, Esq.	Grundy.	A. Haygarth, Esq.	T. Hearne.
C. D. Marsham, Esq.	Hayward.	R. Marsham, Esq.	J. Lillywhite.
V. E. Walker, Esq.	Jackson.	Anderson.	Mortlock.
Caffyn.	Lockyer.	Brampton.	C. Robinson, of
Carpenter.	Willsher.	Cæsar (Julius).	Bradford.
Diver.		Daft.	Slinn.
		Fryer.	Tarrant.
			R. C. Tinley.

The weather prevented any play on the Monday (July 23), and on Tuesday the morning was showery, and but few lookers on were there; but those few enjoyed a fine cricket treat. Much was said pro and con anent the selection of The Eleven; but there was evidently nothing amiss there, as The Eleven scored 130, and The Fourteen 128 in their first innings. In The Eleven's innings Hayward's 43 was a perfect masterpiece of hitting and defence, and (considering the 14 men that were fielding) was equal to anything this fine master of the bat ever did. Lockyer made a very fine clean hit, and hard drive for 5 from Tinley. The ball was hit from the pavilion end wicket, and rolled up to the nursery-ground palings opposite. Carpenter's 27 was well got, but, after Hayward's of The Eleven's batting, we were most pleased with the two 'not-out' innings of 15 and 12 played by Mr. C. D. Marsham. They were two finely-played innings, comprising two magnificent hits, one a drive for 4 from Slinn, clean up to the wall behind the pavilion, and the other a superb cut from Tinley for 5 down to the public-house. Of The Fourteen, the finest exhibition with the bat was, beyond all question, that of Daft's, whose brace of innings of 21 and 25 not out, were (barring the easy chance he gave to Hayward, before he had scored in the 2nd innings) equal to anything in the match, though Mr. Haygarth's two hours at the wickets for 21 runs was a rare and scientific exhibition of defence. The fielding, generally speaking, was very fine: Mr. V. E. Walker made a grand catch from a hit by Cæsar. Mr. V. E. Walker was at least 20 yards off: he suddenly got the steam up, rushed full speed at the ball, and with his left hand caught it about a foot from the ground; but this match was prolific in great catches, to wit, Jackson's, when he caught Anderson; Tarrant's two that sent Jackson and Willsher home; Anderson's that stopped Mr. Lane's dangerous career, and many others: in fact, the fielding all round was a great treat; that of The Fourteen so excellent, that it fully proved there were *just 3 too many in the field* for the success of The Eleven. But fine as was the batting, and excellent as was the fielding in

this match, the fast bowling surpassed both: it was truly brilliant, and the trio of young-uns, Tarrant, Slinn, and Robinson, may bravely stand a comparison with those two old brilliant stagers, Jackson and Willsher. We have great hopes of Robinson turning out one of the very best bowlers we have; and we are glad to hear it is the intention of The United Eleven to enlist him in their corps. He is just the man they want, as he can hit hard, and field well and actively, particularly in the slip. The following are the bowling figures in this finely-played match:

THE FOURTEEN'S BOWLING.

		Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wide balls.
Slinn	bowled	49	26	50	took 5	0
Robinson	"	25	15	20	" 4	2
Tarrant	"	19 and 2 balls	6	27	" 3	2
R. C. Tinley	"	39 and 3 balls	10	82	" 8	0

THE ELEVEN'S BOWLING.

		Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wide balls.
Willsher	bowled	71	36	68	took 6	0
Jackson	"	66 and 1 ball	27	92	" 10	0
Caffyn	"	9	4	8	" 1	0
Mr. V. E. Walker	"	7	2	16	" 0	0

It will thus be perceived that the cream of the fast and slow bowling of the country was in this match pitted against each other, and fairly tried by some of the best batsmen in England, with the following result:—

The fast bowlers bowled 959 balls, for (with the 4 wides) 269 runs, being barely $1\frac{1}{2}$ run per over, and took 28 wickets.

The slow bowlers bowled 187 balls for 98 runs, or a trifle over 2 runs per over, and took 8 wickets.

The next match the M. C. C. and Ground played, was against eleven members selected from Clubs 'all round St. Paul's,' and a closely-contested affair it turned out, ending in a victory for the M. C. C., the suburbans actually having a majority of 3, on the runs obtained from the bat; but contributing, as they did, 17 extras against the Clubs' 9, they lost the match by 5 runs. How often do we find matches lost (like this) by extras? showing how useful and what a jewel of a member, is 'a good long stop.' The old Club wound up its London season with the match against 9 gentlemen of Hampshire with John Lillywhite and Willsher, against the Club and Ground. The latter was strong, being composed of Brampton, James Chatterton, Davis, Martingell, and little Wells. The Club won by 80 runs. Mr. Haygarth made a first-class final 1860 appearance for the Club, by standing $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours at the wickets for 36 runs. Wells made a useful 28, and Martingell left his mark for 25, and was then—not for the first time, by chalks—'run out;' but Davis—busy, useful, active Tom Davis—topped the lot with his scores of 47 and 19, being obtained, as usual, by hard, hearty, good old English hitting. (We are rejoiced to see this hard-working, energetic, useful, 'all round' cricketer enrolled as one of The United's.) Mr. H. Frere was in fine bowling trim, and 'shot' down a moiety of the Club's wickets. But although Mr. C. Ridding treated us to some of his old play in his innings of 36 and 15, and Captain Bathurst, in the fine old family style, rattled up 10 and 21, while his *père*, Sir Frederick, in both innings successfully defied the M. C. C. bowlers to touch his stumps, yet, as Willsher, on this occasion, was not quite up to his general brilliant 1860 form, Hampshire was beaten by 80 runs. Thus was

the M. C. C. London season of 1860 brought to an end; and the M. C. C. and Ground packed up their traps for their (alas! how few) return matches. We slowly sauntered towards the well-known gate, but ere we reached it—as is our annual wont—we turned to have a last lingering look of the cherished old sward. How green, fresh, and smooth the old turf looked! ‘Ah! gay, jaunty, racketting, and racketty grounds may spring up around you, old boy,’ thought we, ‘but where is the ground that, like you, has been the arena on which such cricket giants as Mr. Ward has batted, Beagley long-stopped, Mr. Jenner kept wicket, and Jem Broadbridge bowled?’ We cast our eye on the old pavilion, and fancy at once peopled it full with those old familiar faces that in bygone times looked on and cheered the fine play of the Grimstons, the Ponsonbys, Sir F. Bathurst, C. J. Taylor, Felix, A. Mynn, Hankey, Hammersley, Kynaston, R. T. King, Fellowes, Elmhirst, Harenc, and other fine amateurs, when doing battle against such rare players as Fuller Pilch, E. Wenman, Lillywhite, sen., Box, Fenner, Hillier, Bayley, Dorrington, Tom Marsden, Joe Guy, Tom Barker, Sam Redgate (in his nankeen breeks and silk stockings), Tom Adams, Charley Hawkins, Billy Good, and others of the like calibre. ‘Ah! those *were* cricket times!’ audibly we sighed. ‘And so are *these*, ain’t they, old fellow?’ heartily and cheeringly rang in our ears, from the tongue of one of the best of fellows and cricketers that ever breathed. ‘Haven’t we got such brilliants as Hayward, Caffyn, Parr, Lockyer, Mr. Marsham, Mr. Miller, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Bagge?’—and he was rattling on with such an array of rare cricketers of the present day that at once shut us up. So we bade farewell to old Lord’s till next season, and followed the M. C. C. and Ground to one of the prettiest and most perfect little gems of a cricket-ground we ever clapped eyes on. It is situate at Lewes, and the ground is termed ‘The Dripping-Pan,’ lying down in a hollow, as smooth as any billiard-table, kept in good condition, of an oblong square, banked up some ten feet on three sides by some of the finest, greenest turf ever trod by cricketer, the only fault attending it being its small size. Mr. Dark had taken down a strong team, including Mr. Hankey, Brampton, Davis, Grundy, G. Chatterton, and Martingell. Mr. Hankey was in rare hitting form, scoring in each innings 32, and ‘run out’ in both innings. Twice he hit the ball out of the ground, and all through his hitting was brilliant in the extreme. Davis made a brace of useful innings of 21 not out, and 23, and grasped two famous catches in the field. Grundy put up 11 and 16, and Brampton 1 and 20. The latter (Brampton) was in rare bowling fettle, and took 13 wickets out of the Sussex 20. In the first innings of Sussex, Brampton bowled 33 overs for 16 runs. Out of the 33 overs, 22 were maidens—and he was fatal to 6 wickets out of the 10. In fact, no stand was made against the Club’s bowling by any of the Sussex Eleven, barring Wells, who made 15 in the second innings, and Knight, a young player who bids fair to become of great service to his county. He has a very fine defence indeed against good balls, and hits well and hard at loose bowling. In the first innings he went in first man and saw 6 wickets fall, scoring 16, and 12 in the second innings; but Sussex were again beaten, and this time by 134 runs. From Lewes we travelled on to the last of the M. C. C.’s 1860 scene of operations—Canterbury—at which ‘famous citie,’ on the St. Lawrence Ground, was on Monday, the 13th of August, commenced the (to cricketers) renowned

CANTERBURY WEEK.

And a very fine and enjoyable week’s cricket we had. The weather was fine throughout the first three days, the attendance brilliant in numbers and

quality, and Kent victorious in both her matches. The week was inaugurated with the return between Eleven of All England and Sixteen of Kent. Mr. Nicholson managed the England Eleven, and Mr. W. S. Norton the Kent team. Each was very strong, as the following lists that played will affirm:—

ENGLAND.		KENT.	
C. G. Lane, Esq.	Hayward.	H. Biron, Esq.	Mr. J. Davison.
R. Marsham, Esq.	Jackson.	Capt. L. Denne.	Armstrong.
W. Nicholson, Esq.	J. Lillywhite.	A. Gillow, Esq.	Bennett.
Caffyn.	Lockyer.	G. M. Kelson, Esq.	Fryer.
Carpenter.	Parr.	U. Lubbock, Esq.	Goodbew.
Grundy.		W. S. Norton, Esq.	Martin.
		A. Pepys, Esq.	Sewell.
		E. R. Terry, Esq.	Willsher.

Formidable as the England Eleven read on paper, they were beaten in one innings, and 48 runs to the good. None stayed against the wonderful bowling of Willsher in this innings but Mr. Lane, whose 38 was one of the luckiest innings he ever played. Hayward stayed a while for 11 'all singles,' but the lot went down for 64 runs, Willsher bowling so magnificently *that, out of the 41 overs he bowled, 31 of them were maidens—but 17 runs were obtained from the 41 overs, or 164 balls; and he took no less than 8 wickets out of the 10.* Kent commenced well with Mr. Davison (a hard hitter) and Bennett. The England bowlers (Jackson and Caffyn) not being 'all there,' 22 runs were made from their first 16 overs. Hayward and Parr were then brought on; but 28 runs were made ere the first Kent wicket fell, through a truly splendid bit of fielding from John Lillywhite, who from long leg wondrously threw down the wicket, and Mr. Davison was thus run out, for a well-got score of 21. The Kent innings was piled up the next day to 152, Mr. Biron making 19, Bennett 23, Captain Denne 17, Sewell and Willsher 14 each, and Martin 10. With 88 against them England commenced their second innings, but were all got out in 1½ hour, for 40 runs, and Kent won in one innings and 48 runs. Willsher never bowled better in his life than he did in this match; indeed, it's a question with us if ever he bowled so well. Bennett was very destructive in the second innings of England, and nothing could possibly be finer than the bowling on the Tuesday morning of Caffyn and Jackson, the remaining 9 Kent wickets being upset by them in an hour for 33 runs (?). But the Kent mischief was all done on the previous day, and this fine spurt by the English bowlers was too late, as the ball playing, very treacherously all that day, was equally destructive from the Kentish hands. The bowling from both sides exhibits the following results:—

THE KENT BOWLERS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wide Balls.
Willsher	bowled 61	41	30 and took 11	1	
Bennett	" 44 and 1 ball	17	64	7	0
Sewell	" 15	7	9	1	0

THE ENGLAND BOWLERS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wide Balls.
Jackson	bowled 34	19	34 and took 7	7	0
Caffyn	" 24	8	46	2	0
Hayward	" 14	6	17	1	0
Grundy	" 13	7	25	0	0
Parr	" 11	0	25	0	0

Twelve gentlemen of the Marylebone Club then played a match against twelve gentlemen of Kent, the latter winning by 43 runs. Albeit two of the M. C. C.'s were absent from their second innings some large scores were obtained in this match, the Hon. S. Ponsonby making the top Club score of 29, Mr. Lane a fine 24, Captain F. Marshall a 'not out' 22, Mr. Nicholson 21, Mr. R. Marsham 11 and 14, and the Hon. E. C. Leigh a fine 16. For Kent Mr. Kelson made a fine 39, Mr. W. S. Norton a brilliant and masterly innings of 71, and Mr. H. Biron a superb display of fine hard hitting for 53. This gentleman went *in* first man, and *out* the tenth. Mr. R. Marsham's bowling in Kent's first innings, and Mr. Kelson's in England's first innings, was very good. Mr. Kelson bowled 30 overs, 17 of which were maidens; 22 runs and 3 wides were obtained from him, and he took 6 wickets. I Zingari had a scratch match with the Band of Brothers, the latter being dressed off by I Z. with the loss of 4 wickets only, the B. B.'s scoring 79, and the I Z.'s 80. The theatricals all went off with great *éclat*. The weather up to Friday night was unusually fine, and one of the gayest, happiest, and (for Kent) most successful Canterbury weeks we have enjoyed was that of 1860.

Surrey, Sussex, The Two Elevens, &c., &c., will be attended to in our next.

DOGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

THOUGH pressed for space it would be indeed an omission if we failed to notice this race, peculiar in its conditions and honoured in its being the oldest in existence.

It was established by a celebrated comedian, Thomas Doggett, who gave a coat and badge annually to be rowed for by young watermen. The distance is from the 'Old Swan' at London Bridge to the 'Old Swan' at Chelsea, about five miles, and is started directly after high water; the object being, not only to test the enduring powers of the competitors, by such a course against tide, but to draw forth the best watermanship, the start being just at the moment when all the various craft are hanging about, either beginning to swing with the young ebb, or taking up and leaving their moorings. It was rowed on the 1st of the past month and won easily by Henry John Maundy Phelps, son of the veteran 'Honest John,' of that ilk.

The order of coming in was as follows:—

Phelps	1	Abbott	4
Oylett	2	Humphrey	5
Rolles	3	Palmer	6

Money prizes are divided amongst all, being provided for by the late Sir William Jolliffe, with further additions from the Fishmongers' Company.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD OF LONDON.

AUGUST is generally a dull month for the theatres, and, in fact, for all places of public entertainment in London, but this year it has been truly dismal; the depressing influence of St. Swithin has been felt everywhere. The ordinary rush from town has been to a great extent stopped by the floods, and intending excursionists have hesitated ere they made up their mind to brave the breeze and the rain. And, strange to tell, no quarter of the habitable globe seems to have been exempt from the pluvial visitation. Hardy tourists have been *en route* drenched to the skin in Paris; eager gamblers at Baden have been driven by ill-luck, and the adverse nature of the temperature, to contemplate suicide more cheerfully than usual, and to think upon drowning as rather a natural matter, and as a saving of time, by doing for yourself in a few minutes what Nature seemed bent upon doing for you by infinitesimal instalments. Nor have our home relations been more fortunate in any respect. Devonshire and the Isle of Wight; the Lakes and the Highlands, and North Wales and South Wales, and every other tract of land, invaded or left intact by the sagacious and penetrating Murray, has been flooded; the most inland territories have been turned into extempore watering-places for the benefit of distressed holiday-seekers. Wandering families, with luggage and servants, have been weather-bound at Rhiw Argor—fancy being alone and wet in a place with such a name!—and have been disappointed in a long-projected plan for admiring the wonders of Pistyll Rhyd-y-Maingean, which I've never seen in my life, which everybody says is wonderful, but which sounds very dreadful, and as if it would go off if it were much interfered with. For my own part, I say, I am content to remain in town such weather as it has been, and have resisted all attempts to drag me from the dreariness and darkness and dampness of the paved streets of the metropolis. A good many of my friends, however, seem to have abjured the Continent, and have taken to Great Britain excursions, and patriotic admiration of native scenery; the result is, I am driven nearly mad. I have forgotten how to spell; I have learnt to stammer, and am verging on general idiotcy through receiving a perpetual string of letters from places that I never heard of before, and that I don't know anything about now. One day I hear that the friend of my heart is hanging about Llanfair Caer-Einion, and that he has lately left Lai-yn-y-Nant; that he means to linger awhile at Moel-y-Ddolwen, and finally to await my answer at Llanrhraidr-yn-Mochnant. By another post I am told that a certain party, whom I regard in a manner, and with an intensity that I shall not describe here, and that it would be the height of absurdity and impertinence for me to expect you, Mr. Editor, or your readers, to feel the slightest interest in, or sympathy with, is detained by bad weather at a cottage near Bwlch Maengwynedd, and that I am to answer by return to a certain house, belonging to a certain lady who has a rustic dwelling not far from Pistyll Cwmlllech. Now this can't last, and it can't be done. I can't write to these places; I can't read their names; I can't write their syllables; I don't know what they sound like. It is impossible to tell how much the postage is; and where shall I find the man who will assert that a penny postman regularly and indirectly and duly attached to St. Martin's-le-Grand, will do my bidding, and carry my epistles, and safely place them in the hands of my friends if they are mad enough to put up in wild districts in impossible regions such as the above? Is it reasonable, Sir, that I, quietly sitting down to write you a letter of news on matters musical and dramatic, should have the faintest, the vaguest notion about Caer-Carry-y-Fran, or care in a general way about Irum-y-Ddys-

gyl? If I get my holiday in the natural course of events soon, I shall walk constitutionally for an entire month, up and down the Grand Parade at Eastbourne. It is a very healthful and monotonous proceeding, and induces a course of reflection, and a state of mind that would be highly appreciated in the regions of Exeter Hall during a special service on Sundays. I shall attain a pitch of rigid sobriety that would drive Mr. Gough frantic with envy; and I will so increase my muscular development with sea-bathing and pedestrian exercise, that Mr. Thomas Sayers shall blush, and be confused when he looks upon me; but I will not go to Y Wyddfa; I will abjure the Mynydd Drws-y-Coed; the Bedd-Jurogg shall have no charms for me—the four-poster with the white dimity seems far pleasanter—and any one who again invites me to spend a time in searching out the wonders of Maes-hir-Gad shall rue the day when the savage words issued from his lips. I hate Welsh rarebits; they always give me a frightful fit of indigestion, and I will not go to Wales in consequence. I will, for the present, content myself with remaining here, and telling you what has been going on in the particular sphere in which I am supposed to spend the most of my valuable time.

I did not read my proofs last month, and the printer's devil, the mysterious fiend who has no tail nor pitchfork, and never punishes anybody but is himself perpetually punished—this functionary made me say some very absurd things; but he has my pardon, and absolution from his sins of omission and commission. I write so very fast and very badly that I wonder he can read it at all; and I am not going to be so vain, Sir, for an instant, as to imagine that your thousands upon thousands of patrons care much about this little *addendum* to your excellent and genuine Magazine; but by-gones are by-gones, and so, having wandered away from my rightful theme into a great many monstrosities and absurdities—for which excuse me—I will e'en *ranger* myself and see what I have to say in a steady, historical sense, and as becomes one of my craft.

When I left you last month, the performance had just been given at Drury Lane Theatre for the benefit of the Brough Memorial Fund. Since then many praiseworthy attempts have been made to augment the amount collected, and the amateur company have recently been to Manchester and Liverpool, where their exertions have realized as much as four hundred pounds. A few efforts similar to these, and the amount obtained will be sufficient to turn to some valuable and practical purpose.—Early in the month the Olympic revived two comediettas, 'The Scapegoat' and 'Somebody Else,' both of them well known to the play-going public, and the latter distinguished by the neat, graceful, and vivacious acting of Miss Louise Keeley, who has established her reputation at this theatre on a basis which is likely to be most advantageous to her artistic advancement.—On Saturday, August 4, the season at the Royal Italian Opera was brought to a close with a splendid performance of the 'Prophète,' in which the *Fides* of Madame Csillag was a very remarkable feature, her dramatic and vocal powers being equally developed in the course of a work which has lost nothing of the remarkable force and interest created by its first introduction at Mr. Gye's theatre. The season commenced, on the 10th of April, with 'Dinorah,' which was followed by 'Fidelio,' the 'Favorita,' 'Norma,' 'Fra Diavolo,' the 'Trovatore,' 'Barbière,' 'Don Giovanni,' 'Gazza Ladra,' 'Puritani,' and 'Lucrezia Borgia,' irrespective of the many interesting features introduced at the morning concerts, which have been quite the best entertainments of their class, which the musical public has lately had an opportunity of enjoying.—The 'Jullien Festival,' given at the Royal Surrey Gardens for the benefit of Madame Jullien, realized nearly one thousand pounds, which will be

a very valuable contribution towards the fund, that is to provide a future maintenance for a clever and much-respected lady. Lists for subscriptions are at this moment opened at a number of places of popular resort, and those who remember the many good works of the popular *chef*, and the abundant amusement he provided for all classes of the public, would do well to give their remembrance and their gratitude as practical a form as possible.—On the evening of August 8, Mr. Benjamin Webster returned to active duty at the Adelphi Theatre, and, on the occasion of his benefit, revived the excellent drama by Mr. Bourcicault, called ‘Janet Pride.’ The house was crammed, and the masterly impersonation of the chief character called forth enthusiastic plaudits from a most admiring and zealous audience. The talented adapter of the piece, the author of ‘London Assurance,’ has returned from America with his wife, formerly Miss Agnes Robertson, of the Princess’s Theatre, with several children, and, according to report, with an independent fortune. He has been managing theatres and writing pieces in Yankeeland, and evidently hit upon a golden vein which he has worked well and industriously. Mr. Webster has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault, and they are shortly to make their first appearance in a new and original Irish drama, in which they are both to sustain Hibernian characters. In his very young days Mr. Bourcicault was, it is said, a very good Irish actor; when, however, he resumed the histrionic profession under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, his class of business—the ‘Vampire’ to wit—was of a very different order. He then indulged in a mixture of the fiendish and grotesque which had, at least, the merit of striking originality. Of the attractions possessed by the accomplished gentleman in a new field, the public will speedily have ample opportunity of judging.—On the evening of the 13th Mr. Alfred Mellon inaugurated a series of promenade concerts at the Floral Hall, the labours of *chef d’orchestre* being shared by the Prince Galitzin, who has been singled out by many persons as the probable successor of the late M. Jullien. The programmes which Mr. Mellon has submitted to the public have been characterized by admirable taste and judgment; and the orchestra over which he has wielded the bâton, numbers in its ranks some of the best instrumentalists it is in the power of any *entrepreneur* to engage. Music of the classical school has been gracefully interspersed with compositions of a romantic order, and it has thus been sought to provide an entertainment suited to every phase of the popular taste.—The St. James’s Theatre has been taken for a series of years by Mr. Alfred Wigan, who will doubtless succeed in converting it into a permanently successful dramatic establishment. Ever since he left the Olympic on account of bad health, he has been looking about for some dramatic arena in which to display his managerial capacity, and it is now probable that he has found one precisely suited to his connections and to the class of drama with which he is anxious to familiarize them. Lately the St. James’s has been occupied by Mr. Chatterton, who has been giving a series of miscellaneous entertainments that do not in any way call for special remark. Mr. Barry Sullivan has been the ‘star;’ and though it is somewhat the fashion to call him an experienced actor, there is no doubt that he is a remarkably unpleasant artist in almost every particular; he is affected and constrained, and his intelligence of conception is of a remarkably average character.—The appearance of a youthful hippopotamus at the Alhambra Palace has created some excitement in the world of sight-seers. It is very young, very heavy, and by no means vivacious; and its advent was heralded by extraordinary announcements and clever ‘puffs’ of welcome to the little stranger. It was said to have been captured by Mr. John Petherick, Her Majesty’s Consul for the London States, in the month of April,

1858, when it was no larger than a spaniel dog. It was reared with milk, under the superintendence of an ever-vigilant keeper called Salaama; and it must be a consolation to his proprietor to know that the animal will keep on growing until he is fifteen years old. The admixture of hippopotamus with equestrian feats of skill, and the comic efforts of the veteran Mr. Thomas Matthews, is an idea of the most modern calibre, and owes its existence to the fertile imagination of Mr. E. T. Smith, who is a most extraordinary caterer. When the opera season is over at Her Majesty's Theatre he varies the monotony of mundane affairs by a turn with Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan; and when the former has retired into non-professional life, and the latter has gone back to his native country to be received by an assemblage of twenty-five thousand persons, and be presented with a ring, he buys a hippopotamus and rides upon his back along the royal road to pecuniary prosperity.—On Saturday, the 25th, Mr. John Douglass, who is the most energetic manager at the east end of the metropolis, commenced an operatic season at the Pavilion Theatre. He has assembled a very efficient company, and his efforts are certainly deserving of success. The series of performances was inaugurated with 'Norma,' Madame Lancia appearing as the heroine, Mr. Rosenthal as the high priest, and Mr. Augustus Braham as *Pollio*. This was followed by 'The Waterman,' with *Tom Tug* artistically impersonated by the afore-mentioned tenor.—On the night of the 27th a neat little adaptation from the French was produced for the first time at the Olympic Theatre. It was the work of Mr. Montague Williams, the husband of Miss Louise Keeley, and it was called 'A Fair Exchange.' The story is amusing and well developed, though not original, and the success was of a very decisive character. The intrigue arises from the confusion between a certain *Lord Dudley* (Mr. Walter Gordon) and *Dudley Dubkins*, a gardener (Mr. Alfred Wigan). The former loves a certain *Lady Jane* (Miss Herbert), and the latter is enamoured of a charming little rustic, *Mabel Gray* (Miss Louise Keeley). In consequence of various subsidiary events, which it is unnecessary to detail, the noble lady and the gardener, and the lowly maiden and the earl, are thrown into intimate connection, and an ingenious series of accidents give colour to the surmise that personation is intended where only the merest chance exists. The chief attraction of the comedietta is in the acting of Miss Keeley, who is full of point, tact, and originality, and who has turned out, as I predicted she would, a most valuable acquisition to the company of Messrs. Robson and Emden.—The benefit of Mr. Toole at the Adelphi Theatre has been one of the latest occurrences of the month, and was an event which served fully to demonstrate the great and deserved popularity of a most painstaking and industrious low comedian. The house was crowded, the enthusiasm was general, and the performance of the *bénéficiaire* demonstrated throughout the evening his unmistakable ability and undoubted experience.—The Zouaves having departed from the Princess's, their place has been taken by Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworth, who have been 'starring' in legitimate business. A daughter of the lessee, Mr. A. Harris, has made her first appearance on any stage in the comedietta of 'The First Night,' in which she has created a favourable impression. She is a pupil of Mrs. Selby, and has profited by the knowledge which that lady possesses of all the practical bearings of the dramatic art. Mr. A. Harris has been playing the part signalized by the admirable French acting of Mr. Alfred Wigan.

J. V. P.

